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BOMBAY BRANCH
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PUNCH VOL XIII.

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LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

IT is now six years and a half ago since *Punch* gave unexpected audience to a Wood Nymph of very genteel exterior. *Punch* was then a way-farer in highways, and alleys, and bye-courts; and, caring not to enter upon the distracting duties of house-keeping, he accommodated the greatness that, by the way, he even then had strange, mysterious inkling of, to one small clean garret; white-washed with a fine regard for the picturesque. Perhaps, like *Ariel*, when crammed into the pine, *Punch* was compelled by Circumstance—the "blue-eyed hag"—to limit himself to so small an abiding-place. We say, perhaps; leaving the doubt to be enlarged upon by the gossips Envy and Detraction.

A July sun beamed through the diamond casement, lighting up the whitewash with the splendours of the dawn—an intermixture of the glories of crimson and golden yellow. *Punch* was in bed, with his eye upon a favourite patch in his many-pattern quilt; a patch that reminded him of a gown filled with many sweet associations—*Punch* was in bed, now with his

heart upon the patch, and now disturbed by the thoughts of a bad sixpence that had been accidentally flung to him from a first-floor in Cavendish Square, only yesterday—when his attic door flew open with a musical twang, as from ST. CECILIA's broken harp-string.

Punch—ever alive to music—jumped upright in his bed; and lo, at his right hand stood a Wood Nymph. And the garret was suddenly filled with forest odours; with the breath of violets, and "country green." And the Wood Nymph began to speak; talking low and soft, like a winding forest stream.

All that the Nymph said to *Punch*—it is not for him, with his now proverbial character for all the courtesies and delicacy of the natural gentleman—to utter to listening millions. It may—nay, it must—be sufficient for him to narrate that the Nymph foretold to *Punch* that he was about to leave streets and lanes and bye-ways, and to undergo a new birth. "You will go into paper long-clothes, dear *Punch*," said the Nymph, "and be baptized with printer's ink."

(*Punch's* dog, TOBY—lying outside on the mat—here uttered a prolonged howl; but whether the dog hearing such prophecy, intended to rejoice or mourn in such utterance, *Punch* cannot even now—after six years, six months' pondering—satisfactorily declare.)

"Take this, *Punch*, and on the night of the day whereon you first appear in inky suit, sow the seed; and then with hopeful heart await the end."

As the Nymph uttered these words, she took from her balmy bosom a fir cone, laying it in the hand of *Punch*.

"You have gone about the working-day world long enough. You have fulfilled the first part of your destiny," said the Nymph with a sunny smile, and silver voice. "You have learned wisdom in the street—give it paper pinions; to this end, that they shall

'———— like mercy's wings,
Bear round about the earth the fame of kings.'

"In the mean time sow the seed, and water the growth of the tree with the very best and purest, and most enduring ink."

And saying this, the Wood Nymph tripped from the bed-side of *Punch*, and as she retired there was a sound as of boughs stirred by the summer wind waving farewell; and, until this day, the lower stair-carpeting, (*Punch's* then landlady, a descendant of *Mrs. Quickly*, to whom, it appears after all, *Falstaff*—much pressed for money—was privately married, is still prepared to prove the fact), the lower carpeting still bears perennial forest-flowers, sown by the footsteps of the departing Dryad:

"Men may find the spring by following her."

Punch still held the fir-cone ceremoniously, timidly, in his hand—even as our gentle little QUEEN held the ball in her coronation hour—and knew not what to make of it. However, the Wood Nymph's prophecy becoming a verity, *Punch*, on the night of the 12th of July 1841, with many serious, significant rites, set the fragrant cone—for balsamic sweets oozed from its hundred opening lips—in most fertile, most sustaining, most congenial earth.

And the cone-seed struck immediately; and it grew, and grew, and is now *Punch's* New Year's Fir-Tree—a most faithful picture of which, in very little, flourishes, beholder, on the over page.

And the Tree being six years and a half old, *Punch* has received most authentic intelligence that the Wood Nymph was a German Dryad—(haply from the Black Forest, "where," says DAME TROLLOPE, "we saw the true kirschenwasser growing in pint bottles from the cherry-tree boughs,")—and, knowing that kindly customs kindly link together all the world, was desirous that *Punch* should introduce to all England the New Year's Tree of her father-land.

For all England knows, or ought to know, that such a Tree hath already spread wide its liberal branches in Windsor Castle; transplanted thither by PRINCE ALBERT (a happy New Year to his majestic spouse and royal self!) from Gotha; a tree, as the old national custom is, with seasonable gifts clustering its branches, to drop into the hands and laps of Lords and Ladies. With such fruit—fairy-gifted—the Maids of Honour pluck lasting roses; perpetual smiles. With such fruit expectant Chancellors grasp prophetic seals; from such boughs Chamberlains gather rods of office; and favoured courtiers cut their Gold and Silver sticks.

And *Punch*—obedient to the Wood Nymph, and wishing to bring from all corners of the earth, all sorts of new amenities, returning bounteous like for like—sets up his New Year's Tree, in fullest bearing, as he hopes, of most delicious fruit. Hold hats; open aprons; and gather and eat.

And whereas the Fir—the *Pinus Balsamica*—is wont to weep "medicinal gum," elevated by name of "Balm of Gilead," so does the Fir planted in these pages abound with best of anodynes.

In a word—for this year and all years to come—"Try our Balm of *Punch*."

JANUARY—FEBRUARY.

Innocent Mirth—The Slide on the Pavement.

General Thaw, and Bursting of the Water-pipes.

Punch's 1848. Almanack.

State of the Weather.

Ice preponderates on the ponds, and the fish try to make fissures for the admission of air amongst them. The bat folds himself up into a ball, and Nature seems to have lost her spirits, although she has plenty of "cold without" to give her animation at this sombre period.

The Golden Number for 1848 will be as usual —Number One.

JANUARY.

*New Moon, 6th, noon.
First Quar., 12th, 11 46 aft.
Full Moon, 20th, 6 4 mo.
Last Quar., 28th, 11 58 mo.

1	S	Circumcis.	17	M	
2	S	2 S. a. Cir.	18	Tu	*Prisca.*
3	M		19	W	[*O. T. D.*
4	Tu		20	Th	
5	W		21	F	*Agnes*
6	Th	Epiph. *Tw.*	22	S	*Vincent*
7	F	[*Day, O.C.D.*	23	S	3 S. aft. Ep.
8	S		24	M	
9	S	1 S. aft. Ep.	25	Tu	Con. of St.
10	M	Plough M.	26	W	[Paul
11	Tu	Hil. T. beg.	27	Th	
12	W		28	F	
13	Th	*Hil.* C. T. beg.	29	S	
14	F	Oxfd. T. beg.	30	S	4 S. aft. Ep.
15	S		31	M	Hil. T. ends.
16	S	2 S. aft. Ep.			

XXXI. DAYS.

FEBRUARY.

*New Moon 5th, 1 47 mo.
First Quar., 11th, 7 55 aft.
Full Moon, 19th, 3 37 mo.
Last Quar., 27th, 8 21 mo.

1	Tu		16	W	
2	W	Purif. Can.	17	Th	
3	Th	*Blaise* [*dlem.*	18	F	
4	F		19	S	
5	S	*Agatha*	20	S	Septu. Sun.
6	S	5 S. aft. Ep.	21	M	
7	M		22	Tu	
8	Tu		23	W	
9	W		24	Th	D. of Can.s.
10	Th	Q. Vict. mar.	25	F	*St. Matthias*
11	F	[1840	26	S	
12	S		27	S	Sexag. Sun.
13	S	6 S. aft. Ep.	28	M	Camb. Term
14	M	*Valentine*	29	Tu	[div. B.
15	Tu				

XXIX. DAYS.

Post-Office.

The uniform penny post has no reference to the uniform worn by the letter carriers. "As deaf as a post" has become a common saying, because formerly a complaint addressed to the Post department was never listened to.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

They who hide can find. When you have lost your cigar-case, ask your wife for it.

The Month's Sport Made Earnest.

SKATING.

Oh, all ye bold spirits, who skate
In frosty-faced exhilaration,
Cutting figures of fun, or of eight,
Allow *Punch* to improve the occasion.

Bright and smooth is Life's face for the few
Who have grace, skill, and courage to shew it;
While for those who may chance to pop through,
There 's precious cold bathing below it.

No Humane Society's station
Provides the duck'd wretch with snug quarters,
And restores his benumb'd circulation
With blankets or brandies-and-waters.

Popular Superstition.

When a married couple are walking in Regent Street, it is very unlucky for the gentleman if the lady stops and looks into a bonnet-shop.

Hints on Taxes.

The properties of matter are not liable to the Property-Tax; nor is a horse used for taking an airing before the fire chargeable with the usual horse duty. Poets are not compellable to take out a poetical license every year from Somerset House; nor are they obliged to pay duty for a horse, on account of their Pegasus.

Curiosities of Parental Experience.

A school bill, dated Christmas, 1847, gives us some very curious hints for the treatment of juveniles. A charge of 10*s.* per quarter for medicine, tells us the interesting fact, that a child of eight years of age may consume 120 pennyworth of salts in twelve weeks, which gives exactly ten ounces per week, or a fraction less than an ounce and a half per day, to the unfortunate infant. The charge of 5*s.* for hair-cutting within the same period, furnishes the remarkable fact, that the same child may have his head continually under the scissors, yet come home to the bosom of his parents with as luxuriant a crop as if he had not undergone the ten cuttings and comings again, which, estimating each operation in round numbers at 6*d.*, he must have experienced.

The Month's Sport Made Earnest.

COURSING.

How it frisks thro' the flowers, that silly heart of ours,
Now cocks up its scut, and now playfully cowers;
Now greedily nibbles, till, softly and warm,
In some snug self-indulgence it makes up its form.

When Duty and Conscience, swift hounds, are let slip,
And the poor silly heart starts away from their grip;
With anguish and trouble, round stone and thro' stubble,
How it winds in and out, tries each dodge and each double;
All in vain, sob and strain! One bound more, and it hangs,
Cramp'd, crush'd, and convulsed, in those terrible fangs.

Custom of the Month.

On the Fourteenth of this month, a custom prevails among female servants of neglecting to clean windows, scrub floors, make beds, wash plates and dishes; of letting joints burn, pots boil over, and their work in general remain undone, in order to loiter at area doors, looking out for the postman and a Valentine.

On this day the members of the police force are unusually on the alert to secure those hearts which, in an epistolary form, are given them in charge by cooks and housemaids.

Large-Text Copies for Young Ladies.

A Ball is Bliss. A Small Waist is Elegant. Adore Young Officers. Paleness is interesting. Preserve your Complexion. Seek Approbation. Live Wholly for Dress. Encourage the Bashful. Refuse Not Hastily.

Prophecy for 1848.

If you give a man enough rope he will hang himself; so, if you give a nation too much line—that is to say, Railway line—suspension must be the consequence.

MARCH—APRIL.

Moving.

Father of the Family. "Oh! it 's all stuff and nonsense, Mrs. G., it might have been managed over and over again by this time."

Mrs. G. "Law, my dear, how you talk! and I'm sure *you* haven't been put to much inconvenience."

Mother-in-Law. "There, there, Jemima. Don't answer him; it 's quite ridiculous."

First Night in the New House.—Awful Discovery of Black Beetles.

Punch's 1848. Almanack.

Moral Reflection.

WHERE is there a more social body of men, than the Beef-steak Club? and yet all the members of it delight in broils.

A GOOD DAY'S WORK. Count up all the planets that have been discovered within the last six months.

Custom of the Month.

The First of this month being the Festival of All Fools, is a holiday very generally observed. The kind of persons to whom the First of April is dedicated, exert on that day the proverbial power which—in common with railway directors—they possess, of adding to their number.

SAD ALTERNATIVE.—Of two evils choose the least—nuptial ties, or bachelor's buttons.

The Model Lodger.

HE is a quiet gentleman. A smile is permanently settled on his clean face. He wipes his boots in the mat before he walks up-stairs. He pays a high rent, and has few friends. He leaves his drawers open. He has a cellar of coals at a time. He takes in a newspaper, and is not in a hurry for it in the morning. He is never out later than ten. He shaves with cold water. He never adds up a bill. He is fond of children. He likes to buy them sweetmeats, and to take one occasionally to the theatre. He never has supper. He never dines at home, excepting on a Sunday, and that rarely. The landlady orders then his dinner: it is generally a very large joint, with plenty of vegetables, a very large pie, and a very large slice of cheese. He never inquires for the joint, or the pie, or anything, the next day. He lends his books cheerfully. He is in doubt about the exact number of his shirts. He rarely rings the bell. He pays for extras without a murmur. Rather likes music. Does not object to a flute and a piano playing different tunes at the same time. He is never in arrear with his rent: if it is not paid the very day it becomes due, the reason is because he has paid it the day before. The Model Lodger is sheepish, rich, and contented.

The Month's Sport Made Earnest.

FOX-HUNTING.

THE king in his palace; thief bound for the gallows;
The bishop in lawn; Judge in ermine:
All, in short, thro' life's pother, hunt one thing or other,
Each pursuing his own style of vermin.

"Drags" most of us follow, with whoop and with hollow;
And for prize of our sweating and spurring,
Our sore falls and hard knocks, when we look for our fox,
Find, alas! that 'tis but a red-herring.

Text-Hand Copies for Fast Boys.

OLLY is a Lark. To Be Respectable is To Be Slow. The Casino is Charming. Go it Like Bricks. Do the Governor. Philosophy is Dummy. Sherry-Cobbler is Stunning. Cut Slow Company. High Art is Dreary. A Good Young Man is a Pump. Virtue is Walker. The End of Life is a Spree.

The Longest Day.

THE day on which you are locked up in a spunging-house, expecting a remittance that will set you free the next morning;—or the day before your wedding.

Poetry of the Seasons.

SPRING.

THE meadows are with king-cups buttered o'er,
The hedge-rows creamed with hawthorn bloom. The brook,
Whose gilded ripples glisten in the sun,
Is sparkling with innumerable laughs:
As though the River-God were *Punch*. The gale
Breathes the rich incense of a thousand flowers—
True spirit of *Millefleurs*. Oh! *Eau* (yet who
Should raise that cry, in such a scene as this?)
Which art the produce of Cologne, thy sweets
Are assafœtida to these. Regaled
With such a banquet, cease, oh, cease to crave
For thine habitual stimulant, my Nose!
The Birds are carolling on every spray;
And he who roams the groves hath, like the dame
Who rode unto the Cross of Banbury,
Music where'er he goes. Thou Fast One, list
Yon Minstrel singing as he soars to Heaven,
And know what 'tis to have a genuine Lark!

Adage of the Month.

IT is said that "A bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom." We hope that, in consideration of our financial difficulties, March will evince even a more than usual liberality in coming down with the dust.

Police Astronomy.

TAURUS, or the Bull's-eye, may be traced in the Aries very frequently; and Castor will be visible in the kitchen immediately afterwards.

CAUTION TO LADIES.—CUPID is the JOSEPH ADY of the heart.

The Month's Sport Made Earnest.

RACING.

WE'RE all of us entered for some stake or other,
But life's handicap rarely is run on the square;
In the world, like the turf, a man cheats his own brother,
And there's no LORD GEORGE BENTINCK to start us all fair.

And as oft the best horse is dead beat on the course,
By some nameless outsider with good jock to ride him;
So a man, to succeed, besides bottom and speed,
Wants Tact, like a CHIFNEY or JOHN DAY, to guide him.

MAY—JUNE.

The Opera.

Door-Keeper. "BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR—BUT YOU MUST, INDEED, SIR, BE IN FULL DRESS."
Snob (excited). "FULL DRESS!! WHY, WHAT DO YER CALL THIS?"

A Sporting Gent practising at Jackson's Ground for the Hunting Season.

Punch's 1848. Almanack.

Important to Omnibus Proprietors.

It is not generally known that a carriage is liable to extra duty for every additional body beyond one. The duty on an omnibus with sixteen additional bodies on the roof, besides fourteen somebodies inside, must be very large indeed!

HOW TO MAKE A MAN RIDICULOUS.

Erect a *public* statue to him.

The Music of Wheat.

A Proverb, of which the rhyme is somewhat more obvious than the reason, says, "Calm weather in June sets corn in tune." Corn has ears, certainly; but we can hardly believe them to be musical.

TEXT-HAND COPIES FOR COMMERCIAL SCHOOLS.

Business is its Own Reward. The Main Chance is Everything. Strive to Get Money.

The Month's Sport Made Earnest.

FLY-FISHING.

With contempt we may look on the fish in the brook,
That they're blinded enough to make fatal assault on
Those strange figments of foil, fur, silk, feathers, and hook,
Call'd "flies" by the school of the late Isaac Walton.

But tho' man sits as judge on dace, trout, chub, and gudgeon,
How oft, when *we* rise at life's flies, do we look in 'em,
To ascertain whether, under foil, silk, and feather,
The things we snap up have or have not a hook in 'em?

A MODEL FRIEND.

He borrows money, of course, and pleases himself about returning it. Your house is his house—your property just as much his property. He invades your library at all hours, and smuggles what books he likes, and lends them to whom he chooses. He rides your horses, and buys Havannah cigars, and Eau-de-Cologne, and all sorts of bargains for you, no matter whether you want them or not. He has a patent for giving advice and speaking his mind very freely at all times. He must be consulted in any step you undertake, from the purchase of a poodle to the choice of a wife. He wears your collars, your gloves, and does not mind putting on your great coat, or even, at a stretch, wearing your polished leather boots and walking off with them. He will stop with you a month, if you ask him for a week, and will bring one or two especial friends—"capital fellows" he calls them—if you ask him to dinner. In return, he is obliging, obsequious, has a wonderful capacity for drinking and smoking; tells a good story, and sings a good song; wins your money at *écarté* with the best grace in the world; will get you to accept a bill, and almost persuade you he is doing you a favour; and, if you should be penniless to-morrow, he will meet you in the street, and, as a Model Friend, cut you.

Eclipses.

In the Almanacks of last year no mention was made of the Eclipse of all the stars at once by the newly-discovered planet, Jenny Lind, who is expected to appear annually for some years, and repeat the same phenomenon.

A Puzzler.

Perhaps some of our young friends who are skilful in arithmetical calculations may be able to inform us by this time next year, how much the "jug-jug of the nightingale" will conveniently hold.

The Month's Sport Made Earnest.

CRICKET.

Each, in every variety of human society,
Takes his chance at the world's game of cricket;
Will he, nill he, to stand, Fortune's bat in his hand,
And guard, as he may, his own wicket.

Life, as bowler, goes in then, and straight at your shins then
Sends its balls with a lusty endeavour;
Till some "ripper" or "creeper" gives the great wicket-keeper
A chance, and Death stumps you for ever.

Acts of Indemnity.

The following Acts of Indemnity have been passed by *Punch*; and notice is hereby given, that they will not only be considered binding, but their infraction will be visited by heavy penalties. The first is an Act for exonerating the Wellington Statue from further service, in consideration of his being already worn out, by having jokes of every description perpetually fired off at him. Any professional punster, or other evil disposed person, endeavouring to take advantage of the helpless condition of the Statue, by an assault with heartless jokes, will be most rigorously dealt with, or rather most scrupulously cut with by all persons of respectability. The Trafalgar Fountains are to be allowed a respite for three years; and the Statue of George III. is to be protected by an Act of Indemnity, except as to his pig-tail, which sticks out so obstinately, that it cannot be brought within the wholesome provisions of the statute. By another Act of Indemnity, every punster, however atrocious, is allowed to avail himself of the Statute of Limitations with regard to any joke more than three months' old, when all responsibility on account of it, or liability to be considered its parent, will distinctly terminate.

Maxims for Litigants.

"Repent," says somebody or other, "a good action if you can." You very easily can. You have only to go to law, and you will repent the best action in the world.

POPULAR SUPERSTITION.

When the tax-gatherer calls, if the servant tells him you are at home, it is extremely unlucky.

JULY—AUGUST.

You "pick up" Hunters for next to Nothing.

Dealer. "THERE NOW! YOU WANT A HUNTER. THERE HE IS. HE'S QUIET, WELL BRED, AND LAW! WITH YOUR WEIGHT, HE'S UP TO ANY HOUNDS, AND AN *UNCOMMON* CLEVER FENCER!"

Sporting Gent. "OH! COME NOW! THAT *WON'T* DO. I'VE HEARD OF A 'ORSE DANCING; BUT I'M NOT SO JOLLY GREEN AS TO BELIEVE A 'ORSE CAN FENCE, YOU KNOW!"

Rich Old Lady is overwhelmed with Barrelled Oysters from Distant Relatives.

Punch's 1848. Almanack.

Female Education.

We know a lady, who lives in one of the superior Squares, who, hearing that Gutta Percha soles were all the fashion, actually sent to her fishmonger's for a pair.

Proverbial Puzzle.

A Moralist recommends us to bridle the belly. Would he have us to be continually putting a bit in it?

Business is Man's screen; Woman's blind.

The Flour of Life.

"Life," exclaims a sage, "is made up of seconds." So is an inferior species of twopenny buster.

A Simile Snuffed Out.

A Wiseacre has remarked, that soldiers in peace are like chimnies in summer. How so, when it is notorious that young officers are always smoking?

Judgment.

There are various kinds of Judgment. First, there is the Judgment which your friends think they have a right to pass upon every one of your actions; and secondly, there is the Judgment which a court of law passes upon your actions, no matter the cause. The latter you are compelled to follow; but the former you may please yourself about. You had better show your Judgment in seeking neither. A man of Judgment is a sensible fellow, who agrees with everything you say. A man of no Judgment is a stupid donkey, who differs altogether from you.

European Concert.

The four Allied Sovereigns have, during last year, been playing in such harmony together, that we should not wonder if they started a series of Concerts, after the style of the Ethiopian Melodies. Louis-Philippe would do the part of Old Bones wonderfully, as he is certainly the cleverest hand of the Royal Quartette in fingering notes.

The Month's Sport Made Earnest.

YACHTING.

All so taut and so trig, regulation and rig,
The yacht-squadron's a fleet, every inch of it;
And to each yachting dandy the tar's life comes handy,
Save the peril, privation, and pinch of it.

So when life's course is clear, we hand, reef, and steer,
Ape the blue-jacket's accents, his air, and his act;
But stern duty's rough work, we're all ready to shirk,
And, tho' passing for sailors, are yachts-men in fact.

The Month's Sport Made Earnest.

DEER-STALKING.

Those who go out deer-stalking don't venture on walking,
Or talking, or running, or leaping;
But thro' dry and thro' damp alike, rush, rock, and swamp alike,
On their bellies go crawling and creeping.

Hence my moral hath flowed: howe'er foul be your road,
And how foully soe'er you go thro' it,
The world ne'er cries shame, provided the game
Be but large enough when you get to it.

A Custom of the Month.

London Fashionables have a custom of quitting Town in the month of August. On their departure, the shutters of their mansions are all closed, which serves as a public intimation that they have taken flight. Many persons, whose means do not allow them to practise this fashionable custom to the full, and who are yet desirous to have the credit of following it, limit themselves to shutting up their windows, resorting for change of air from the atmosphere of the drawing-room, to inhale the breezes which ventilate the two-pair back.

Poetry of the Seasons.

SUMMER.

Well done, thou glorious Orb! Well done indeed,
Thou Sun; for Nature now is one great feast,
Roasted, and boiled, and fried, and baked by thee.
Thy fire hath boiled the fishes in the streams;
Roasted the living mutton on the Downs;
Fried all the parsley on its very bed;
And baking the potatoes under ground,
Hath cooked them growing; so that men may dig
Taters all hot!

A Remark for Every Day in the Year.

Did you ever see a young lady in an omnibus pull out a purse, but she was sure to open the end which contained the sovereigns?

Proverb for the Table.—If "three removes are as bad as a fire," what shall we say of six courses and a dessert?

Popular Superstition.—Spilling of salt is most unlucky when you let it drop upon your apple-pudding.

A Cry from a Bachelor of Forty Years' Standing.—There is no tyranny like the tyranny of a laundress!

SEPTEMBER—OCTOBER.

Michaelmas Day. The Cheap Tailor's Goose provides himself with a Shooting Jacket and "Vest."

Long Vacation.

"Now then, Latitat, tuck in your Six-and-Eightenny!"

Punch's 1848. Almanack.

Appetites.

A WOMAN'S appetite for scandal grows by what it feeds upon. The same may be said of a donkey's appetite for thistles. A man's appetite for law is soon satiated: a little soon satisfies the most voracious glutton. A newspaper's appetite for Enormous Gooseberries and Tremendous Turnips is never appeased.

WISDOM AND WEATHER.

HE who hath corns carrieth a barometer in his boots.

Water-works.

THE readiest Water-works to turn on are Ladies' tears; but the difficulty, when they once begin to flow, is to stop them. Sometimes a velvet dress will check the tremendous rush. But occasionally it is piped on so strong, that it is necessary to send for an Opera-box to prevent the Water-works flooding the entire house.

CLEOPATRA was the first person who drank "early pearl."

The Month's Sport Made Earnest.

PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING.

THO', when after the partridges, you use ELEY'S cartridges,
Which keep shot like a bullet together,
Should you let fly at random, however nigh hand 'em,
You've no chance of ruffling a feather.

So, when after life's game, tho' your weapon, or aim,
Hand, or eye, may be all that you brag it,
If at too much at once you let fly, you 're a dunce;
Cover only your *one* bird—*and bag it.*

Custom of the Month.

OCTOBER is famous for the rural festivities which attend the celebration of the nuptials of Malt and Hops, which are now united in the happy state of beer; in which condition, also, are a large portion of the company who assist at the interesting ceremony.

A Model Son.

HE dresses in black, with a white neckcloth. He never goes to the theatre. He is not fond of cards, though he takes a hand occasionally at whist to please his old father; but then it is only for penny points. He has no talent for running in debt, or any genius for smoking. He does not flirt, or read light publications, or have noisy friends to call upon him. He pays ready money for everything, and insists upon discount. He has a small sum in a particular safe Bank, somewhere. He dances but seldom, and then only with young ladies with a very certain income. He does not care much for beauty, and has a soul above pins and rings. He never keeps the servants up, and has a horror of reading in bed. He decants the wines, and compliments his father adroitly upon his "tawny old Port." He carves without spilling any of the gravy at table, and is very obliging in executing all paternal errands and commissions. There is rarely more than one Model Son in each family; but he does duty enough for half-a-dozen, as he is continually being held up to the other sons, who bear him no very violent love in consequence, as the very model of perfection.

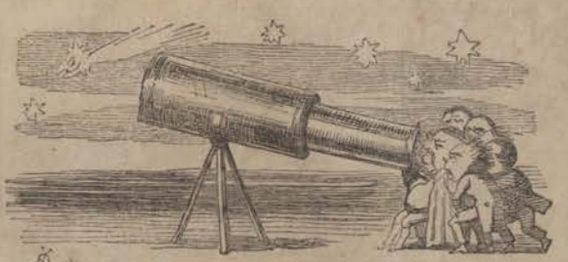
Poetry of the Seasons.

AUTUMN.

THE leaves are dropping with the year's decline,
Like hopes, which, one by one, advancing Life,
Convinces us are Humbug. In the woods,
Hark to the sad and solemn harmony,
That seems a dirge for the departed flowers.
It is the wild wind, singing as it feeds
The pigs with acorns; while the creatures grunt
A chorus to the melancholy song.

Astronomical Terms.

THE latitude of a celestial body signifies rather the longitude or length to which celestial bodies will sometimes go; as in the case of Bacchus, whose indulgence in drink shows the latitude which this celestial body allows himself. When the latitude and longitude are the same, it will be as broad as it is long; and further explanation is not required.



The Language of Flowers.

MOTTO FOR THE LILAC IN APRIL.—Give me leave.
DITTO FOR THE ROSE IN JUNE.—Well! I 'm blowed.
DITTO FOR THE ASPARAGUS IN JULY.—Cut and come again.
DITTO FOR THE MARROWFAT IN AUGUST.—Shell out!
DITTO FOR THE APPLE-TREE IN SEPTEMBER.—Go it, my pippins!
DITTO FOR THE CABBAGE IN DECEMBER.—My heart's my own.
DITTO FOR THE ALOE AT ANY TIME.—Well, I never! Did you ever?

The Month's Sport Made Earnest.

THE BATTUE.

UPON preserving game, tho' tongues and pens cry "shame,"
I, *Punch*, the king of such preservers, thrive;
Each week of the fifty-two, I hold a grand *battue*,
And yet my whole care is to keep the game alive.

The whole year is my season, my shot is solid reason,
And wit 's the powder lends it wings to go;
I laugh to scorn encroachers, care not a fig for poachers!
Folly 's my game—when did that stock wax low?

NOVEMBER—DECEMBER.

The Influenza.

"This is really very kind of you to call. Can I offer you anything—a Basin of Gruel, or a Glass of Cough Mixture! Don't say No."

National Defences.

John Bull. "Look here, Young Fellows, these are some of our National Defences, and you are heartily welcome to a Good Bellyful."

Punch's 1848. Almanack.

Stuff a Cold and Starve a Cough.

ABOUT this time coughs and colds are prevalent. If you are troubled with a cough, go to the workhouse; if with a cold, get invited to the Lord Mayor's Feast, and imitate your company.

Shameful Ignorance.

LATELY, a daughter of *Mrs. Malaprop* sent her first-born to MADAME TUSSAUD'S, to have the little thing *waxinated*.

Cure for a "Dreadful Cold."

How often it is that a young lady, when pressed for a song, is afflicted with a sudden cold. The best cure for this is to ask her sister to sing.

The Shortest Day.

THE day before that on which you have a bill becoming due, which you are unable to meet.

HOW TRUE!—A fat man has no friends in an omnibus.

The Month's Sport Made Earnest.

GUYS.

"THIRTY days hath November," but who can remember
Any ten of the thirty that threw aside
That dank yellow density, which wraps this immense city
In a fog, which, the French say, breeds suicide?
No ground the report has; e'en November its sport has;
France may talk, the true Briton will never say die;
He 'll go out every day, a-hunting his way,
And at least, on the Fifth, will find game—in a Guy.

Poetry of the Seasons.

WINTER.

THERE is a stoppage in the currency
Of all the streams, which cannot liquidate
Their tribute to the sea. The frozen soil,
Hard up, no more repays the husbandman.
Each object, crusted o'er with rime and snow,
Seems whitewashed. Of their furniture the trees
Are stripped; and everywhere *Distringas* reigns.
On one vast picture of Insolvency
We gaze around; and, did we not repose
In Mother Earth's resources confidence,
Should see no prospect of a dividend
Of sixpence in the pound.

Pallacies of the Irish.

THAT Ireland is the "First gim of the sea."

That the Irish are the finest pisantry in the world.

That they have a right to be idle, and that England has a right to support them in their idleness.

That Repeal ever will be carried.

That any Irish Member will die on the floor of the House of Commons.

That they won all the battles of the English.

That the English are at all opposed to them, or not anxious to assist them.

That the English like lending—or rather, giving—them money, and being abused for it afterwards.

THE EARLIEST WINTER FASHIONS.

ADAM may be considered to have set the very earliest Winter Fashion, for the only coat he wore was a bare-skin.

Prize Animals.

BACON said very justly, that learning makes a full man; and if the same rule applies to the inferior animals, the Learned Pig ought to be the fullest and fattest in the whole cattle-show. Our own learning and that of our dog *Toby* is beginning to tell upon both of us; so that we shall be shortly qualified for exhibition, if we continue to undergo the constant enlargement that is the consequence of our erudition.

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.—A crossing-sweeper on a muddy day, and a waterman at a cab-stand.

The Month's Sport Made Earnest.

ALL SORTS.

To suit peoples' fancies of every sort,
Each month, we have seen, has its separate sport;
But, "Multum in parvo," the last is the best;
For December includes all the sports of the rest.
The crack shot, in arrear, may go shooting the "moon;"
For sailing, the Folkstone boats start every noon;
Upon your own credit there 's very nice skating,
With the duns mark'd as "dangerous" who 've been long waiting.
Then there 's fishing for money by hook or by crook;
And, for making your own, meeting other folks' book;
If of hunting your creditors relish the fun,
What drag 's like a debt, and what dog like a dun?
For the chase is the chase, be its game hares and foxes,
Christmas bills, Christmas books, or Christmas-boxes.

THE THIRTEEN VOLUME

A FRAGMENT

FROM OUR JOURNAL OF THE CAMBRIDGE INSTALLATION.

OUR visit to Cambridge has been one long triumph. WE have just returned from the Senate House. We are a D.C.L. The manly voice of the Public Orator is still tingling in our ears. Our hand still glows to the gracious touch of our Prince! Can we forget the pure and unexaggerated Latin of that closing period. "*Attamen, ut perfacetum ipsum Punchium adloquar. Cujus qualis lepor, quales ipsis Atticis* Αττικωτεροι *sales, quis nescit? Quem quidem hebdomaticè loquentem quali gaudio perlegere sim assuetus, cur taceam? Hunc cum illustrissimo nostro principe versantem immo colloquentem quum intueor: 'Felices,' inquam, 'Cantabrigiæ! Ter beata Academia! Quam excelsissimus et doctissimus princeps colere, quam hilarissimus et lepidissimus Punchius ridere dignetur!'*"

We still seem to hear those enthusiastic young men, in whose cries our name was blended with our Sovereign's and that of her glorious consort. How fervid those prize compositions, insisting, so appropriately, on two points in particular—the accomplishments of PRINCE ALBERT, and the corruptions of the Church of Rome! We subjoin the spirited conclusion of the Prize Poem on "SIR THOMAS MORE."

Thus has my teeming fancy dared to soar,
And sing the praises of SIR THOMAS MORE;
Well did he hold with steady hand the helm
As Lord High Chancellor of England's realm:
But in the course of long revolving years,
A greater Chancellor than he appears.
Hail, ALBERT, hail! till Earth's last moments come,
And Granta's glory sinks into the tomb,
Thy name shall stand unscathed by pitying fate:
How great amongst the good, how good amongst the great!

Beautiful exceedingly, also, those stanzas from the Latin Ode, replete with chaste classicality,

ALBERTE, magnis edite regibus,
Princeps paternæ dulce decus Gothæ,
Sunt quos triumphales juvarit
Ob meritum petiisse laurus,
Te Granta, nupsit quod tibi regia
Marita, Cancel sumere larium
POWYSSE dignatur rejecto:
Sic valeas et episcopemur!

Then the other Prize Exercises! The Greek Ode (in the style of DEMOSTHENES); the Epigrams, (which we thought inferior to the generality of those which appear in our own publication); and the PORSON Prize, a neat translation into Greek Verse of a scene from one of the Lyceum burlesques. After the recitation, His Royal Highness, with ineffable grace, presented the prizemen with medals, prefacing the delivery of each with a short speech, assuring the young gentlemen he was not unacquainted with classical literature, having in his youth composed an Opera. The Installation Ode followed. It deserves a column to itself.

10 P.M. We are just returned from the grand display of fireworks. Several symbolical *tableaux* excited great admiration. Among the most beautiful and significant of them was a representation of the Albert Hat, reversed, so as to form a cornucopia, with mitres and stalls falling from it. Among the illuminations we remarked a transparency over the gate of Trinity, representing the distinguished Master of that College, surrounded by the legend "*Nolo Episcopari*" in coloured lamps.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7TH. The great feature of this day's amusements was an *al-fresco fête* in the grounds of St. John's and Trinity Colleges, which had forgotten all ancient rivalry, and had been, by the taste of their respective resident Fellows, transformed into a miniature semblance of Fairy Land, or Greenwich Park on a Fair Day. The sound of the Redowa Polka issued from elegantly-draped booths, in which bedmakers in fancy dresses furnished refreshments, gratis, to the guests; swings, whirligigs, and merry-go-rounds, freighted with all that is gravest, wisest, and noblest in the land, were glancing amid the ancestral trees; and in a retired part of the grounds, where an artificial elevation had been built up, in imitation of the famous One Tree Hill, the Regius Professor of Divinity, with some ladies of rank, was racing gaily down the smooth enamelled turf. Shouts of laughter crept over the rapidly-flowing Cam. On all sides were exalted and learned men surrendering themselves to the *abandon* of that delicious excitement which the presence of the Sovereign and the Prince is so calculated to produce. Here was the Regius Professor of Civil Law polking in his scarlet robes: there was the Public Orator drinking Champagne out of tumblers, and invoking blessings on his Prince. We leaned on the arm of our friend, the Lord Almoner's Reader in Photography, and he pointed out to us the celebrities of the place—among them, PROFESSORS SMYTHE, SEDGWICK, HOLLOWAY, RISLEY, and KELLER.

But our time was growing short. We remained to see DR. WHEWELL present the QUEEN with a draught of bishop in a golden cup, while the resident dignitaries of the University were brought up and prostrated themselves before the Prince; the Public Orator reading, in a most affecting manner, a modest panegyric, in which most of the adjectives appeared to end in "issimus." Immediately on the conclusion of this inspiriting ceremony, we started for the railway train, and were soon on our way to London, bearing with us many delightful reminiscences of Cambridge, and a proud appreciation of our diploma of Doctor.

PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

BARBAZURE.

BY G. P. R. JEAMES, ESQ., ETC.

It was upon one of those balmy evenings of November which are only known in the valleys of Languedoc and among the mountains of Alsace, that two cavaliers might have been perceived by the naked eye threading one of the rocky and romantic gorges that skirt the mountain-land between the Marne and the Garonne. The rosy tints of the declining luminary were gilding the peaks and crags which lined the path, through which the horsemen wound slowly; and as those eternal battlements with which Nature had hemmed in the ravine which our travellers trod, blushed with the last tints of the fading sunlight, the valley below was grey and darkling, and the hard and devious course was sombre in twilight. A few goats, hardly visible among the peaks, were cropping the scanty herbage here and there. The pipes of shepherds, calling in their flocks as they trooped homewards to their mountain villages, sent up plaintive echoes which moaned through those rocky and lonely steeps; the stars began to glimmer in the purple heavens, spread serenely over head; and the faint crescent of the moon, which had peered for some time scarce visible in the azure, gleamed out more brilliantly at every moment, until it blazed as if in triumph at the sun's retreat. 'Tis a fair land that of France, a gentle, a green, and a beautiful; the home of arts and arms, of chivalry and romance, and (however sadly stained by the excesses of modern times) 'twas the unbought grace of nations once, and the seat of ancient renown and disciplined valour.

And of all that fair land of France, whose beauty is so bright, and bravery so famous, there is no spot greener or fairer than that one over which our travellers wended, and which stretches between the good towns of Vendemiaire and Nivose. 'Tis common now to a hundred thousand voyagers: the English tourist, with his chariot and his HARVEY'S Sauce, and his imperials; the bustling *commis-voyageur* on the roof of the rumbling diligence; the rapid *malle-poste* thundering over the *chaussée* at twelve miles an hour—pass the ground hourly and daily now: 'twas lonely and unfrequented at the end of that seventeenth century with which our story commences.

Along the darkening mountain paths the two gentlemen (for such their outward bearing proclaimed them) caracolled together. The one, seemingly the younger of the twain, wore a flaunting feather in his barrat-cap, and managed a prancing Andalusian palfrey that bounded and curvetted gaily. A surcoat of peach-coloured samite and a purfled doublet of vair bespoke him noble, as did his brilliant eye, his exquisitely chiselled nose, and his curling chestnut ringlets.

Youth was on his brow; his eyes were dark and dewy, like spring-violets; and spring-roses bloomed upon his cheek—roses, alas! that bloom and die with life's spring! Now bounding over a rock, now playfully whisking off with his riding-rod a flowret in his path, PHILIBERT DE COQUELICOT rode by his darker companion.

His comrade was mounted upon a *destrière* of the true Norman breed, that had first champed grass on the green pastures of Aequitaine. Thence through Berry, Picardy, and the Limousin, halting at many a city and commune, holding joust and tourney in many a castle and manor of Navarre, Poitou, and St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the warrior and his charger reached the lonely spot where now we find them.

The warrior who bestrode the noble beast was in sooth worthy of the steed which bore him. Both were caparisoned in the fullest trappings of feudal war. The arblast, the mangonel, the demiculverin, and the cuissart of the period, glittered upon the neck and chest of the war-steed; while the rider, with chamfron and catapult, with ban and arrière-ban, morion and tumbril, battle-axe and rifflard, and the other appurtenances of ancient chivalry, rode stately on his steel-clad charger, himself a tower of steel. This mighty horseman was carried by his steed as lightly as the young springald by his Andalusian hackney.

"'Twas well done of thee, PHILIBERT," said he of the proof-armour, "to ride forth so far to welcome thy cousin and companion in arms."

"Companion in battledoor and shuttlecock, ROMANÉ DE CLOS-VOUGEOT!" replied the younger Cavalier. "When I was yet a page, thou wert a belted knight; and thou wert away to the Crusades ere ever my beard grew."

"I stood by RICHARD of England at the gates of Ascalon, and drew the spear from sainted KING LOUIS in the tents of Damietta," the individual addressed as ROMANÉ replied. "Well-a-day! since thy beard grew, boy, (and marry 'tis yet a thin one), I have broken a lance with SOLYMAN at Rhodes, and smoked a chibouque with SALADIN at Acre. But enough of this. Tell me of home—of our native valley—of my hearth, and my lady mother, and my good chaplain—tell me of *her*, PHILIBERT," said the knight, executing a demivolte, in order to hide his emotion.

PHILIBERT seemed uneasy, and to strive as though he would parry the question. "The castle stands on the rock," he said, "and the swallows still build in the battlements. The good chaplain still chants his vespers at morn, and snuffles his matins at even-song. The lady-mother still distributeth tracts, and knitteth Berlin linsey-woolsey. The tenants pay no better, and the lawyers dun as sorely, kinsman mine," he added with an arch look.

"But FATIMA, FATIMA, how fares she?" ROMANÉ continued—"Since Lammas was a twelvemonth, I hear nought of her; my letters are unanswered. The postman hath traversed our camp every day, and never brought me a billet. How is FATIMA, PHILIBERT DE COQUELICOT?"

"She is—well," PHILIBERT replied; "her sister ANNE is the fairest of the twain, though."

"Her sister ANNE was a baby when I embarked for Egypt. A plague on sister ANNE! Speak of FATIMA, PHILIBERT—my blue-eyed FATIMA!"

"I say she is—well," answered his comrade, gloomily.

"Is she dead? Is she ill? Hath she the measles? Nay, hath she had small-pox, and lost her beauty? Speak! speak, boy!" cried the knight, wrought to agony.

"Her cheek is as red as her mother's, though the old Countess paints hers every day. Her foot is as light as a sparrow's, and her voice as sweet as a minstrel's dulcimer; but give me nathless the LADY ANN," cried PHILIBERT, "give me the peerless LADY ANNE! As soon as ever I have won spurs, I will ride all Christendom through, and proclaim her the Queen of Beauty. Ho, LADY ANNE! LADY ANNE!" and so saying—but evidently wishing to disguise some emotion, or conceal some tale his friend could ill brook to hear—the reckless *damoiseau* galloped wildly forward.

But swift as was his courser's pace, that of his companion's enormous charger was swifter. "Boy," said the elder, "thou hast ill tidings. I know it by thy glance. Speak: shall he who hath bearded grim Death in a thousand fields shame to face truth from a friend? Speak, in the name of Heaven and good SAINT BOTIBOL. ROMANÉ DE CLOS-VOUGEOT will bear your tidings like a man."

"FATIMA is well," answered PHILIBERT once again; "she hath had no measles: she lives and is still fair."

"Fair, aye, peerless fair; but what more, PHILIBERT? Not false? By SAINT BOTIBOL, say not false," groaned the elder warrior.

"A month syne," PHILIBERT replied, "she married the BARON DE BARBAZURE."

With that scream which is so terrible in a strong man in agony, the brave knight ROMANÉ DE CLOS-VOUGIET sank back at these words, and fell from his charger to the ground, a lifeless mass of steel.

CURTIUS OUTDONE.

In the Court of Common Council, on Thursday, a member complained of the number of motions on the business-paper. SIR PETER LAURIE, in the handsomest manner, proposed, "that all the useless and stupid notices should be removed from the papers."

This is considered the most remarkable act of self-sacrifice on record.

Mr. Bounce. "I TELL YOU WHAT, OLD BOY. FINISH THAT, AND YOU SHALL HAVE SOME OF MY *PECULIAR* OLD PORT. I'VE HAD IT IN BOTTLE MYSELF NINE YEARS."

THIS IS THE PECULIAR OLD PORT.

Domestic Economy.

YOUNG ladies who are fond of practising domestic economy upon a very small allowance, cannot do so more rigidly than by answering the advertisements in which ladies' maids, in want of good situations, offer to attend and dress a lady's head "upon trial." By having a fresh servant for every fresh invitation, a young lady may be able to have her beautiful hair dressed in the very first style of fashion all through the season, without paying a single sixpence for it. We doubt if this economical plan will succeed, for more than one season; but for its perfect success it must be understood, that the young lady is always to be highly displeased with the style of *coiffure* which the poor maid has exhibited as a proof of her skill, and to be sure to say peevishly, she has made her "a perfect fright." This complaint naturally dispenses with the necessity of any apology for not engaging her, or for any other explanation on that head.

GAME LAW TOAST AND SENTIMENT.

"DESTRUCTION to all rabbits except the Welch; and may there be soon nothing left to poach in this country but eggs!"

DIRTY CITY! TUNE—"*Highland Laddie.*"

OH! thou art a shocking place,
Dirty City, dirty City!
To thy rulers a disgrace,
Nasty City, nasty City!
Fie upon thy Saffron Hill,
And thy foul street of Turnmill,
Cow Cross, too, more filthy still,
Dirty City, dirty City!

Think upon thy Barbican,
Dirty City, dirty City!
Fit to poison any man,
Nasty City, nasty City!
And the courts and alleys low,
Through the which, to Bunhill Row,
With our nostrils held, we go,
Dirty City, dirty City!

Spitalfields, and Houndsditch, too,
Dirty City, dirty City!
Hazardous to venture through—
Nasty City, nasty City!
Where miasma ever reigns,
And the gases from the drains
Tarnish spoons and silver chains,
Dirty City, dirty City!

And Whitechapel's dense purlieus,
Dirty City, dirty City!
Crowded lanes and smoky flues,
Nasty City, nasty City!
Also think on Fleet Street, where
Sewers, ever in repair,
Never mended, taint the air,
Dirty City, dirty City!

Last of all, thy foulest shame,
Dirty City, dirty City!
Need I mention Smithfield's name
Nasty City, nasty City?
Much thy population pays,
Can't thy Corporation raise
Funds enow to cleanse thy ways,
Dirty City, dirty City?

THE CONSCIENCE OF THE CROWN.

A LEGAL correspondent has expressed to us his conviction that the recent inquisition respecting TAWELL'S estate has taken place at the desire and for the convenience of the family, in order to give them a perfect title to the property, which, after having been formally confiscated by the Crown, will be restored to them, cleared from the risk of forfeiture. Such, we are happy to find, is the case.

Our said correspondent, however, advances a proposition to which we decidedly object. He says, "As a general rule, it seems perfectly just and reasonable that a part of the punishment of a murderer should be the forfeiture of his property." This, on the contrary, seems to us perfectly unjust and unreasonable. It is perfectly unreasonable to fine a dead man; it is wholly unjust to mulct his widow and children.

HOW TO LEARN ENGLISH IN SIX THEATRES.

FRENCHMEN who are perfectly ignorant of the English language cannot do better than go constantly, if they do not find the process too tedious, to the London theatres, and follow attentively the farces they recollect having seen at Paris. This exercise will not initiate them, it is true, into the elegancies of the language "in which SHAKSPEARE wrote," but it will be an easy method for them to acquire, *viva voce*, the first rudiments of the English language by the medium of literal translations. A course of twelve theatres ought to make the French student a perfect proficient in the mysteries of common conversation; but it will be as well for him to avoid conversing with the peculiar accent of BUCKSTONE, or imitating the eccentric manner of WRIGHT, or taking five minutes to deliver five words, after the style of a distinguished low comedian of the Adelphi.

THE ELECTIONEERING CAULDRON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1st Witch . . . BRITANNIA.
2nd Witch . . . HIBERNIA.
3rd Witch . . . CALEDONIA.
Macbeth . . . LORD J—N R—SS—L.

1st Witch. Seven years SIR ROBERT PEEL hath done.

2nd Witch. Three and four LORD JOHN hath talked.

3rd Witch. The country cries, "'Tis time, 'tis time."

1st Witch.
Round about the cauldron go,
In the seeds of discord throw:
Health of Towns and Education,
Poor-Law, Railway legislation;
Whigs, who shirking work begun,
Courting all and winning none,
Into such a mess have got;
Boil ye first i' the charmèd pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble.
Members spout, and agents bubble.

2nd Witch.
MR. MEAGHER'S warlike glee,
LORD MONTEAGLE'S charity,
EARL OF RODEN'S toleration,
JOHN of Tuam's information,
SMITH O'BRIEN'S patriot zeal,
Eloquence of THOMAS STEELE,
Protestant ascendants' ruth,
Repealers' wisdom, placemen's truth;
Potato blight, and Mortgage-rate,
Deep distrust, and mutual hate,
Ancient springs of Ireland's trouble,
Like soup of SOYER—boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Members spout, and agents bubble.

3rd Witch.
Bigot views *v.* greater gains,
Sabbath bills *v.* Sunday trains,
Law of Marriage and Entail,
Packs of grouse 'gainst heads of kail,
The kindly mercies of Kirk Session,
Squabbles of Free Church profession,
Ross-shire landlords' sense of duty,
Glasgow baillies' sense of beauty,
Hopes of Whig or Tory places,
New-turned coats and double faces—
Last, bait to which both young and auld run,
Pour bawbees into the cauldron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble.
Members spout, and agents bubble.

SONG (*as they dance round the Cauldron*).

RUSSELL buff, BENTINCK blue,
And PEEL neutral grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
For mingle you may.

2nd Witch.
In the name of all the "Hums,"
Something Whiggish this way comes!
Open locks, whoever knocks!

Enter MACBETH.

Mach. How now, you cruel, black, and mid-night hags!
How is't to go?

All. That we don't choose to say.

Election Intelligence.

IT is not known yet for what metropolitan borough the Statue of the Duke will stand. It is beyond a shadow of a doubt that the Duke will not retain his seat at the top of the Triumphal Arch at Hyde Park. His friends are canvassing the Metropolis; but the largest houses shrink from offering the Statue any support, for fear of its being afterwards laid at their door. It is strongly contended, by persons who know exactly the Statue's *calibre*, that, supposing it was offered a seat to-morrow, its backers never could carry it again to the top of the poll. In the meantime, if there should be any vacancy in or about London, we are positive that it could not be better filled up than with a member of so much personal weight as the Monster Duke. Whenever he is returned, it is sure to be with a tremendous plumper.

SCENE.—*Pit door on a* JENNY LIND *night.*

Gentleman (*very blandly*). "YOU SEE, MY DEAR, IT'S QUITE IMPOSSIBLE TO GET IN; IT'S REALLY NO USE ATTEMPTING IT: WE'LL GO SOMEWHERE ELSE. WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO TO THE HAYMARKET, MY LOVE; OR WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO?"

Lady (*very fiercely*). "HOME."

POLITICAL COURTSHIP.

HOW like is electioneering to love; canvassing to courtship! The professions, the declarations, the vows of the candidates for a county, are as numerous and ardent as those of the suitor of an heiress. How similar, too, are the promises of representatives to those of lovers!—pie-crust both. To complete the parallel, nothing is wanting but actions for political breach of promise, accompanied by the production of the defendant's letters, which, with a very slight exaggeration of the prevailing style of such documents, might run somewhat in the manner following:—

"My dearest Constituency,

"Yes, my Constituency; for so by anticipation I will call you. How delicious the feeling that implicit trust is reposed in us by confiding minds! With what transport I reflect, that my adored Constituency believes that I shall never, never betray its affections. The time-server, the place-hunter, may flatter only to deceive; he canvasses for his own selfish ends; but the object of the aspirations of the sincere candidate, is sought for itself alone. Yes, my Constituency, my sole aim is your happiness and welfare. This is the subject of my daily thoughts, my nightly dreams. Oh! with what pride, what joy, shall I rise in St. Stephen's to defend those interests which are dearer to me than life itself!

"It will be sweet, in advocating those questions on which we so deeply sympathise, to feel that the heart of my Constituency is beating in unison with my own. Nor will my pleasure be less in opposing those of which my own Constituency disapproves. To cherish, to protect my Constituency through life, to share its tranquillity, to participate in its agitation, to divide with it its sorrows and its joys—oh! this will be Paradise, indeed! Not a wish that my Constituency can breathe, shall be unattended to; not a danger that I can avert shall threaten its beloved privileges. My constant study shall be to render its existence one dream of bliss. And when the session's toils are over, how pleasant, how comfortable it will be to meet my idolised Constituency at some genial banquet, and talk together over our past struggles, and tell the tale of my exertions for its benefit and prosperity! Such, such are the blessings which will attend our happy union.—Oh! may it then be speedy! May that joyful day be not far distant when, at the hustings, we shall exchange those pledges which shall make myself and my Constituency one!

"Haste, then, to the poll. Let no anxious misgivings darken our sunny future. On this point I have but one fear;—it is, that to become your representative in Parliament, I shall be too—too—happy. Farewell, my Constituency—my own—my free—my independent; and believe me, dearest,

"Ever your's devotedly attached,
"LOTHARIO FLAMBOROUGH."

"P.S.—I hope my Constituency is quite well. Let me recommend it a little Ale. I have ordered a hogshead of XXXX for it, at the Gatton Arms."

THE ELECTIONEERING CAULDRON.

The Weird Sisters:—
BRITANNIA,
CALEDONIA,
HIBERNIA,

"WHIGGISH BUFF, TORY BLUE,
AND PEEL NEUTRAL GREY,
MINGLE, MINGLE, MINGLE,
FOR MINGLE YOU MAY."

REFORM YOUR LAWYERS' BILLS.

SINCE the Bristol Small-Debt-Court decision, the greatest excitement prevails among the members of the Bar. If demands above £20 may be split, and recovered piece-meal in these new Courts, all the actions on contract will probably run into the receptacles of cheap law, and Westminster Hall must be shut up.

The article sold there has been long of a very inferior quality, and the prices asked absurdly above the real value of the goods furnished. In fact, Madam Justice has openly been accused of using false weights for her scales, and false bottoms for her measures; and our wonder is, that she has not, before this, been pulled up, with other fraudulent tradespeople. We recommend the superior courts to set about reforming their lawyers' bills. The public must be directed where to go for cheap and good law. We confidently expect to see placards outside the Queen's Bench, with "Established to supply the Public with a decision fresh from the fountain-head, and an argument;" or "Justice done here, cheaply and punctually. N.B.—A taxing-master kept on the premises;" or, again, "We confidently request the attention of the public to our seven-and-sixpenny opinions; they are fully equal to the old ones at a guinea;" or, "To persons about to go to Law!—Remember the old mart for ready-made justice, is in Westminster Hall. Persons having been frequently misled by treacherous assertions, such as 'it's the same concern,' and 'we are connected with them,' the Judges and Bar of the Superior Courts take this opportunity of assuring the public that they have no connection with the County Court, over the way."

There have long been touters at the Bar; why should not the usual trading system be carried out by advertising in terms such as those suggested above? Much business might probably be drawn to Westminster Hall, if a Superior Court Van could be got up, to be driven through Fleet Street and the Strand by the Chief Justices and the Chief Baron alternately. If the leaders could be induced to follow in their wigs and gowns, in a vehicle like that used by travelling equestrians, playing on different legal instruments, it would no doubt increase the attraction to clients.

"Sound and Fury signifying Nothing."

THE hearing in the House of Lords is so very bad, that MR. CURTIS ought to be called in to see if he could cure it. We expect the transmission of sound will ultimately reach that perfection, that we shall be refreshed some morning at breakfast with the following improved report of the debates:—

"Their Lordships met and spoke as usual for three hours; but, excepting several loud cries of 'Order' during the speeches of LORDS BROUGHAM and CAMPBELL, every word was quite inaudible in the Gallery."

We doubt, after all, if the public, and the reporters especially, could possibly "hear of anything better to their advantage."

A CURIOUS TASTE.

PRINCE WALDEMAR of Prussia has arrived in England. This noble Prince is an *amateur* in the gentlemanly amusement of war. He went in full dress to a battle-field, just as a person goes to the Opera, for the sake of a little excitement. He attended the principal engagements in India, in the handsomest manner, free of expense, and merely because he had a taste that way. That which was death to others was only sport to him. We are afraid he will be disappointed in his visit to England.

We have no battles to amuse him with: not even a public meeting dispersed by the police, or a little Revolution, *à la Française* or *l'Espagnole*, to distract him for half-an-hour. There is only the Siege of Gibraltar at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, and that will be tame work for him; as, at the very best, the list of the killed and wounded never exceeds that of one of the nervous ducks on the lake, when the thread of its existence is prematurely cut in two, during the fireworks, by a Roman candle. A grand Review, too, however expensive, would be unsatisfactory to a Prince who had revelled in real fighting; and ASTLEY'S, even supposing it were to revive its memorable *Campaign of Scinde*, would fail to please one who must be somewhat *blasé* in the most finished scenes of war. We advise PRINCE WALDEMAR to pay a visit to Algeria; possibly the French may entertain him on that popular "*Théâtre de la guerre*" with a few of those startling effects which have made that department exclusively their own, and which, we are positive, with an *amateur* of the Prince's critical refinement, "only require to be seen to be properly appreciated!" Who knows but that PELISSIER might get up another "blaze of triumph," expressly in honour of his visit?

THE EXPENSES OF

A GRATUITOUS VISIT TO BLENHEIM.

(*When thrown open to the Members of the British Association.*)

		s.	d.
THE very civil gentleman who shows the keeper's lodge	*a fee of*	5	0
The gentleman on a fine horse who accompanies parties through the park, giving the names of the trees, and remarking that "it is a very fine day" . . .		5	0
The gentleman who shows the garden		5	0
The gentleman's gentleman who shows the kitchen ditto		5	0
The urbane gentleman who takes care of your umbrella, and never takes anything but silver		2	6
The lady who opens the gate		2	6
The noble lady who is condescending enough to describe the pictures as quick as she can, so as to have finished with the stupid business as soon as possible (a reduction upon taking a quantity)		5	0
Incidental expenses to endless little boys and girls, "pampered menials," &c., &c.,		10	0
Total per head (*very cheap*)		£2	0	0

The above does not include any gratuity to the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

Railway Facetiæ.

ONE would imagine that railways were of that grave nature, that they would drive away joking. We should as soon expect to fall upon a comic churchyard, as to meet with a jocund South Western, or a merry Midlands; for accidents, somehow, are not very favourable to fun. What do our readers think, as a bright specimen of railway facetiousness, of a train, when it has an engine both before and behind it, being called "a pair of nutcrackers?" The association of ideas is pleasant, isn't it? We can imagine the joke originated with a medical student, it is so lively. Another style of joking has been adopted by a Company which has been the most prolific lately in accidents. It keeps advertising "*Pleasure* excursions." The Directors' notions of amusement must be rather solemn. We should say, one day of such pleasure was enough to last a man his entire life. The names of the engines, too, are frequently very suggestive of anything but pleasant emotions. The engineers take a cruel delight in christening their engines after the gloomiest objects. One railway, which we would name, only we have several shares in it, has the following lively stud of engines:—"Lethe," "Styx," "Acheron," "Minos," "Pluto," and several others, introducing every member of the latter gentleman's interesting family, as if it was absolutely necessary that every traveller should be on visiting terms with them.

They might enrich the society with the addition of a few more, every bit as jolly as the above. What does the North Western say to a new engine, to be called "The Life Pill," as being an infallible cure for all human ills? Or, if it wishes to be still more facetious, let it adopt for its next engine the pleasant name of the "Poor Law Commissioner," for there is connected with it the funny separation of man and wife, which cannot fail to make the slowest passenger laugh, especially if the application was carried out before the end of the journey. We cannot help thinking that the very bad names which the Directors have been in the habit of giving their engines may have had some influence in making them such thorough-going engines of destruction. Let us hope they will soon earn a better name.

PROFESSOR BYLES'S OPINION OF

THE WESTMINSTER HALL EXHIBITION.

"SIR,

Y three pictures, from *Gil Blas*, from the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and from *English History*, (KING JOHN signing that palladium of our liberties, Magna Charta), not having been sent to Westminster, in consequence of the dastardly refusal of BLADDERS, my colour merchant, to supply me with more paint,—I have lost £1500 as a painter, but gained a right to speak as a *critic* of the Exhibition. A more indifferent collection of works it has seldom been my lot to see.

"I do not quarrel much with the decision of the Committee; indifferent judges called upon to decide as to the merits of indifferent pictures, they have performed their office fairly. I congratulate the three prize-holders on their *success*. I congratulate them that three pictures, *which shall be nameless*, were kept, by *conspiracy*, from the Exhibition.

"MR. PICKERSGILL is marked first; and I have nothing to say,—his picture is very respectable, very nicely painted, and so forth. It represents the burial of KING HAROLD—there are monks, men-at-arms, a livid body, a lady kissing it, and that sort of thing. Nothing can be more obvious; nor is the picture without merit. And I congratulate the public that KING HAROLD *is buried at last;* and hope that British artists will leave off *finding his body any more*, which they have been doing, in every Exhibition, for these fifty years.

"By the way, as the Saxon king is here represented in the blue stage of decomposition, I think MR. P. might as well step up to my studio, and look at a certain Icenian chief in my great piece of '*Boadicea*,' who is tattooed all over an elegant light blue, and won't lose by comparison with the *Norman victim*.

"MR. WATTS, too, appears to have a hankering for the Anglo-Saxons. I must say I was very much surprised to find that this figure was supposed to represent KING ALFRED standing on a plank, and inciting his subjects to go to sea, and meet the Danes, whose fleet you will perceive in the distant ocean—or *ultra marine*, as I call it. This is another of your five hundred pounders; and I must say that this king of the Angles has had a narrow escape that the *Queen of the Iceni* was not present.

"They talk about air in pictures; there is, I must say, more *wind* in this than in any work of art I ever beheld. It is blowing everywhere, and from every quarter. It is blowing the sail one way, the royal petticoat another, the cloak another, and it is almost blowing the royal hair off his Majesty's head. No wonder the poor English wanted a deal of encouraging before they could be brought to face such a tempest as that.

"By the way, there is an anecdote, which I met with in a scarce work, regarding this monarch, and which might afford an advantageous theme for a painter's skill. It is this:—Flying from his enemies, those very Danes, the king sought refuge in the house of a neatherd, whose wife set the royal fugitive a-toasting muffins. But, being occupied with his *misfortunes*, he permitted the *muffins* to burn; whereupon, it is said, his hostess actually boxed the royal ears. I have commenced a picture on this subject, and beg artists to *leave it to the discoverer*. The reader may fancy the muffins boldly grouped, and in flames, the *incensed harridan*, the rude hut,—and the disguised monarch. With these materials I hope to effect a great, lofty, national, and original work, when my *Boadicea* is off the easel.

"With respect to the third Prize—a *Battle of Meeanee*—in this extraordinary piece they are stabbing, kicking, cutting, slashing, and poking each other about all over the picture. A horrid sight! I like to see the British Lion mild and good-humoured, as SIGNOR GAMBARDELLA has depicted him, (my initial is copied from that artist); not fierce, as MR. ARMITAGE has shown him.

"How, I ask, is any delicate female to look without a shudder upon such a piece? A large British soldier, with a horrid bayonet poking into a howling Scindian. Is the monster putting the horrid weapon into the poor benighted heathen's chest, or is the ruffian pulling the weapon out, or wriggling it round and round to hurt his victim so much the more? Horrid, horrid! '*He's giving him his gruel*,' I heard some fiend remark, little knowing by whom he stood. To give £500 for a work so immoral, and so odious a picture, is encouraging murder, and the worst of murders—that of a black man. If the government grants premiums for massacre, of course I can have no objection; but if MR. ARMITAGE will walk to my studio, and look at my *Battle of Bosworth Field*, he will see how the subject *may* be treated, *without* hurting the feelings, *with* a combination of the beautiful and the ideal—not like MR. COOPER'S *Waterloo*, where the French cuirassiers are riding about, run through the body, or with their heads cut off, and smiling as if they liked it; but with the severe *moral grandeur* that befits the *Historic Muse*.

"So much for the three first prizes. I congratulate the winners of the secondary prizes, (and very secondary their talents are indeed), that some of my smaller pictures were not sent in, owing to my mind being absorbed with greater efforts. What does MR. COPE mean by his picture of '*Prince Henry trying his father's Crown?*' The subject is mine, discovered by me in my studies in recondite works; and any man who borrows it is therefore guilty of a plagiarism. '*Bertrand de Gourdon pardoned by Richard*,' is a work of some merit—but why kings, MR. CROSS? Why kings, Messieurs artists? Have men no hearts, save under the purple? Does Sorrow only sit upon thrones? For instance, we have QUEEN EMMA walking over hot ploughshares in her night-clothes—her pocket-handkerchief round her eyes. Have no other women burnt their limbs or their fingers with shares? My aunt, MRS. GROWLEY, I know did two years ago.

But she was a mere English lady; it is only kings and queens that our courtiers of painters *condescend to feel for.*

"Their slavishness is quite sickening. There is the '*Birth of the first Prince of Wales,*' (my subject, again); there is the '*White Ship going down with King Henry's son aboard;*' there is '*King Henry being informed of the death of his son, by a little boy;*' '*King Charles* (that odious profligate) *up in the oak,*' (again my subject). Somebody will be painting *Queen Boadicea* next, and saying I did not invent *that.*

"Then there are Allegories—Oh! allegories, of course! Every painter must do his '*Genius of Britannia*' forsooth, after mine; and subjects in all costumes, from the Ancient Britons in trews (whom MR. MOORE has represented as talking to SIR ROBERT PEEL's friend, and the founder of the Trent Valley Railroad, MR. JULIUS AGRICOLA) down to the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH in jack-boots, and his present Grace in those of his own invention. So there are some pictures in which I regret to say there is very little costume indeed.

"There are '*Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise,*' with the Birds of Paradise flying out too. There are '*Peace, Commerce, and Agriculture,*' none of them with any clothes to their backs. There is '*Shakespeare being educated by Water Nymphs,*' (which I never knew kept a school), with a Dolphin coming up to give him a lesson—out of the *Delphin Classics,* I suppose. Did the painter ever see my sketch of '*Shakespeare?*' Is the gentleman who has stripped '*Commerce*' and '*Agriculture*' of their gowns aware that I have treated a similar allegory in, I flatter myself, a different style? I invite them all to my studio to see: North Paradise Row, Upper Anna Maria Street, Somers Town East. And wishing, *Mr. Punch,* that you would exchange your ribaldry for the seriousness befitting men of honesty,

"I remain, your obedient Servant,
"GROWLEY BYLES."

THE "NO HOUSE" LAST WEEK.

THE attraction of the House of Commons fell to such a deplorable ebb on Tuesday, the 29th of June, that there was a miserable show of fourteen—enabling each side to sing "We are Seven,"—on the day we have mentioned. The usher felt poignantly the desertion of the legislative scene, and went about exclaiming, in a pun on a par with his depression of spirit, that "there is no getting no house nohows."

In order to prevent the inconvenience arising from the absence of Members towards the close of the session, we recommend the engagement of a band, or a popular vocalist, or a tumbler; or if SIR ROBERT PEEL would only condescend to go through some of his extraordinary evolutions on the political *corde volante,* or IL DIAVOLO DISRAELI would take one of his audacious flights, there might always be a sufficient audience to get through the business of the session, which is merely formal at the close, and only wants the attendance of a certain number of Members.

We merely throw out the above hint for the consideration of LORD JOHN RUSSELL, to enable him to wind up the various matters that still remain unfinished.

Parliamentary Life Insurance.

THE utmost limit of parliamentary longevity is seven years. Various casualties, however, may abridge the span of senatorial existence long before the natural period of dissolution. Many gentlemen are now on the eve of investing thousands in the acquisition (not to say purchase) of seats in Parliament. We propose, therefore, that there should be established a Parliamentary Life Insurance Office, to guarantee honourable members some return for their capital, should their representative career, owing to the mutability of political affairs, be prematurely closed by the Royal prerogative.

The Laureate's Installation Ode,

AS (IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN) ORIGINALLY WRITTEN.

I.

'Twas once the purpose of my song to preach
The deep religion of the solemn woods;
The lessons that abide in flowers to teach,
Of murmuring breezes to translate the speech,
The voices of the mountains and the floods.
Then I descended, Nature still in mind,
For contemplative verse a theme to find
In PETER BELL and BETTY FOY,
And in the lowest of our kind,
Even in an Idiot Boy.
Now deeper shall my strain be sunk
By way of a poetic prank,
Taking the smallest subject in,
Just as an Elephant with mighty Trunk
Picks up a little Pin.
From humblest Nature down I go
To something yet more low,
To glorify mere artificial Rank.

II.

Hail! consort of our Gracious QUEEN,
ALBERT, Coburg's ornament!
GRANTA, with a pure intent,
Elects thee to her Chancellor's station;
Musing, with a joy serene,
Whilst she views thine exaltation—
Hymn we thine inauguration.
It were a commendation weak
To say in Latin thou wert skill'd,
In Hebrew, or in Greek,
Or with the lore of mathematics fill'd,
E'en were such praise thy due—
That is, if it were true:
But thou art better qualified
Than by pedantic learning, for the place
Thou art ordain'd to grace.
Yes; be it GRANTA'S pride,
Not to accord to men of letters
The honour due unto their betters.
More highly did she look in choosing thee,
One who, if not a King,
He can be quite declared to be,
Is the next thing.
And though thou wearest not a crown,
(To Majesty alone belongeth that),
Thou own'st a coronet of high renown,
Thy memorable Hat.

III.

What in the Senate though thou hast no seat,
And canst not champion GRANTA'S cause
And rights, against encroaching laws?
Her sons, in choosing one so near the throne
For Chancellor, will find their own.
Thy voice, PRINCE ALBERT, is a voice of power,
And upon royal heads of houses, I
Already, in imagination, spy
Mitres descending in a shower.
Field-Marshal of the virgin blade,
(Though powder thou hast smelt at a Review,)
Should any one, as some men do,
From loyalty so widely swerve,
As to demand what thou hast done
Thine elevation to deserve.
Let not thy bosom be dismay'd,
Pursue the quiet course thou hast begun;
From day to day, to drive and dine,
The tranquil life be thine:
Still, with thy gun, through Windsor's woodlands roam,
Duly to lunch returning home.
With ample dignity adorn thy state,
Without exertion great;
And let thine eminence evince,
What mighty merit 'tis to be
One of the Royal Family;—
A harmless, inoffensive Prince.

W. W.

PUNCH PRESENTING JENNY LIND WITH THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE STAGE;

Suggested by MR. DYCE'S—"NEPTUNE PRESENTING BRITANNIA WITH THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE SEA."

* SWEETEST nightingale of Sweden,
Sure such nightingales as thou,
In the pleasant paths of Eden,
Sat, and piped on every bough.

In way of projects matrimonial
Did not jealous Judy stand,
As the proudest testimonial,
I had offered thee my hand!

Take the crown that *Punch* presents thee,
Sov'reign of the Queens of Song;
And, if nothing else prevents thee,
Soon return, and linger long.

THE CURIOSITY COLLECTING MANIA.

WE hope the result of a recent trial against the *Times* newspaper, for exposing a late attempt to ram NELSON'S sword, RAMO SAMEE-like, down the throats of the people, will put a stop to the absurd mania for hunting after curiosities. The jugglery of getting some greedy amateur of old relics to swallow this sword would certainly have been completed, had not a sharper blade ripped up the imposition through the medium of the press, and left in the hands of the curiosity dealer nothing but a miserable handle for bringing an unsuccessful action for libel. Unfortunately for the genuineness of the sword, NELSON never used such a weapon at the battle of Trafalgar; and there was consequently nothing but the old BALAAM story of its being the sword NELSON would have used, if he had used any at all, to fall back upon.

Seeing the audacious impudence of our curiosity-mongers, we should not be surprised at seeing advertised for sale, the identical match with which the Russian incendiary set fire to Moscow; or "the horse"—a veteran preserved in animal spirits by some veterinarian—which RICHARD THE THIRD offered a kingdom for on the field of Bosworth. Perhaps we may some day meet with an announcement of the very pair of "bladders" with which WOLSEY used to swim "full many summers in a sea of glory;" and if we should set to work to smash these bladders, we should perhaps be subjected, like our contemporary the *Times*, to an action for libel. Fortunately, our old friend and palladium, a British jury, has settled the matter by a verdict in favour of the *Times*; but even this will scarcely be enough to deter some attorneys from bringing an action.

Annus Mirabilis.

WE cannot tell the reader how much we were surprised to meet with the following line in last Wednesday's debates. We think we can safely say that there is not another line like it to be met with in the whole we-do-not-know-how-many volumes of the wonderful works of that prolific writer, HANSARD. It is undoubtedly the great event of the session. The memorable line in question, which is more than sufficient to immortalise the present parliament, is—

"LORD BROUGHAM rose, and, *after a few words*, sat down again."

The only thing which ever came near it, was one night last session, when His Lordship, by some accident, did not speak at all. The number of HANSARD recording that extraordinary curiosity is out of print.

TO BE SOLD, a tremendous sacrifice, the Rental of Ireland, which has produced as much as £18,000 a-year. This rental is held on a fee simple, and can easily be raised by any Agitator who only understands how to drain the country on which the rent is principally collected. No incumbrances—not even a Poor Law. Tenders, stating lowest terms, (of abuse), to be sent in to Conciliation Hall, Dublin, addressed to "Hereditary Bondsmen."—N.B. Repeal, and a heap of other rubbish, to be taken at a valuation.

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HINTS FOR THE CAXTON MONUMENT.

THOUGH we may be at a loss for artists to design something that ought to be erected as a monument to CAXTON, we have at least a good opportunity of knowing what to avoid, from the various specimens of bad taste that abound throughout the metropolis. As there is no better school for improvement than that in which the hideousness and deformity of failure may be seen, we have to suggest that those statues which have never been found ornamental, should at last be rendered useful by being collected as subjects of caution to those artists about to compete for the execution of the CAXTON Monument. The space at Trafalgar Square affords an excellent site for this Museum of Horrors; and three or four of the objects to be shunned being already on the spot, the expense of collecting the rest of the atrocities together would be comparatively trifling. The annexed design will more fully illustrate our proposition.

NEW HONOURS FOR CAMBRIDGE.

DOUBTLESS one of the most attractive ceremonies attendant on the Installation of PRINCE ALBERT, at Cambridge, was the conferring of honorary degrees. The honour of the Chancellorship did "not, unaccompanied, invest" his Royal Highness only, "but signs of nobleness like stars" did "shine on all deservers"—for deservers, of course, the recipients of those distinctions were. Dukes and Princes, as they are born with silver spoons in their mouths, are born also with scholarship in their heads. It was, therefore, very right in the Cambridge authorities to make the HEREDITARY DUKE OF SAXE WEIMAR, M. VAN DE WEYER, PRINCE WALDEMAR OF PRUSSIA, HIS SERENE HIGHNESS PRINCE LOWENSTEIN, and HIS DITTO PRINCE PETER OF OLDENBURG, Doctors of Civil Law, their proficiency in that science being indubitable.

To be sure, to make a Duke a Doctor is a sort of gilding refined gold—a species of painting the lily—a kind of adding fresh perfume to the violet. Still it is, on the part of a University like Cambridge, a compliment to the illustrious personage. It is giving him all she can, no more, though poor—very poor—the offering be. It is delicately telling him, with a mathematical beauty quite Cantabrigian, that the greater includes the less—the Duke the Doctor. Compliments, however, should be returned. There should be a reciprocity between dons and dignitaries. "Caw me, caw thee," should be a maxim even in universities on this side of the Tweed. If fellows and heads of houses create Princes honorary Doctors, Princes, on the other hand, should make them honorary Officers. When the learned gentlemen go to Court they should be appointed Brevet-Colonels. Let there be a mutuality in dubbing. DR. WHEWELL has been mainly instrumental in rendering PRINCE ALBERT a Chancellor. PRINCE ALBERT, in recompense, should get DR. WHEWELL constituted,—not a Bishop, but—a Field-Marshal. This hint, we trust, will be attended to in the proper quarter; and we shall expect to see WHEWELL, at her Majesty's next levee, with a sabretache at his side, and a hussar jacket over his gown.

CAMBRIDGE FLOWER SHOW.—WE understand that the flower of all flowers at this exhibition was—Bachelor's Buttons!

CORRUPTION IN FRANCE.

THE late Minister of Public Works, M. TESTE, whose conduct cannot bear the test of investigation, has been convicted by a Committee of Peers of having sold the *concession* of a mine of rock-salt. This rock has proved one which M. TESTE's reputation has split upon. Salt is usually considered to be a preservative against corruption; but in this instance it has turned out otherwise.

A VERY BUSY PARLIAMENT.

AT the commencement of a Session, give notice of twenty ministerial measures. The Session half consumed, read some dozen of them for the first time. The Session about to close, withdraw the whole of them, "from the difficulties, at that late period, of carrying them further." This will make a very busy Parliament.

(Witness) RUSSELL.

CONVERSATION FOR CHILDREN.

We are glad to find, from what the *Times* justly calls an "odd advertisement," that a young lady in New York, "wishes to form a class of mothers and nurses, to teach them how to talk to children in such manner as will interest and please them." We trust that this new scheme of infant education will utterly banish all that debasing rubbish which has hitherto formed the staple of a Conversation Lexicon for the nursery. We sincerely hope that all the trash about "Tootsey pootsey," will be discarded as derogatory to the grand purpose now in contemplation, and that the foot will take its proper stand in the baby vocabulary. The old negro phraseology of "Shall him have an iddle tarty party," will of course give place to the healthier interrogatory of "Will you have a small tart?" and the infant mind will be in future appealed to in a style worthy of its inborn dignity. We have long set the example in our own family of banishing the nursery *patois* from our doors, and our wife Judy always dismisses on the spot the nurse or nursemaid from whose lips the words "Aunty Paunty," or "Hoppety poppety," or "Georgy porgey," have once been heard to emanate. We wish some one in England would follow the example of the young lady in New York, by forming a class for the education of nurses in the native vernacular, and preventing the infant ear from being accustomed to a lingual hodge-podge, of which all analysis is utterly impossible. The language, as far as we are able to make anything of it, is a deleterious compound of low Dutch with ancient Syriac, and a spice or two of Arabic diluted in a river of polyglot.

A Poem for the Peers.

Hereditary sages, born
To wisdom as to state,
No less with titles that adorn
Than minds that legislate,
Will you that ordinance maintain—
With Nature's law at strife—
Which, in the Workhouse, parts in twain
An aged man and wife?

This merciless, this harsh decree,
Ye Peers, if ye uphold,
Noble, my Lords, your blood may be,
But it is very cold.
A star may glitter on the hearts
Which thus at pity mock,
But 'tis an icicle that darts
Its sparkles from a rock.

Go, Lords, to your ancestral tombs,
Where Earl and Countess high,
Together, 'mid Cathedral glooms,
In marble grandeur lie;
There—whilst you bate your humbled breath,
And for your order blush—
There see the feeling, strong in death,
Which you, in life, would crush.

And there, proud nobles, learn—if learn
Your understandings can—
That noble pairs to dust must turn,
Like common wife and man.
Respect the feelings of your kind,
The rights your fellows crave;
For, noble lord and pauper hind
Are Peers within the grave.

Great Effects from Little Causes.

We find that a gardener is now a regular adjunct to the staff of every considerable railway. It will be remembered that this notion of laying out the line with growing crops, originated with our little pet project at Kensington. All the principal cuttings on that snug concern were cuttings of spinach, and the sleepers were put to sleep in beds of asparagus, and the whole affair seemed to be under the influence of a regular Flora! The only thing, however, which our pet line cultivated successfully, was the connection it cultivated with the Great Western.

PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

BARBAZURE.

BY G. P. R. JEAMES, ESQ., ETC.

Like many another fabric of feudal war and splendour, the once vast and magnificent Castle of Barbazure is now a moss-grown ruin. The traveller of the present day, who wanders by the banks of the silvery Loire, and climbs the steep on which the magnificent edifice stood, can scarcely trace, among the shattered masses of ivy-coloured masonry which lie among the lonely crags, even the skeleton of the proud and majestic palace-stronghold of the Barons of Barbazure.

In the days of our tale its turrets and pinnacles rose as stately, and seemed (to the pride of sinful man!) as strong as the eternal rocks on which they stood. The three mullets on a gules wavy reversed, surmounted by the sinople couchant or the well-known cognizance of the house, blazed in gorgeous heraldry on a hundred banners, surmounting as many towers. The long lines of battlemented walls spread down the mountain to the Loire, and were defended by thousands of steel-clad serving-men. Four hundred knights and six times as many archers fought round the banner of Barbazure at Bouvines, Malplaquet, and Azincour. For his services at Fontenoy against the English, the heroic Charles Martel, appointed the fourteenth Baron Hereditary Grand Bootjack of the kingdom of France; and for wealth, for splendour, and for skill and fame in war, Raoul the twenty-eighth Baron, was in no wise inferior to his noble ancestors.

That the Baron Raoul levied toll upon the river, and mail upon the shore; that he now and then ransomed a burgher, plundered a neighbour, or drew the fangs of a Jew; that he burned an enemy's castle with the wife and children within;—these were points for which the country knew and respected the stout Baron. When he returned from victory, he was sure to endow the Church with a part of his spoil, so that when he went forth to battle he was always accompanied by her blessing. Thus lived the Baron Raoul, the pride of the country in which he dwelt, an ornament to the Court, the Church, and his neighbours.

But in the midst of all his power and splendour there was a domestic grief which deeply afflicted the princely Barbazure. His lovely ladies died one after the other. No sooner was he married than he was a widower; in the course of eighteen years no less than nine bereavements had befallen the chieftain. So true it is, that if fortune is a parasite, grief is a republican, and visits the hall of the great and wealthy as it doth the humbler tenements of the poor.

* * * * * * * * *

"Leave off deploring thy faithless, gad-about lover," said the Lady of Chacabacque to her daughter, the lovely Fatima, "and think how the noble Barbazure loves thee! Of all the damsels at the ball last night, he had eyes for thee and thy cousin only."

"I am sure my cousin hath no good looks to be proud of!" the admirable Fatima exclaimed, bridling up. "Not that *I* care for my Lord of Barbazure's looks. *My* heart, dearest mother, is with him who is far away!"

"He danced with thee four galliards, nine quadrilles, and twenty-three corantoes, I think, child," the mother said, eluding her daughter's remark.

"Twenty-five," said lovely Fatima, casting her beautiful eyes to the ground. "Heigho! but Romané danced them very well!"

"He had not the court air," the mother suggested.

"I don't wish to deny the beauty of the Lord of Barbazure's dancing, Mamma," Fatima replied. "For a short, lusty man, 'tis wondrous how active he is; and in dignity the King's Grace himself could not surpass him."

"You were the noblest couple in the room, love," the lady cried.

"That pea-green doublet, slashed with orange-tawney, those ostrich plumes, blue, red, and yellow, those parti-coloured hose and pink shoon became the noble Baron wondrous well," Fatima acknowledged. "It must be confessed that, though middle-aged, he hath all the agility of youth. But, alas! Madam! The noble Baron hath had nine wives already."

"And your cousin would give her eyes to become the tenth," the mother replied.

"My cousin give her eyes!" Fatima exclaimed. "It's not much, I'm sure, for she squints abominably;" and thus the ladies prattled, as they rode home at night after the great ball at the house of the Baron of Barbazure.

The gentle reader, who has overheard their talk, will understand the doubts which pervaded the mind of the lovely FATIMA, and the well-nurtured English maiden will participate in the divided feelings which rent her bosom. 'Tis true, that on his departure for the holy wars, ROMANÉ and FATIMA were plighted to each other; but the folly of long engagements is proverbial: and though for many months the faithful and affectionate girl had looked in vain for news from him, her admirable parents had long spoken with repugnance of a match which must bring inevitable poverty to both parties. They had suffered, 'tis true, the engagement to subside, hostile as they ever were to it: but when at the death of the ninth lady of BARBAZURE, the noble Baron remarked FATIMA at the funeral, and rode home with her after the ceremony, her prudent parents saw how much wiser, better, happier, for their child it would be to have for life a partner like the Baron, than to wait the doubtful return of the penniless wanderer to whom she was plighted.

Ah! how beautiful and pure a being! how regardless of self! how true to duty! how obedient to parental command, is that earthly angel, a well-bred woman of genteel family! Instead of indulging in splenetic refusals or vain regrets for her absent lover, the exemplary FATIMA at once signified to her excellent parents her willingness to obey their orders; though she had sorrows (and she declared them to be tremendous), the admirable being disguised them so well, that none knew they oppressed her. She said she would try to forget former ties, and (so strong in her mind was *duty* above every other feeling; so strong may it be in every British maiden!) the lovely girl kept her promise. "My former engagements," she said, packing up ROMANÉ's letters and presents, (which, as the good knight was mortal poor, were in sooth of no great price)—"my former engagements I look upon as childish follies';—my affections are fixed where my dear parents graft them—on the noble, the princely, the polite BARBAZURE. 'Tis true he is not comely in feature, but the chaste and well-bred female knows how to despise the fleeting charms of form. 'Tis true he is old; but can woman be better employed than in tending her aged and sickly companion? That he has been married is likewise certain—but ah, my mother! who knows not that he must be a good and tender husband, who, nine times wedded, owns that he cannot be happy without another partner?"

It was with these admirable sentiments the lovely FATIMA proposed obedience to her parents' will, and consented to receive the magnificent marriage gift presented to her by her gallant bridegroom.

THE NATIONAL TALENT.

THE new Crown Piece has been so beautifully executed that, says the *Spectator*, "the five-shilling piece would probably be worth ten shillings were it issued from any other die stamper's shop than HER MAJESTY'S." We have here an exemplification of our national talent. The art in which England most excels is that of making money.

The Puzzled Member.

OH, I wish I knew what the law was on any subject whatever! I make it, but when I've made it, I can't tell *what* I've made; no, never! Every law passed *one* session, the *next* is sure to be amended; and what that *first* amendment does, is not easily comprehended. But that 's a trifle; for then there comes the amendment of the amendment; and, by that time, I've clean forgotten the original law's intendment. And then, to make darkness visible, there's the clause of interpretation, subverting what used to be grammar, when I had my education; knocking masculine into feminine in the most irregular fashion; and confounding plural and singular without the least compassion; cramming Privilege over the fences of Priscian, hurry-scurry; and using the Speaker's mace to brain poor LINDLEY MURRAY.

And now there 's a new invention, worse than all the rest put together—(I declare it 's a sin and shame to bring that out this hot weather)—for since they 've used those infernal Acts of "Consolidation Clauses," I defy any county member to say what any part of the laws is. For every Bill that 's brought forward we find, to our consternation, don't stand by itself, but is tacked on to some lumping "Consolidation." And while before us, in the House, we 've the body of the measure, the head and tail have already been stamped with the Royal assent and pleasure. And we haven't the slightest notion of what it is we 're doing; we *may* be hatching Chartists, or French revolutions brewing. It 's very disagreeable to feel that we 're led by our noses, and put (quite in the dark) through a series of plastic poses. But I can't understand what I 'm about, though I use my best endeavour. These Consolidation Clauses Acts! I shall never be up to them, never!

THE BEST BOOK AT CAMBRIDGE.

POETRY had its representative at the Cambridge Festival. MR. SAMUEL ROGERS was especially invited by DOCTOR WHEWELL to attend. We give the correspondence:—

"DOCTOR WHEWELL presents his compliments to MR. SAMUEL ROGERS, and begs that the University of Cambridge may be honoured with his presence at the approaching Festival. DOCTOR W. trusts that MR. R. will bring with him, for the delight of the University, what Cambridge considers his best book."

"MR. ROGERS presents his compliments to DOCTOR WHEWELL, and will do himself the honour of attending the ceremony. MR. R. must, however, inquire which book the University considers his best book?"

"DOCTOR WHEWELL presents his compliments to MR. ROGERS. His cheque-book."

"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

THIS Comedy is certainly in fashion. It is not only being acted at the Haymarket, to crowded houses, but is drawing immense audiences at the Chamber of Peers, besides filling the entire town of Madrid, which can talk of nothing else. We must say, however, that MONSIEUR GIRARDIN, though he acts with a certain boldness, which makes particular points tell, does not get on very well, and that the QUEEN ISABELLA is very far behind MRS. NISBETT in the amount of applause which she gains for supporting her arduous character. The supernumeraries, MESSRS. TESTE, CUBIÈRES, and other players of small parts, though they took tremendously with the French at first, only offend the taste of the public, now that their tricks in going in for strong effects are found out; and we have no doubt that as soon as they have had a fair trial, they will be dismissed from their engagements. The decorations were very expensively got up at Paris; one of them did not cost less than 80,000 francs; but they "hang" dreadfully, and are so very dirty, that the public loudly condemn them.

The Ensuing Election.

PERSONS desirous of becoming candidates for the House of Commons at the ensuing election are respectfully informed that they can be supplied with principles warranted to wear an entire session. They are made of a new material, so elastic as to be capable of giving to any extent, and adapting themselves to all the changes in fashion that may be required. The much-admired PEEL Wrapper is strongly recommended for the use of those who are equally susceptible to hot and cold, while the far-famed DISRAELI Dreadnought, for stormy weather, can be had at a considerable reduction, in consequence of its having been soiled and otherwise damaged. A few Protectionist Paletots remaining still on hand must be cleared off at a sacrifice.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

Wife of your Bussum. "Oh! I don't want to interrupt you, dear. I only want some money for Baby's socks—and to know whether you will have the mutton cold or hashed."

THE WATERMEN'S DINNER.

Those gallant fellows who risk the perils of the deep, and the still greater perils of the shallow—we mean the Watermen—dined together a few days ago, when the Lord Mayor presided as Chairman. A true nautical spirit prevailed, and Captain Tunks, of the Adelphi Squadron, proposed the health of the "Thames and its Tributaries;" which was acknowledged by a Commissioner of Sewers, as the representative of the Tributaries alluded to. A fine old nautical feeling was shown in all the speeches, and an influential mate, who has been half his days in the *Daisy*, was heard to declare, "That, come what may, there is room to make another Trafalgar at Greenwich; and that, in case of an invasion, there would be a Nelson on board every coal-barge, prepared to light the fire of independence, from the mouth of the Isle of Dogs to the extremest end of the Eel Pies." This sentiment was loudly cheered by all present; and, the party having drunk "The Thames," with the utmost enthusiam, retired.

FOOD FOR CONGRATULATION.

We are told by the papers, that the corn crops "promise" remarkably well. Let us hope that this golden promise, which at present is only made *in the ear*, will soon have the most abundant fulfilment.

A NIGHT RULE.

Last week the Surrey play-bill announced the appearance of an actor, for one night only, "by the kind permission of"—whom, think you, sympathetic reader? Why, of "a distinguished Sheriff's Officer!"

The Judgment of John Bull.

(AFTER TENNYSON.)

Then to the bower they came,
Where sat the Shepherd, glorious in his boots—
A stalwart piece of man; and in his hand
The ministerial apple, golden, glowed.
Then first was heard the voice of him, to whom,
Cantering o'er Epsom Downs, the very Legs
Rise up in reverence. He unto John Bull
Proffered Protection, ample gifts, all round;
To farmers high-priced corn, to labourers
Enormous wages, wherewithal to buy
The high-priced corn; to merchants heavy freights;
To everybody everything; and all
Was proved by figures, crammed with time and toil.
Still he spake on, still of Protection spake,
So glib, that John Bull held the costly fruit
Out at arm's-length, so much the Stable Mind
Flattered his ear; when Russell, where he stood,
Somewhat apart—defiance in his eye,
But in his mien a wavering, as of one
Who takes the run to leap, but leapeth not—
With cold and formal utterance made reply:—

"Whig Ministers, Whig measures, Whig control,
These three alone lead on to perfect bliss;
And this I promise thee, if mine the fruit,
Unintermittent blessing of Whig rule,
And all that follows it—But where the need
Of words? Thou knowest, from experience sweet,
Already what I am, and mine."

He ceased,
And John Bull pondered, and I cried "Oh, John,
Give it not to the Whigs!" He winked, and cried,
"Don't they wish they may get it!" and therewith
My mind was eased—I knew him up to snuff.

But Peel, the third, of stately *embonpoint*,
And with a subtle smile in his mild eyes,
The herald of his triumph—drawing nigh,
Half-whispered in John's ear, "I promise thee
"Three per Cents above par, and prosperous trade."
He spoke, and laughed; I shut my eyes for fear,
But when I look'd, John Bull had raised his arms,
And I beheld grim Bentinck's angry eyes,
And Russell's puzzled stare, as they withdrew,
Gloomily, each under his special cloud—
And I was left alone within the bower.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Common Serjeant, *alias* The Central Court Slasher, can be backed at any odds, and to any amount, to perform the following judicial feat:—

He will run through ten cases, bully five counsel, jump over a dozen legal difficulties of any size, blindfold; puzzle three juries, and pick up ten observations from the sitting alderman, within the four hours.

The Slasher is open to make a match at verdicts, or judicial knock-'em-downs, against all the Bench—magistrates in game-preserving counties to give him the odds.

The Slasher has heard a good deal of chaff about Alderson, the Exchequer Pet, *alias* The Bouncing Baron. If the Baron means business, the Slasher can be backed to talk unseasonable nonsense, and crack jokes out of place, against the Pet or any thing in Westminster Hall, for any amount the Baron's friends like to name.

The Slasher's money is always ready at the Old Bailey, where judicial customers, who want to make "slanging" matches, can at all times be accommodated.

SOMETHING FOR THE NEXT CAMBRIDGE EXAMINATION PAPER.

"What is a Don?" asked a little child, who had heard the word mentioned several times in an account of the Installation. "Why, my dear," answered the puzzled father, "I don't know, but from this account of what they did at Cambridge, I should say that a Don is half a Donkey."

THE JUDGMENT OF JOHN BULL.

(A POLITICAL VERSION OF THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.)

CAPSICUM HOUSE—FOR YOUNG LADIES.

CHAPTER IX.

A LETTER FROM INDIA—A TURTLE.

As Miss Griffin came down the walk, Mr. Corks appeared in the back-ground. His face seemed, we thought, ripe with satisfaction. His eyes—his lover's eyes!—drooped tenderly upon Miss Griffin, as she swept along the path. As she advanced upon the holly-bush that screened us, we sauntered round it, as though lackadaisically strolling from another walk.

"I came to seek you," said Miss Griffin, all of a glow. "Ladies,"—and she turned to her pupils suddenly huddled together, Fluke, however, standing out from the crowd in very bold relief,—"Ladies, to your tasks. In five minutes I shall be prepared to examine the Turtle-Soup Class."

"If it 's real turtle, ma'am," said Fluke, "I'm not yet in it. You know, when you examined me, I hadn't got beyond calf's-head."

Miss Griffin now really felt that the moment was arrived when, with a tremendous repartee, she ought relentlessly to crush that daring girl, once and for ever. Miss Griffin's mind was made up—she would do it. And then, frowningly she looked above her—then below her—but, somehow, the withering retort would not come: then she looked to the left, into the very middle of a bush of wormwood—then to the right, on a bed of capsicums—still, neither sharp nor bitter syllable would present itself. Deep was the vexation of Miss Griffin. She felt "majestic pains," (akin, no doubt, to those of Jupiter, when he would coerce rebellion, but has somewhere mislaid his thunderbolt.) And then Miss Griffin smiled, and said, "Nevertheless, Miss Fluke, you will attend the class. Go in, child. When you are able to write a letter like this,"—and Miss Griffin laid her hand as reverently upon the sheet as though it had been a hundred pound Bank-note—"then, for all this care, all this indulgence, how you will bless me!"

Miss Fluke, without condescending to award the least hope of any such future benediction on her part, just jerked a curtsey, and, like a fantailed pigeon, minced her way to the house, followed by her companions; whose sides—had Miss Griffin turned to view them—were shaking with laughter in its softest sounds.

"I suppose I shall be rewarded for my trouble with that little minx—pardon the expression," cried Miss Griffin, shrinking from the epithet with all the delicacy of a woman.

"No doubt, madam," said we, comfortingly. "No doubt, your mission is, indeed, a trial—"

"Sir, but for consolation, for encouragement like this,"—and Miss Griffin shook the letter—"it would destroy the marble statue of a saint. But this conveys with it a real solace."

"The most delicious I ever looked upon," cried Mr. Corks, coming up at the word, and rubbing his hands, as we at first thought, in affectionate sympathy with the governess. "I wonder how much it weighs! You should see the turtle on its back! A disc, sir—a disc that would have covered Achilles. I cannot account for it"—and Corks, suddenly intonated in his oiliest falsetto,—"but I do feel a sort of—of—sympathy—of tenderness, when I see a turtle thrown upon its back! In a moment, my imagination transports me to those waters of cerulean blue—to those shores of golden sand—to the impearled caverns of the deep—where the creature was wont to swim, and bask, and dive; and then—to see it on its back—greatness overthrown—awaiting the knife. I do feel for the creature! I always feel for it."

Miss Griffin's eyes—as the Professor of Intonation ran up and down his voice—dilated with sensibility. Hurriedly she cried, "But this, and things like this—to say nothing of the turtle—are my best reward. It is, sir,"—and Miss Griffin turned to us,—"it is from a dear pupil of mine, the late Caroline Ruffler, now Lady M'Thistle, of the Madras Bench. She went out in *The Forlorn Hope*, with goods for the Indian market."

"And has married well?" we ventured to observe.

"She has married, sir, the man of her choice. She was ever a girl of energy, sir; always would have her own will. And such are the girls, sir, to send to the Colonies. They make us respected at home and abroad."

"And, as you say, Miss Ruffler—landed from *The Forlorn Hope*—married the man she loved?"

"I meant to say, sir—that at the very first ball—she made her own mind up to the man she proposed to make happy; and if marriage can insure happiness"—

"*Can!*" echoed Corks, spreading his hand across his waistcoat.

"Caroline has done it. Here is her own sweet letter. I wish I could read it to you, every line"—said Miss Griffin—"but that's impossible. The female heart has so many secret places—unthought of—unrespected—unvalued"—

"For all the world, like a writing-desk"—said the figurative Corks—"a writing-desk with secret drawers. To the common eye—the unthinking eye—there looks nothing: all seems plain and above-board,—and then, you touch the hidden spring, the drawers are open, and discover, who shall say what yellow gold, what rustling notes? And such"—said Corks, dropping his voice like a plummet—"such is woman's heart."

Miss Griffin sighed, and continued. "Nevertheless, I think I can pick you out some delicious little bits—what I call bits of real feeling."

"That will do," said Corks; "from the little toe of Diana, we may judge the whole of the Parian statue."

"Now, this is so like her," said Miss Griffin, and she read, "'You will naturally inquire, my dear, dear governess, what I wore at my first ball. You know that I always detested the meretricious show of jewels. A simple flower was ever my choice—a rose-bud before a ruby!'"

"And there nature, divine nature"—said Corks—"is such a kind creature. Always keeps open shop."

"'Therefore, as you may well imagine'"—read Miss Griffin—"'I did not wear a single gem. I appeared in my white muslin, voluminously flounced; nevertheless, how I *did* blaze. For what do you think? Inside my flounces, I had sewed a hundred fire-flies, alive, and as it were burning! You can't imagine the effect and the astonishment. Women—who by their looks had lived forty years in the country, smothered, I may say, with flies day and night, had never before thought of such a thing—and I am sure some of 'em, for spite—the wicked creatures!—could have eaten me for it. Sir Alexander has since told me'—that is her husband," said Miss Griffin, so very solemnly, that we almost felt inclined to touch our heart. Miss Griffin, after a pause, continued.

"'Sir Alexander has since told me that the cheapness of my jewellery slightly touched his heart; but—being resolved to die a bachelor—he would not be subdued. Nevertheless, as he confessed, those fire-flies imprisoned in muslin did *fash* him. You will perceive that Sir Alexander is from the balmier though colder side of the Tweed. Providence conferred honour upon the very flourishing town of Saltcoats, by selecting it for his birthplace. Yes, dearest governess, my taste, my economic taste, was not altogether lost. Think how pretty—and how cheap! Fire-flies captive in white muslin bonds!'"

"I don't know," said Corks, "but I think there 's some meaning in that."

"None—nothing!" cried Miss Griffin, with prettiest mirth; "how should there be? But let us go on. The dear girl then says, 'My final triumph was, dearest governess, as you ever predicted; it was the triumph of the kitchen. Sir Alexander visited the dear friends who protected me. I had heard much of his love for his native land and everything belonging to it. How often he wished to lay, at least his bones, in the kirkyard of Saltcoats, though he continued to sit upon the Bench of Madras. Sir Alexander was to dine with my friends. I felt that my moment was come. I asked one boon—only one; the sole direction of one cook for the coming day. Need I say it was granted? It was in that interval that I felt the strength of the principles I had imbibed in your pantry. A something in my heart assured me of conquest; and I was calm—I may say, desperately calm!'"

"Beautiful!" cried Corks. "Quite Siddonian." Miss Griffin smiled, and went on with Lady M'Thistle's letter.

"'The dinner-hour arrived. Sir Alexander—it had been so settled—took me down. Course after course disappeared; and Sir Alexander took no more than his usual notice of them. At length a dish was placed before him. His eye gleamed—his lip quivered—he snatched off the cover. He saw his native haggis!'"

"What is haggis?" asked Corks.

Miss Griffin waved her hand, and read—"'Sir Alexander looked at the hostess; and she—dear soul—instantly said, and very audibly—'The cook, Sir Alexander, sits beside you!' He smiled; but—I since know his character—his judicial prudence rose within him. He would not commit himself! he would first taste the haggis. He ate—and ate—and ate—and his face grew red and bright; and as he ate, I could see it, Scotland rose before him. He saw his blue hills—he heard the rushing streams—his foot was upon the heather! A tear—a patriot tear—trickled from his right eye. I could have kissed it from his cheek! The guests saw, but respected his emotion, and were silent. For twenty years had they beheld him on the Bench, in the most tremendous moments, and yet had they never seen the strong man weep before! And now he dropped a tear upon his native dish—and I had unlocked that tear, and made it trickle from its sacred source! Why should I further describe? In three days—Sir Alexander having first with his own eyes supervised my preparation of a second haggis—in three days, I became

"'Your affectionate Pupil,

"'Caroline M'Thistle.'

"'P. S. I send you a turtle. Love to all the girls.'"

"Beautiful!" repeated Corks.

"Very beautiful—I may say, too beautiful," cried Miss Griffin; who then twitched out her pocket-handkerchief, and made for the house.

"Very odd, sir," we observed, "very odd that a man should be

caught in matrimony by a haggis. If cookery's to do it, the chains of HYMEN may be forged out of black puddings."

"I can't say, sir," replied CORKS, "but one thing is, I think, plain—that to catch and keep a man's heart, it may now and then be necessary to tickle his stomach."

MR. JOHN BULL AND HIS DIFFICULTIES.

THE pressure in the pecuniary affairs of that highly respectable individual, MR. JOHN BULL, which has occasioned a temporary irregularity in some of his engagements, forced him to appear before MR. COMMISSIONER PUNCH, for examination on the subject of his liabilities, and as to the causes which led to his having incurred them.

MR. JOHN BULL expressed his readiness to afford the honourable Commissioner every information, and the following dialogue ensued between them:—

Mr. Commissioner Punch. Well, sir, I regret to find so respectable an individual in such a degraded position. You have always been considered prudent, industrious, and wealthy; but here I find you in a state of temporary insolvency, putting people off when they ask you for their just debts, and complaining of tightness. I shall be happy to hear what you have to say in explanation of the state of things to which I have alluded.

Mr. John Bull. I regret, sir, to say, that though my industry has not relaxed, I fear my prudence has been for a time forgotten. You have, perhaps, heard of the Railway Mania?

Mr. Commissioner Punch. I have, indeed; and I fear you have been involved in it. I find in the schedule now before me that you have already paid some millions for this fancy, and, what is still worse, you have undertaken to pay some millions more on account of it. How do you propose doing so?

Mr. John Bull. To say the truth, sir, I fear I must rely on that buoyancy, or elasticity, or whatever else it is called, in my resources which some people give me credit for.

Mr. Commissioner Punch. Those people are not your friends, MR. BULL. As to buoyancy, sir, a bladder is buoyant, but if you put too much weight upon it, it will burst; and my braces are elastic, sir, but if I pull them up too tightly, they will break. But, sir, I fear the Railway Mania is not the only extravagance in which you have been engaged. I suspect, sir, you have been spending the profits of your speculations before you realised them. What is this, for instance, that I see about your supporting two Italian Operas? Was not one enough for you?

Mr. John Bull. That observation is very fair, sir; but you must remember, that though I have doubled my Italian Opera expenditure, I have cut off my British Drama altogether.

Mr. Commissioner Punch. Pooh, pooh, sir! This is unworthy your high character. You know that for some years your British Drama expenditure has been merely nominal. I am afraid that you resort to this subterfuge in the hope of concealing some piece of flagrant folly that you have been guilty of. Come, be candid with me, and tell me the truth. I think I have heard something about Ireland.

Mr. John Bull. Ah! there it is, sir. I have got a very troublesome sister, who leads me a terrible life, and is a constant drain upon my resources. But, sir, what am I to do? The poor thing is very badly off, and I can't leave her to starve, which she must have done this year, if I had not nearly ruined myself by helping her.

Mr. Commissioner Punch. Very true, very true; but can't your sister manage to earn her own living as you have done? Perhaps she is delicate, and can't work.

Mr. John Bull. Delicate! Oh dear no, sir, it's not that. Delicate, indeed! Why, she has as good an appetite as mine; and as to delicacy, if you knew how she could abuse me, you wouldn't suspect her of over delicacy. Why, sir, she will have it that nearly all I've got comes from robbing her, when, if you'll believe me, I was never a shilling the better, but many pounds worse, for the relationship.

Mr. Commissioner Punch. I am sorry to hear of these family bickerings between those who ought to live together in harmony.

Mr. John Bull. Very true, indeed, sir; but it's no fault of mine. The fact is, my sister has been very badly advised, and I think if it had not been for that, we should never have quarrelled. It's true I've been a little harsh to her at times, but upon my word, sir, she's been very provoking.

Mr. Commissioner Punch. Has she no friends but you? Can't she get any one to employ her?

Mr. John Bull. Some have tried it, but she is so very violent that nobody will have anything to do with her. She's driven some of her best friends away from her, while she has denied herself very often of her last farthing, to put it in the pocket of some great bragging bully of a fellow, named REPEAL, who is always advising her to cut with me, though I am continually contributing much more than I can spare for her subsistence.

Mr. Commissioner Punch. I perceive by your schedule that your outlay under this head has been very large this year. Your generosity has outrun your prudence. I cannot blame you for it, and indeed you would have acted unworthily if you had done otherwise. It is rather hard upon you; but you must make up for the deficiency by *extra* exertion and economy; but not that sort of economy which does more harm than good, by setting an example of meanness which limits the receipts of every one just as much as it limits their outlay. True economy, sir, consists, as I need not tell you, in avoiding mere waste, but not in a wholesale retrenchment, which cramps everybody with whom you have dealings. I hope, after your recent outbreak of extravagance, you will not go to the other extreme, and sink into stinginess. That is the only danger I apprehend. Good morning, sir. You may have your protection, and I make no doubt you will ultimately retrieve your circumstances.

MR. JOHN BULL, having thanked the Commissioner for his kind and valuable advice, withdrew amidst a long-continued interchange of obeisances.

WHAT'S UP NOW?

THE following is extracted from our old friend, the *Court Circular*:—

"On Tuesday the Astronomer Royal and Mr. AIRY had an interview with the RIGHT HON. E. STRUTT, at the offices of the Commissioners of Railways."

IT would really seem, from the above, as if the long-contemplated atmospheric railway to the Moon was to be put at last into execution, and that the Astronomer Royal and Mr. AIRY were being consulted about the elevations, and what cuttings would be necessary to get through the mountains in the lunar districts. The proposed Railway would have one advantage, which could not fail to recommend it above all others, and that would be its superior facilities in promoting accidents. In that respect it would leave all its mundane rivals far behind it, including the talented North-Western. We expect that Charles's Wain, if the new Railway crosses its path, will be putting in a claim for compensation for infringement of vested interests, for it has hitherto had all the travelling on the celestial highway exclusively to itself, and will not naturally like being driven off the road. MR. GREEN will be appointed, as a matter of course, Surveyor-General of the new line.

ATROCIOUS.

DURING HER MAJESTY'S recent visit to Cambridge, one great drawback was the paucity of ice-creams at the festivities. A learned dignitary, whose name we will not divulge, was guilty of pouring into the royal ear the offensive pun for which we request the reader to prepare his nerves, or we will not answer for the consequence. "Your Majesty," remarked the learned culprit, "we can only boast of the Cam, but Oxford has the good fortune to possess the Isis (*Ices*)." We have heard that the perpetrator of this enormity was at once placed in custody; but has since been released, after having been bound over to keep the peace towards the Queen's English for a quarter of a century.

Cruel Sport.

A NEW style of torture has lately sprung up, to which members are subjected at elections. They evidently feel a deal of pain when labouring under the attack, and are sometimes totally deprived of speech; at others, they go abruptly from side to side, and stammer and stutter, and at last cry out—"We will not be fettered with pledges." This torture of the fetter might appropriately assume the name of an old one, which was very popular in the "good old times," when it was thought nothing to put a member to the torture by exposing him to *La Question*. The rack, in this instance, is the hustings; and we hope that electors, when they get any obstinate member upon it, will not torture him too much.

MAKING A CLEAN BREAST OF IT.

DON FRANCISCO, the QUEEN OF SPAIN'S uncle, has been ordered to travel to "the baths;" and for this political reason; he has behaved so very dirtily to her Majesty, that she thinks it only proper that he should go and wash himself.

PUNCH'S OWN PICTURE.

I WISH I had had time to finish it; England will never know what High Art really is till it has seen *Punch's* own historical picture, thirty five feet by ten, painted by the aid of a ladder.

Punch's subject is *Gascoigne committing Prince Henry for gross contempt of Court*. The work unites all styles and schools. It is as full of action as ARMITAGE, as full of costume as CORBOULD, as full of MICHAEL ANGELO-drawing as WATTS. This is the true principle of regeneration for modern Art. How can a picture fail to be good when it is made up of scraps from everything that is best? If the whole is equal to its parts, a number of good parts must make a good whole.

My *Chief Justice* is a great deal larger than life, taking the proportions of the rest. This is to give him dignity. My *Prince*, you see, is squaring, in a sort of half-sportive, half-sporting defiance of the Court and his officers. He has just administered his "one, two," to the Chief Justice, and is thrown back on his guard. BENJAMIN CAUNT, Esq., stood for the figure. The costume, I flatter myself, is correct. The dress was furnished by Titchborne-Street NATHAN, and cost £50! My *Ushers* I have painted naked, and very muscular. This is necessary to the ideal treatment, and redeems the literalness of the costume of my principal figure. ETTY has gone on the same principle in his *Joan of Arc*, where we have soldiers of the fifteenth century dressed like savages of the South Seas, in waistcloths, *et præterea nihil*. I flatter myself there are few finer backs than that of my head *Usher*. You will see something like it in the Cartoon of PISA. We don't grow such backs now-a-days.

Altogether, let the young artist study this picture. It is my artistic theory exhibited in practice. PRINCE ALBERT can hardly be persuaded to quit my *atélier*. MR. ROGERS disputes with Toby the honour of cleaning my palette and preparing my colours. The Commissioners of the Fine Arts are buzzing round me and bidding against each other as I write this description. But they shan't have it. It shall be presented to the Nation, when the new National Gallery is built. My pen and pallette, in a gold framework, shall be copied below the picture. *Punch* is not ungrateful.

THE ST. STEPHEN'S BILLS OF MORTALITY.

WE regret to state that the week's returns exhibit an awful mortality among the infant Bills. An increase in the number of these deaths is always to be expected about this time, but this year the advance in the rate of premature dissolutions is appalling. Much of this is to be attributed to the extreme carelessness of parents, as well as to the constitutional weakness of the Bills themselves, and the overcrowding to which they are exposed. There is, in fact, no part of Westminster which stands so much in need of stringent sanatory regulations as St. Stephen's. The system of its legislative offspring will never be healthy until both Houses are thoroughly drained of the noxious stuff that is allowed to accumulate there during the session, nor, indeed, until they have undergone general purification and enlightenment. The state of the Committee Rooms is especially disgraceful to those to whom the comfort of "the working classes" is intrusted.

HOW TO BE HOSPITABLE.

IT seems that the members of Trinity College, Cambridge, were debarred, during the Installation, from entering their own rooms. When they applied for admission they were very civilly told that their rooms were occupied by some illustrious Master of Arts, or a German Bachelor, and that they must look out for lodgings elsewhere. This cheap munificence of the Dons certainly entitles the Installation to be called the most splendid *turn-out* that has ever been celebrated at Cambridge. An Undergraduate writes to inform us that he attempted, at twelve o'clock, to enter his apartment, with a party of young friends whom he had asked to supper, and that he found it occupied by a Bishop and two or three heads of the University, whom he had no recollection of inviting to pass the night with him. He declares he was never so put out in all his life, and that he certainly should have argued the matter, in a quiet gentlemanly style, with the venerable Bishop, only he recollected there was a heavy penalty if any Undergraduate attempted to walk over "the lawn" at Trinity.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE little boys run after the penny omnibusses, and delight in calling out—"There they go, twelve a shilling!"

MARRIAGE OF THE METALS.

SCENE—*Room in Royal Institution.*

Professor Smith (reading the Morning Post.) Very extraordinary! (*to* PROFESSOR JONES). Have you read this? No! Well, then, the *Post* says that the DUKE OF WELLINGTON—the Iron Duke!—is going to marry MISS BURDETT COUTTS!

Professor Jones. Nonsense! It can't be true.

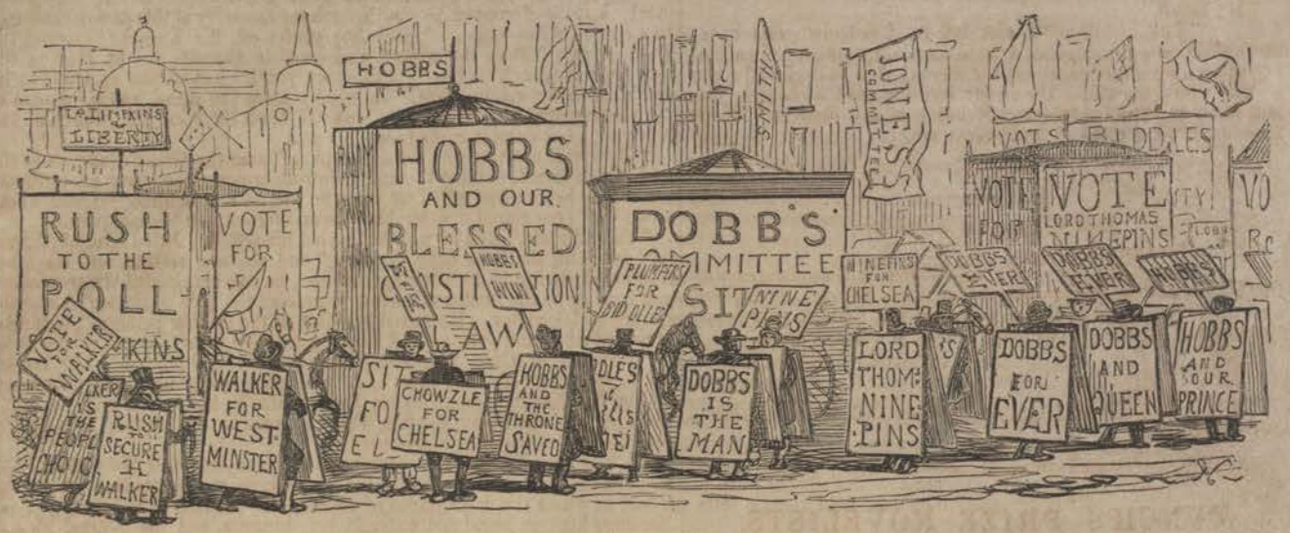
Professor Smith. But if it should be true, what would you think of such a match?

Professor Jones. Think of it! Why, with the Duke and the heiress, I should think it a most extraordinary union of Iron and *Tin*.

The Rogues in Grain.

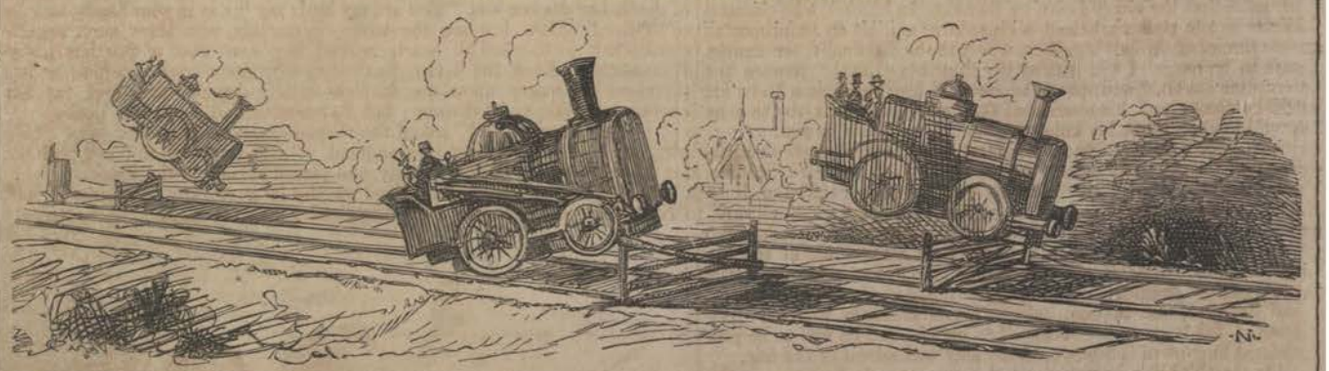
SUCH has been the glut of grain imported at Lyons and Marseilles, that there is no room to stow it away, and it has been placed in the most richly-furnished apartments of those cities. Sacks of corn have been turned into cushions for ottomans, and are being used as temporary sofa pillows, in the hope that prices may yet be bolstered up to the height they had reached during the recent monopoly.

FLEET STREET DURING THE ELECTIONS.



THOSE huge advertising vans, which cast the shadows not only before, but behind, and on both sides, are already being rapidly bespoke for the various candidates at the approaching contest for seats in Parliament. There is no doubt that Fleet Street will represent a series of placards which those who run might read, if running in Fleet Street were not always made impossible by the blockade to which it is subjected. That impressive alliance of the names of HOBBS, DOBBS, TUBBS, and STUBBS with the blessed Constitution, which always takes place at election time, is already commencing, and our patriotism will soon be appealed to from every dead wall and living board-carrier in the vast metropolis. The puffing process, which is so remarkable for depriving the public of space to breathe, has commenced, and the advertising vans will soon arrive at such a pass, that Fleet Street will become no pass at all, and bills, insisting on progress, will bring everything to a dead stand-still. We trust the police will be at hand to take some of the parties at their words, and insist on an "onward movement."

THE GREAT ENGINE MATCH.



IN consequence of the leaping qualities of numerous Railway engines, it has been determined to bring out their capabilities by a steeple-chase, which is to come off along one of the principal lines, at an early period. Several of the intrepid drivers, to whom oscillation, undulation, and saltation, on the part of the locomotives, afford pleasurable excitement, have undertaken to act as steam jockeys, and a few fences are to be thrown across the rails, for the purpose of testing the metal of the high-flyers. It is expected that they will not refuse to take the highest of five-barred gates; and an entire train of these spirited machiners are now in training for the event, which it is intended shortly to celebrate.

A POPULAR PORTRAIT.

A NEW likeness of HER MAJESTY has been recently published. It is a *basso relievo*, in silver, and is described to be an elaborate work of art. We allude to the new Crown Piéce which has just been issued by the Mint. We hope this portrait of our Gracious QUEEN will be in the possession of the humblest individual.

NEW DESIGN.

WE have seen a new stamp for the pats of Cambridge butter. On one side there is a head of DR. WHEWELL, and on the other a back view of Trinity College. When the butter is laid on thick, the head is very prominent indeed, but the College is, we regret to say, sunk rather low, and makes any thing but a good impression.

The "Good Old Times."

WE have read a most pathetic petition from the disfranchised members of Sudbury, in which they regret the loss of the advantages they enjoyed at former elections, and pray to be put on a footing with Ipswich and other towns, and to be restored to the privilege of the franchise, as they say it will make a difference of several thousand pounds to them this election. Their petition concludes with the following pun, which we blush to transcribe:—"Please re-*member* the Electors of Sudbury, and your petitioners will ever *prey*."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. *Bride's*, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, JULY 17th, 1847.

COMFORT FOR MANCHESTER.

Manchester to Lord J. Russell.

"My Lord,

"The Health of Towns Bill is, I perceive—and to my great affliction—abandoned. I am to remain in my dirt. My alleys, my sewers, my dust-heaps, my hovels—all that is dark and nasty—remain with me still. Does your lordship give no hope? Can you offer no consolation—no alleviation of my distress? Write me some word of comfort, and believe me,

"Yours, in Smoke and Darkness,
"Manchester."

Lord J. Russell to Manchester.

"Dear Manchester,

"I am quite aware of your distress; fully acquainted with the dirty condition you would change for a better. It is therefore my exceeding gratification to inform you, that for your future tidiness and comfort, I beg leave to send you an apron.

"Yours faithfully,
"Russell."

"P.S. I had almost forgotten to state that the apron has a Bishop tied in it."

PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

BARBAZURE.

BY G. P. R. JEAMES, ESQ., ETC.

The old Countess of Chacabacque had made a score of vain attempts to see her hapless daughter. Ever, when she came, the porters grinned at her savagely through the grating of the portcullis of the vast embattled gate of the Castle of Barbazure, and rudely bade her begone. "The Lady of Barbazure sees nobody but her confessor, and keeps her chamber," was the invariable reply of the dogged functionaries to the entreaties of the agonised mother. And at length, so furious was he at her perpetual calls at his gate, that the angry Lord of Barbazure himself, who chanced to be at the postern, armed a cross-bow, and let fly an arblast at the crupper of the lady's palfrey, whereon she fled finally, screaming, and in terror. "I will aim at the rider next time!" howled the ferocious Baron, "and not at the horse!" And those who knew his savage nature and his unrivalled skill as a bowman, knew that he would neither break his knightly promise nor miss his aim.

Since the fatal day when the Grand Duke of Burgundy gave his famous passage of arms at Nantes, and all the nobles of France were present at the joustings, it was remarked that the Barbazure's heart was changed towards his gentle and virtuous lady.

For the three first days of that famous festival, the redoubted Baron of Barbazure had kept the field against all the knights who entered. His lance bore everything down before it. The most famous champions of Europe, assembled at those joustings, had dropped, one by one, before this tremendous warrior. The prize of the tourney was destined to be his, and he was to be proclaimed bravest of the brave, as his lady was fairest of the fair.

On the third day, however, as the sun was declining over the Vosges, and the shadows were lengthening over the plain where the warrior had obtained such triumphs;—after having overcome two hundred and thirteen knights of different nations, including the fiery Dunois, the intrepid Walter Manny, the spotless Bayard, and the undaunted Dugueselin, as the conqueror sate still erect on his charger, and the multitudes doubted whether ever another champion could be found to face him, three blasts of a trumpet were heard, faint at first, but at every moment ringing more clearly, until a knight in pink armour rode into the lists with his visor down, and riding a tremendous dun charger, which he managed to the admiration of all present.

The heralds asked him his name and quality.

"Call me," said he, in a hollow voice, "the Jilted Knight." What was it made the Lady of Barbazure tremble at his accents?

The knight refused to tell his name and qualities; but the companion who rode with him, the young and noble Philibert de Coquelicot, who was known and respected universally through the neighbourhood, gave a warranty for the birth and noble degree of the Jilted Knight—and Raoul de Barbazure, yelling hoarsely for a two hundred and fourteenth lance, shook the huge weapon in the air as though it were a reed, and prepared to encounter the intruder.

According to the wont of chivalry, and to keep the point of the spear from harm, the top of the unknown knight's lance was shielded with a bung, which the warrior removed; and galloping up to Barbazure's pavilion, over which his shield hung, touched that noble cognizance with the sharpened steel. A thrill of excitement ran through the assembly at this daring challenge to a combat *à l'outrance*. "Hast thou confessed, Sir Knight?" roared the Barbazure; "Take thy ground, and look to thyself; for by Heaven thy last hour is come!" Poor youth, poor youth! sighed the spectators; he has called down his own fate. The next minute the signal was given, and as the simoom across the desert, the cataract down the rock, the shell from the howitzer, each warrior rushed from his goal. * * * *

"Thou wilt not slay so good a champion!" said the Grand Duke, as at the end of that terrific combat the knight in rose armour stood over his prostrate foe, whose helmet had rolled off when he was at length unhorsed, and whose blood-shot eyes glared unutterable hate and ferocity on his conqueror.

"Take thy life," said he who had styled himself the Jilted Knight; "thou hast taken all that was dear to mine;" and the sun setting, and no other warrior appearing to do battle against him, he was proclaimed the conqueror, and rode up to the duchess' balcony to receive the gold chain which was the reward of the victor. He raised his visor as the smiling princess guerdoned him—raised it, and gave *one* sad look towards the Lady Fatima at her side!

"Romané de Clos Vougeot!" shrieked she, and fainted. The Baron of Barbazure heard the name as he writhed on the ground with his wound, and by his slighted honour, by his broken ribs, by his roused fury, he swore revenge; and the Lady Fatima, who had come to the tourney as a Queen, returned to her castle as a prisoner.

(As it is impossible to give in the limits of our periodical the whole of this remarkable novel, let it suffice to say briefly here, that in about a volume and a half, in which the descriptions of scenery, the account of the agonies of the Baroness kept on bread and water in her dungeon, and the general tone of morality, are all excellently worked out; the Baron de Barbazure resolves upon putting his wife to death by the hands of the public executioner.)

* * * * * * * * *

Two minutes before the clock struck noon, the savage Baron was on the platform to inspect the preparations for the frightful ceremony of mid-day.

The block was laid forth—the hideous minister of vengeance, masked, and in black, with the flaming glaive in his hand, was ready. The Baron tried the edge of the blade with his finger, and asked the dreadful swordsman if his hand was sure? A nod was the reply of the man of blood. The weeping garrison and domestics shuddered and shrank from him. There was not one there but loved and pitied the gentle lady.

Pale, pale as a stone, she was brought from her dungeon. To all her lord's savage interrogatories, her reply had been, "I am innocent." To his threats of death, her answer was, "You are my lord; my life is in your hands, to take or to give." How few are the wives, in our day, who show such angelic meekness! It touched all hearts around her, save that of the implacable Barbazure. Even the Lady Blanche, (Fatima's cousin,) whom he had promised to marry upon his faithless wife's demise, besought for her kinswoman's life, and a divorce; but Barbazure had vowed her death.

"Is there no pity, sir?" asked the chaplain who had attended her. "No pity," echoed the weeping serving-maid. "Did I not aye say I would die for my lord?" said the gentle lady, and placed herself at the block.

Sir Raoul de Barbazure seized up the long ringlets of her raven hair. "Now!" shouted he to the executioner, with a stamp of his foot, "Now strike!"

The man (who knew his trade) advanced at once, and poised himself to deliver his blow: and, making his flashing sword sing in the air, with one irresistible, rapid stroke, it sheared clean off the head of

the furious, the blood-thirsty, the implacable BARON DE BARBAZURE!

Thus he fell a victim to his own jealousy; and the agitation of the LADY FATIMA may be imagined, when the executioner, flinging off his mask, knelt gracefully at her feet, and revealed to her the well-known features of ROMANÉ DE CLOS VOUGEOT.

OUR ELECTION CORRESPONDENCE.

WE have received so many letters from Constituencies and others on the subject of Candidates and their qualifications, that we are compelled to adopt the method of some of our weekly contemporaries in giving replies to the questions addressed to us. We at one time thought of appointing SHALLABALLA to attend at the office for the purpose of giving "advice gratis" during a few hours in the day; but as we have long since come to the conclusion that what costs nothing is worth nothing, we have abandoned this project. It is true that we might have followed the example of certain generous practitioners in charging for our medicine,—and it is well known that we can administer a few strong doses, and make up some bitter pills when we like; but we consider it *infra dig.* to walk in the steps of quackery. We shall therefore answer the inquiries that have poured in upon us to the best of our skill; but in the event of any very bad case occurring which may require consultation, SHALLABALLA will be found in attendance, punctually, between the hours of midnight and morning to give the desired information. In the meantime, the following "answers to correspondents" will, we trust, satisfy the curiosity of those who have appealed to us.

JUVENIS.—*Yes. The Whigs have usually scored more than the Conservatives, at least the score of the former has always been higher than that of the latter; but we do not say that cribbage is a game at which the Whigs have played.*

O. P. Q.—*We cannot tell the height of* MR. COCHRANE'S *impudence. We never measured it; and, in fact, we always considered it perfectly unmeasurable.*

AN ELECTOR OF LONDON.—*The* MR. PAYNE *who is a candidate for the City, is not the celebrated Pantomimist, who has on more than one occasion proved himself a very valuable representative. We should say that* PAYNE *may be seen through, and will be inevitably smashed in the City of London.*

CURIOSA.—*We cannot tell our fair correspondent who is the father of the House of Commons, but* MR. HUME *is generally regarded as the mother.*

BLUE STOCKING.—MR. AINSWORTH *never sat, except for his own portrait.*

BRUIN.—*You are right. The bear at the Zoological Gardens knows how to place himself at the top of the poll. Many lawyers do the same thing, and by the same means—haggery.*

COLLEGE COOKERY.

SINCE the Installation, the irreverent young dogs of the University call the "College Pudding" after the name of their accomplished Chancellor. The witty fellows have also nicknamed the sauce after the respected Master of Trinity. We pity the sauce.

A New Arcadia.

AMONG the splendid projects of the present highly projective age, is a concern to be called Arcadia. The first means by which it is hoped Arcadia may be realised will be the Arcadian simplicity of the public, who are required to put down at once five pounds, before they can be eligible to this land of enchantment. Arcadia will be under the direction of a committee of shepherds, who are to get subscribers by hook and by crook. There are to be pleasant rides and drives, with "a circular course for equestrians," so that Astley's and Fairy Land may be combined in the same establishment. "Rural amusements" are also to be available to the subscribers, who will have the privilege of running in sacks, or hopping the twig, whichever may be most convenient. The grounds will comprise a Lake, made of real water, with real fish; and a mattress is already laid down to form a real oyster-bed. A profusion of mussels, cockles, periwinkles, and other shell-fish will be provided for those addicted to piscatory pursuits; and the public will only be expected to shell out in return for the valuable privilege.

The following is, however, the richest sentence in the whole prospectus, which is now before us:—

"The advantages of THE ARCADIA in a political point of view will be considerable, as the property of the society will give to every member the right of voting for the county."

It would, we think, be a pity to destroy the harmony that ought to prevail in Arcadia by the introduction of the elements of political discord. We can fancy the suburban Elysium placarded with demands for Free Trade, or with posting bills announcing COCHRANE and PAYNE, under the *soubriquet* of *arcades ambo*, as candidates worthy the support of Arcadia. We do not see the necessity of another Arcadia for retirement, when perfect solitude is attainable in the snug little Arcade of Exeter. This metropolitan fastness—with an iron gate at each end—only wants a committee, a trustee or two, and a secretary, and the thing is done without further trouble.

A FIT OF ABSTRACTION.

ON Wednesday, the 7th of July, the world was startled by the following advertisement, which appeared in the *Times* newspaper:—

TEN SHILLINGS REWARD.—LOST, in the gardens of Hampton Court Palace, while reading MR. DISRAELI'S new novel of *Tancred*, an UMBRELLA, with a deer's-foot handle. Whoever will bring the same to Mr. Dixey, optician, New Bond Street, will receive the above reward.

We are almost inclined to think that the whole story of the umbrella is a bookseller's puff, in order that *Tancred* may get a new and striking advertisement. The *ruse* is worthy of ROWLAND AND SON, who have often decoyed us by a little Oriental anecdote, into reading a panegyric on their unrivalled Macassar. An umbrella is not an inappropriate medium for the sale of a book, for we have seen literature courting, in an open and inverted umbrella at the corner of St. Clement's churchyard, the breath of popular applause, while the idle wind turned over the leaves as the solitary inspector of the contents of the volume.

Perhaps in a week or two we shall be having somebody losing his watch while reading *Coningsby*, having been deprived of all consciousness of the flight of time when engaged in the absorbing perusal. It is surprising that *Tancred* was allowed to be introduced into the Garden of Hampton Court Palace, for we always understood that persons carrying heavy loads were peremptorily refused admission.

The Fate of the Royal George—on the Thames.

UNREASONABLE people complain of the LORD MAYOR for not interfering to prevent the over-crowding of steam-boats on the River. His Lordship says that he can do nothing to hinder it, and suggests that some "awful accident," which will some day happen, will be the best remedy for the evil, after all. His Lordship does wisely to trust the public safety to the chapter of accidents. Leave the crowded steamboats to right themselves; no doubt, by-and-bye, they will quietly settle down.

THE FARMER'S PRESERVE.

To Mr. Punch.

UR,—"I see in your peaper some time ago some directions for makun a peasant preserve. Now, sur, I 've a got a little preserve o' my own—I calls un a farmer's preserve—'tis a kind o' thing as I invented myself, and, if you like, I'll just tell ye how I makes un. Fust you must know I be a farmer myself, and holds a good bit o' valuable land; only the wust on't is that 'tis terribly overrun wi' game. Arter that you 'll suppose, no doubt, that I can't be very fond o' game, and that my preserve aint one for hares and pheasants. No, sur; quite contrairy. I 've got certain favourite animals o' my own. We all has our fancies: every one, you know, to his likun. I 've a sort o' 'fection—it may seem strange, but so 'tis—for stoats, weazels, pole-cats, hawks, kites, buzzards, and creeturs o' that sort. Foxes, too, I be fond of; so I be o' badgers. Now what I does is as follers. I must tell 'ee, the owner o' the 'state next mine is a gurt nobleman—I wun't mention no names. His land 's overstocked wi' game, particklerly wi' hares, rabbits, and pheasants, which comes and ates up my crops. Close agin his property I 've a bit o' copse. Outside o' this copse I keeps plantun trees, and lettun the fuzz and underwood grow up atween 'em, so that a keeps growun bigger and bigger. Every now and then I vlings into un a dead rabbit, or summut o' that sort, to 'tice the foxes, if I can, and git 'em to bide there. Round about the copse I sticks up notices agin trespassers, and sets fellers to watch, wi' cart-whips, to keep off gamekeepers and others from gettun into un. By this means I encourages these creeturs to breed in this here copse. In the same way, I gits young buzzards, and kites, hawks, ravens, and carron crows, and breeds 'em up till they be able to vly, when I lets 'em goo, wi' strict orders to all my men not to meddle wi' 'em.

"Now it 's astonishun, since I 've 'stablished my preserve, how much less damage have been done my crops by the game. I knows this kind o' creeturs be mischieful, and you 'll ask, I dare say, how about my chickens and ducks? Why, sur, I doan't lose much in that way. I finds that game is the nateral food o' varmint, and they wun't destroy much else if so be as they can git plenty o' that, which, thanks to my Lord, my next neighbour, mine does. Now, sur, I 'd recommend all farmers as holds land nigh any big game preserves, to take pattern from this here preserve o' mine. I thinks 'tis a pity that our wild bastes and birds be so shot down as they be amost everywhere. There 's many parts, now-a-days, where you scarce ever sees such a thing as a sparrer-hawk. I likes to see 'em a flyun and runnin about. I looks upon 'em as ornamental to the land, and sartainly they be useful to 't by riddun it of overabundance o' game; which we farmers, I can tell 'ee, finds a good riddance o' bad rubbish.

"I be, sur,

"Your most obedient Servant,

"JACOB DODGERS."

"P.S. Cats is good things to turn into a preserve like mine. A few on 'em run wild will thin off game like winkun."

A Treasure Trove.

A CHEMIST is vigorously advertising a "disinfecting fluid." Why doesn't he try it on the present state of corruption in France? He would make his fortune, if he could only announce his fluid "under the patronage of LOUIS-PHILIPPE," and get GUIZOT to write him, in the forcible style of the EARL OF ALDBOROUGH, a Testimonial for it. The fluid might also be beneficially employed upon the City of London; and again, there could be no harm in applying it to certain corrupt towns and rotten boroughs in England. Who knows! the result might be, for the first time, purity of election, even in such impure places as Woodstock, Ipswich, Buckinghamshire, Gloucestershire, &c. Such a treasure would be "dirt cheap!"

CONSECRATED COLOURS.

LADIES are held to be the best judges of colours; hence it is, we presume, that a woman is so frequently selected to present a regiment with its spick and span-new banner. Now, for ourselves, though we would bow to the judgment of ladies, exercised on colours at HOWELL AND JAMES'S, we have little opinion of their choice in barracks. They may know, at the mercer's, what colours may wash well; but all they can possibly predicate of colours of the English army is, that they will not *run*. We could wish the gentle creatures to be content with this knowledge. What have they, in the true dignity of their sex, to do with soldiering? What has VENUS to do with powder—that is, gunpowder?

However, a banner—being duly blessed by the chaplain to HER MAJESTY'S troops, in Forton and Haslar barracks—was a few days since presented to the 2nd (QUEEN'S Royal) regiment, by LADY AUGUSTA FITZCLARENCE. First, however, for the blessing: the clergyman thus prays:—

"We now, O Lord, implore *Thy* protection and blessing on these banners, which we would this day *consecrate to Thy service* and the defence and honour of our Sovereign and her dominions. *In Thy name, O Lord, do we set up these banners.*"

We know no prayer akin to this throughout the New Testament. We tax our memory, and can remember no place in which a banner—to wave above fire, bloodshed, rape, and rapine—was "set up" to the spirit of Christianity.

But in time gone by we have put the question, and it may be again preferred—Why bless the banners only? Why not bless the cannon—why not bless the bayonets? In fact, to begin with the beginning, why should not the bishop of the diocese bestow a peculiar blessing on the men and boys employed in gunpowder mills; in the manufacture of the destructive matter to be used in the "service" and in the "name" of the God of Goodness? According to these "blessings," what a sweet-smelling odour must ever reek from the battle-field to the Throne of Grace! What an altar, and what a comely sacrifice, a field of Waterloo with its thousands of stiffened corses!

The absurdity, the wickedness of this is, that every war is undertaken in the service of the Lord! For instance, we, of course, in the war of independence, cut the throats of the Americans for the service and in the name of Christianity!

As for woman, her attention to colours should be confined to the mercer's shop, and not extended to the soldier's barrack. If, however, the gentle creature must take an interest in things military, let her leave the colours to the clergyman, and employ herself solely upon lint.

A MODERATE REQUEST.

WE don't know whether the public may imagine that we have a daughter we wish to "put out"—and, indeed, such a putting out would be equivalent to positive extinguishment,—but we have received no less than fifty copies of the following advertisement;—

WANTED, by a *lady*, a strong active YOUNG GIRL, who can scrub, clean grates, and keep all kitchen articles thoroughly clean. Good tempered, early rising, and respectable appearance will be required. As a comfortable home will be secured, wages not to exceed £3 a year. Apply, &c., &c.

The above is a sad illustration of the unreasonableness of human wishes. Here is a lady requiring a young girl to scrub and clean grates, and maintain "a respectable appearance," for three pounds per annum. If she is to clean the grates, how is she to clean herself, unless she turns Ethiopian, and gives herself a black-leading every day simultaneously with the stove, thus sharing with the bars of the kitchen fire-place, their jetty brilliance? She must needs be "good tempered," and an "early riser," to have the time and patience for going through the work for which she is to receive *three pounds per annum!* A poor girl who is scrubbing grates from morning till night, would want all the philosophy of HOBBES to enable her to put up with her condition. "A comfortable home" is, nevertheless, most generously offered her. A life employed in brightening and blacking bars, or sometimes standing over the kitchen range to cook her mistress's chop, must afford such a series of alternations from the frying-pan to the fire, and back again from the fire to the frying-pan, that the strong girl would be regularly "done" if she entered into the service of the "lady" who stands in need of such very efficient assistance.

THE CHURCH IN DANGER.

A WEEKLY paper says that Sierra Leone is to be erected into a District Episcopal See, to which a bishop will soon be nominated. Sierra Leone! Why, this is a covert attack upon the Church, in order to reduce the number of bishops, by removing them quietly one by one. We hope the nomination is not as yet a dead certainty.

THE STATUE AGAIN.

GOVERNMENT will not suffer the Monster Statue to be removed "on public grounds." We suggest, therefore, that it be put up to auction amongst the Duke's admirers, and knocked down to whomsoever bids highest. It might then be erected on *private grounds*—perhaps in some nobleman's park or garden, or corn-field, or orchard, and so be hidden from public view. By the bye, the objection strikes us as being very groundless, considering the Statue is up in the air, and not on any ground at all, unless the few flower-pots belonging to the gatekeeper of the arch are taken as "public grounds."

MAXIM PICKED UP AT IPSWICH.

No man—no householder at least—knows his real value till an election.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

BARON ROTHSCHILD, though immensely rich, is occasionally very witty. He was called upon recently to give a good definition of the Real and the Ideal, when he answered, "I cannot give you a more forcible example than the following:—the Real is the current coin of Spain, and a Spanish Bond, which is supposed to represent it, is the Ideal." The Baron may be sure of the vote of every Spanish Bondholder at the ensuing election.

Let me hold him Sir. I've run over so far after you Sir!
Please Sir I was the first boy Sir.
come you get out young fellow what do you know about a horse

"SHALL I HOLD YOUR HORSE, SIR?"

WHIG PROGRESS.

John Bull. "WHAT! WASTING YOUR TIME, AS USUAL. PRAY, MASTER JOHN, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING ALL THIS SESSION?"

John (*whimpering*). "NOTHING, SIR."

John Bull. "AND WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN ABOUT, MASTER MORPETH?"

Morpeth. "HELPING JOHN, PLEASE SIR."

CAPSICUM HOUSE—FOR YOUNG LADIES.

CHAPTER X.

THE TURTLE CLASS.—MISS FLUKE ON PUNCH.

WHEN we entered the class-room, we found all the pupils assembled. All, too, were in full dress. "They think a turtle an illustrious visitor," was our belief, "and have resolved to do it all toilet honour." We admired, too, the rapidity of the change: in a very few minutes, many of the girls had turned morning into night—that is, had changed their early wrappers for evening silks and muslins. As for FLUKE, she never looked so mischievously pretty.

MISS GRIFFIN, with much dignity, unfolded LADY M'THISTLE's letter, handing it to CORKS. "You will be kind enough, MR. CORKS, to read her Ladyship's missive in your *own* manner."

CORKS smiled at the delicacy of the emphasis, and began his task. His intonation was sweetly impressive, conveying in the subtlest manner all the hopes and fears of MISS CAROLINE RUFFLER into the bosoms of his hearers, and ending with the hymeneal triumph of LADY M'THISTLE. As MISS GRIFFIN afterwards observed to ourselves, "It was courtship and marriage set to the sweetest music." Two or three of the girls shed tears. FLUKE, however, as usual, clapt her hands, and crowed a laugh. MISS GRIFFIN was again shocked. "What would I give," she whispered to us, "if I could only see her weep! But she has no sensibility; and a woman without tears, what a defenceless creature she is!"

"Is the turtle to be brought in?" asked CARRAWAYS.

"Certainly: laid here upon the table," answered MISS GRIFFIN. "As you have very properly observed, MR. CORKS, the presence of the turtle itself may sharpen the sagacity and assist the imagination of the young ladies."

"Assuredly," answered CORKS. "They may see in it the future alderman—the Lord Mayor—the husband in civic robes—the show on the ninth of November—the Easter ball—and the drawing-room at Court. Turtle, truly considered, ladies"—said CORKS—"has great associations."

"And, ladies," said MISS GRIFFIN, "I trust that the letter, so beautifully read by MR. CORKS, will convince you of the utility of what I have ever called cosmopolitan cookery. In this, our harlequin-coloured life, who knows to what far land your fate may call you? The first Mandarin of the first peacock's feather—the Sultan of both the Turkies—the Emperor of Morocco—each may be caught by his national dish; even as CAROLINE caught SIR ALEXANDER: and therefore no young woman's education can be thought complete, who has not made, I may say it, a COOK's voyage round about the globe."

At this moment BLOSSOMS, assisted by the housemaid, bore in the turtle, and laid it on its back upon the table.

"What an ugly thing!" cried MISS FLUKE.

"Pardon me, dear young lady," said CORKS, looking affectionately at the turtle, "but, properly thought of, nothing in the whole expanse of nature is ugly. When I think of the soup dormant—I should say latent—in that magnificent piece of helplessness, I could bow to it."

"Now ladies, if you please," said MISS GRIFFIN, "we will suppose you married."

"Yes, ma'am," cried FLUKE, very vivaciously.

"You will wait your turn, MISS FLUKE," was the icy response; and MISS GRIFFIN continued. "You have a turtle presented to you. Ladies,"—and MISS GRIFFIN elevated her voice—"you are to consider that a turtle has entered your house. How will you dispose of it? What would be your first act?"

"Hang him up by the fore-paws," said MISS PALMER, with some hesitation.

"By the hinder legs," cried MISS CANDYTUFT, with great rapidity.

"Very good; by the hinder legs;" said MISS GRIFFIN. "Take her down, MISS CANDYTUFT;" and MISS PALMER was taken down. "Well, we have the turtle hanging by his hinder legs—what next?"

"Coax him, that he mayn't draw in his neck," said MISS BARKER, "and then,"—and she smacked her lips—"and then cut off his head."

"You cruel animal!" cried MISS FLUKE.

"Silence, MISS FLUKE; MISS BARKER is quite correct," said MISS GRIFFIN; "cut off his head is perfectly right. No false sensibility, if you please. Well, the turtle's head is off. Go on."

It was MISS WINTER's turn, who timidly proceeded. "Cut off his fins; divide his yellow-plush—"

"Callipash!" exclaimed MISS WINKS.

"Take her down," said MISS GRIFFIN. "Yellow-plush with a turtle! How *do* you think you'll get through the world? Go on, MISS GREEN."

"Divide the callipash from the filagree—"

"Callapee!" shrieked MISS JONES.

"Of course: you will go down, MISS GREEN," said GRIFFIN. "After the pains, too, that I have taken! What will your parents say to me? Go on, MISS BAKER."

"Break the bones and put 'em into a saucepan—take beef and veal bones—herbs, mace, and—"

"Why, MISS BAKER, you've got from real turtle to mock," cried MISS GRIFFIN.

"Had I, ma'am?" asked MISS BAKER, too innocent to know the difference.

"But I see," said MISS GRIFFIN, with a struggle for resignation, "I see the examination is premature. As yet, turtle goes quite over your heads. None of you can reach it." Here MISS FLUKE giggled. "But perhaps, MISS FLUKE," said GRIFFIN, with blighting sarcasm—"I wrong your intelligence. Perhaps *you* can dress a turtle."

"No, ma'am," said FLUKE; "don't know that I can, ma'am, quite. But if you please, ma'am, I think I know all about the punch that's to be drunk with it."

"Oh, indeed!" said the cold MISS GRIFFIN.

"Yes, ma'am;" and FLUKE for a moment took a long breath. "Yes, ma'am. Two large lemons—rough skins—ripe; ripe as love, ma'am." MISS GRIFFIN started, but was silent. "Sugar, large lumps; introduce sugar to skins of lemons—rub hard, as though you liked it. Drop lumps into bowl; drop, like dew-drops, lemon-juice. Squeeze lemon upon sugar; and mix as for lasting friendship. Mix with boiling water, hot as vengeance!"

"MISS FLUKE!" cried the governess.

"Soft water's best. Pour in rum blindfold, as you can't pour too much," said FLUKE.

"Did you ever hear such principles?" exclaimed MISS GRIFFIN.

"Ice, and drink with turtle," said FLUKE, and she folded her arms with a sense of achieved greatness.

"Did you ever hear the like—and from such a girl, too?" cried MISS GRIFFIN.

"The recipe is not quite correct," said CORKS; and then his face was sunned with the blandest smile—"not quite correct. But we may pardon a few errors, where there is so much enthusiasm."

THE PARLIAMENT CLOCKS.

IT is very good of the House of Commons—before it goes to pieces—to discuss the character and pattern of the Clocks for the imperial fabric. The Clock inside of the House is to be very beautiful, all sorts of significant things being in its face. *Punch* begs leave to suggest a few:—

AN AGREEABLE GOSSIP. THE BUSINESS OF THE DAY. SIBTHORPE SPEAKING.

When the hour of twelve strikes, the face will take this appearance—

When the exact likeness, in small, of MR. BROTHERTON—after the manner of the Dutch figures—will, with nightcap on head, walk out, carrying in one hand a warming-pan, in the other a night-candlestick.

FRESCO FOR THE HALL OF TRINITY COLLEGE, (*after* DYCE).—"The influence of the Prince Chancellor presenting DR. WHEWELL with the sovereignty of the *Sea*."

THE VOYAGE OF THE WASHING-TUB.

LORD MORPETH—we expected nothing less of his good and cordial nature—is full of sorrow, nay, of remorse, for the abandonment of the Health of Towns Bill. He has been compelled to follow the order of LORD JOHN, who thinks it more important that the people should have an early choice of the next parliament, than clean streets and sweetened sewers. Never mind Typhus,—vote for the Whigs! Fever for the Alleys, and RUSSELL for London! A new House of Parliament and the Vested Rights of Muck and Filth! Social Progress and No Soap! Such is, in truth, the election rallying-cry of the Whig Cabinet. They have abandoned the Health of Towns Bill, that they may chivalrously come to the hustings with dirty hands!

The Ministerial White-Bait Dinner was duly swallowed on Wednesday; such dinner being annually held by every cabinet, as significant of official enjoyment of the Loaves and Fishes. We have now to describe the voyage of LORD MORPETH—wickedly put in the suds by LORD JOHN—to Blackwall.

His Lordship, desirous of publicly manifesting his poignant regret for the loss of the Bill, inflicted upon himself a very touching penance. He resolved—taking the hint from a late distinguished public actor—to make the passage in a washing-tub, drawn by four geese. Our artist has given a very faithful portraiture of the affair. It will be seen, that a broom is hoisted by way of mast. The same domestic implement was

displayed by VAN TROMP, in token of his determination to sweep the seas. Now the Whig broom, on the contrary, is a satirical emblem of Whig respect for vested cobwebs.

The four geese were supplied by four City aldermen, in gratitude to the Government for excluding the City of London from the operation of the proposed Bill. One of the geese—the goose that gaggled more than all the others on the voyage—was supplied by SIR PETER LAURIE from his own country estate, and was hatched by SIR PETER himself.

LORD MORPETH set out from Downing Street at half-past four. He was preceded by two dustmen—their bells ringing on this occasion only,—and followed by four scavengers in mourning; and, we are bound to say, his Lordship seemed very acutely to feel his situation. His Lordship arrived at Whitehall Stairs at about a quarter to five, where he took water. Some dozen maids-of-all-work on the barges waved their dusters in token of compassion. We regret, however, for the sake of human nature, to add, that scarcely had his Lordship entered the tub, and taken the reins in his hand, when some ruffians cried—"Swamp the Whig! More Health! More Windows!" These men, as we were afterwards informed, were no other than malignant journeymen glaziers.

We had almost forgotten to state, that ere LORD MORPETH entered the washing-tub, DOCTOR SOUTHWOOD SMITH—in deep mourning as one of the parents of the stifled Bill—felt the pulse of the noble penitent, and, with characteristic benevolence, wished him a prosperous voyage. His Lordship seemed deeply moved by this act of Christian forgiveness.

Nothing, perhaps, could be more convincing of the great respect in which the character of his Lordship is held by all men, than this one fact: he was permitted to make his voyage in silence, no bargeman, waterman, or steam passenger upbraiding him.

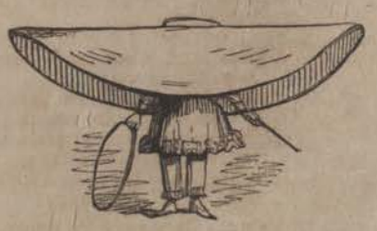
When his Lordship approached the confluence of Fleet Ditch, he found all the members of the Court of Aldermen waiting in the City Barge. And as, in the Greek mythology, Neptune was propitiated by the sacrifice of a horse,—so did each of the Court of Aldermen, in gratitude to the Whigs, carry a blind puppy to sacrifice to Father Thames, praying a prosperous passage for the noble voyager. The puppies were hurled into the flood, to the blast of the brazen trumpets of the City band!

His Lordship, we are happy to say, arrived at Blackwall without any accident. The washing-tub was, at the humble request of MR. LOVEGROVE, bestowed upon him, to be kept in his house as a memento of the voyage; and the geese were immediately sent to the kitchen to be killed, stuffed, roasted, and distributed to the poor.

Morpeth's Voyage will henceforth make a charming addition to the collected voyages of COOK, ANSON, DAMPIER, and other illustrious navigators.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

THE extravagances that formerly used to be followed in *outré* bonnets by grown-up people, have recently come down upon the devoted heads of unfortunate children, who are being smothered in straw of the most unsightly shape; and the effect is a good deal like that of placing a pyramid on its apex, when the infant frame is subjected to this ungraceful perversion. We have lately tumbled over so many of these little monstrosities—excuse the paradox—in our walks, that we call upon all mothers to modify the head-dresses of those *enfans terribles* whom we have encountered.



MATCH AGAINST TIME.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL concludes this week, on the floor of the House of Commons, his celebrated match against time. He has undertaken to do one hundred and fifty bills in the same number of hours. He is to carry them from one side to the other, drop them, pick them up again, (after the celebrated old Whig trick of carrying a bill,) jump over all the forms of the House that may be in his way, take them to the Lords, bring them back, pass them through the House of Commons, and carry them up to HER MAJESTY for Royal assent, all within the prescribed time. The general belief is, that he will do it as coolly as possible, and have several hours to spare; and, positively, he has done so many wonders lately, in the way of Parliamentary pedestrianism,—namely, in walking into an unlimited number of bills in no time—that there is not a doubt that he will win the match. He ought to be christened the CAPTAIN BARCLAY of the House of Commons, or the City Deer, or the St. Stephen's Jumper; anything, in fact, but the Premier, which, in his case, really expresses nothing.

ENVY.

MONSIEUR GIBUS, the celebrated author of the very popular "Crush Hat," jealous of the election of PRINCE ALBERT for Cambridge, intends at the next election to put up for the Chancellorship of Oxford.

DREADFUL EXPLOSION.

A DREADFUL explosion took place last week in the House of Commons, when a number of bills which had been accumulating for months past, were shattered to pieces, and blown no one knows where. They were of a very dry, combustible nature, and the noise which followed their destruction has been heard more or less all over the country. It is impossible to calculate the extent of the damage; but the following particulars may be relied upon:—

KILLED.—The Health of Towns Bill, Railway Regulation Bill, Electors' Bill, Prisons' Bill, &c. &c.
MAIMED or WOUNDED.—The Poor Law Bill, &c.

We have not heard whether ministers are insured. There is a report that LORD JOHN RUSSELL has burnt his fingers dreadfully in endeavouring to carry away the Health of Towns Bill just before it exploded.

LODGING-HOUSE STATISTICS.

A SINGLE gentleman assures us, that out of 500 answers he received to an advertisement for lodgings, at least 499 began in the following style:—"Having a larger house than I require for my own use,"—and that the whole 500 concluded with the assurance that "A. B. would meet with the comforts of a home." The latter assurance, he says, was carried out rather too strictly in many instances; for in 174 houses he was refused "the use of a latch-key," and was told, in 22 streets, 5 terraces, and 1 lane, that he "might do anything but smoke." The "comforts of a home" generally turned out to be, "a chop cooked at home occasionally—a barrel of table beer kept in the house—a pew—a piano—and a servant in livery."

POLICE CATECHISM

Inspector. "You are not so respectable in appearance as most of my men. The rest have a silver watch—how is it you have none?"

Policeman, B. 34. "If you please, sir, it is not my fault. All the cooks on my beat are upon board wages."

Sir Robert Peel's Address to his Constituents.

WE know of nothing that can exceed in interest PEEL'S address to his constituents, but BRUCE'S address to his army, or *Hamlet's* celebrated address to the players. We do not think any one less than the Poet BUNN could deal, as it deserves, with this wondrous subject, and we have therefore made an humble attempt to serve up, *à la* BUNN,

PEEL'S ADDRESS TO HIS CONSTITUENTS.

AIR—"*Other Lips.*"

Though other burghs and other towns
My services may claim,
'Mid Fortune's smiles, or 'mid its frowns,
I'll cling to you the same;
And if still worthy your esteem
And confidence I be,
At such a moment I may dream
That you'll re-member me.

I cannot ask for your support,
Except on public grounds,
Though my position, as it ought,
My very self astounds;
But let the statement I shall make,
My vindication be,
So that there may be no mistake,
And you'll re-member me.

* * * * * *

AIR—"*Woman's Heart.*"

A noble Lord, whose hopes were bent
On an official seat,
Array'd himself and forth he went,
At once to Downing Street.
Of Foreign Minister the seals
Obtaining from the QUEEN,
Of peace he the importance feels,
And he was—ABERDEEN!

He gallantly pursued his course,
Determined not to see
A *casus belli*—till per force,
O'erlook'd it could not be.
Ah! never be it said, he cried,
We'll do the thing that's mean;
But peace preserving was his pride,
And that was—ABERDEEN!

* * * * *

AIR—"*Marble Halls.*"

I say I'm a friend of Established Church,
Though endowments I'd divide;
I would not leave any one in the lurch,
But lean tow'rds every side.
I would not exempt a particular sect,
That assistance in funds would claim;
But still I must beg you to recollect,
I'm for High Church all the same.

I rather object to a Maynooth grant;
But if there is any at all,
I think the supply should equal the want,
Whether that be large or small.
So a Romish College I'd well endow,
For what's, after all, in a name;
But just be so good as remember now,
I'm a Protestant all the same.

It would become tedious were we to go through the whole of the late Premier's address in the same strain; but the few stanzas we have furnished will give a very fair specimen of this remarkable document, which may be had *in extenso* for, we believe, twopence, the price SIR ROBERT has liberally, not to say, appropriately, put upon it.

PHYSIC FOR PAUPERS.

THAT branch of medical science which relates to cattle, is styled veterinary. There is wanted some corresponding epithet to distinguish the coarser kind of physic which is provided by Poor Law Guardians for paupers. The subjoined advertisement will be an evidence of the necessity for making this distinction.

MEDICAL ASSISTANT.—WANTED, by a practitioner, a YOUNG MAN who knows something of medicine and midwifery, to dispense, &c., and attend, under his superintendence, the duties attached to a small district of a union in London, and who will consider the experience and practice of such as equivalent to a salary. An apprentice who has served the greater part of his time will be suitable. Apply to A. B., Gracechurch-street, City.

To be an assistant to a practitioner amongst the solvent classes, it is considered necessary to know a great deal of medicine and midwifery. The assistant of the medical officer of a union, it seems, need only know "something" of those sciences. For the former vocation, a gentleman who has passed the "Hall and College" is required; for the latter, an apprentice is esteemed suitable. Of course, therefore, the practice of medicine among the poor is quite a different matter from what it is among the rich. It must be so, if an apprentice will do for paupers—as there is every reason to believe he will. He will thus carry out the great object of the Poor Law, the cure of pauperism itself. He will do much, at any rate, for the relief of that malady, by striking at the root of it—over-population.

IRISH ENTOMOLOGY.

THE *Cork Constitution* says, that the Indian corn, which has been introduced into Ireland to meet the wants of the people, has been attacked "with swarms of little reptiles or insects, of different varieties, some shaped like ants, others like diminutive beetles." These vermin, we are informed, from their devouring the food of the people, have acquired the appellations of "Squireens" and "Middlemen."

THE BRITISH LION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

When a General Election is coming on, that unhappy beast, the British Lion, gets into a most distressing predicament, for his growl is invariably invoked for all sorts of purposes. "No Popery" is now the cry that is being poured into the ear of the harassed brute, and while he is being taken in the rear by the Nonconformists, who are raising the shout, with which he is expected to growl in unison, an attempt is being made to stir him up in the front with the long pole of popular opinion, and excite his fury by brandishing before his eyes the flaming banner of Protection. We really think it is high time to pension the unhappy British Lion; for, with all his teeth knocked out by the blows he has received in the course of his career, and with a mane grey from old age, he is becoming miserable to himself and useless to others. The British Lion ought to be placed on the Superannuation Fund at once; or, at all events, the British Unicorn ought to be made to take his turn in the public service, after the enjoyment of his long sinecure.

THE MISHAPS OF MINISTERS;

A SONG FOR THE PREMIER.

Air—"*The College Hornpipe.*"

At the opening of the Session I declared, with frank confession,
My dismay and consternation at the work I had to do;
But I hardly apprehended, that when Parliament was ended,
I should find so very little I had managed to get through.
There 's my scheme of Education, to the welfare of the nation
The only measure I have carried likely to conduce;
And that is not extensive, I am sadly apprehensive,
Enough to prove of any mighty benefit or use.

My accounts when I examine, I perceive on Irish famine
I have spent about a dozen million sterling pounds or so;
For the whole of which outgoing—an amount that we are owing—
'Twill be next to nothing, I 'm afraid, that we shall have to show.
And this outlay is suggestive of taxation in perspective,
Of a vista upon which John Bull must shudder but to look;
How to answer him quite puzzled, I shall feel completely muzzled,
When brought before that much enduring gentleman to book.

All the Bills of my proposing, their career untimely closing,
Poor unhappy little infants! have been smother'd in their birth.
Of my Irish Lands Encumber'd Bill, the minutes thus were number'd,
My Electors Bill thus prematurely turn'd, alas! to earth.
And my Prisons Bill thus founder'd, whilst I blunder'd and I flounder'd,
And my Railway Regulation Bill ne'er lived to be a law.
And, by Morpeth vainly cherish'd, thus my Health of Towns Bill perish'd,
Through Benjamin Disraeli's, and Joe Hume's, and Bentinck's jaw.

Last of all, with empty fiat—floored in everything I try at!—
I declared the Duke of Wellington's huge statue should come down;
There, again, my words I 've eaten, and been regularly beaten,
Just as though it were the sum of my miscarriages to crown:
So that, having failed in all things, both in great as well as small things,
I begin almost to fancy I 'm mistaken in my line;
And my place and situation, as the pilot of the nation,
I 'm really more than half inclined to think I must resign.

THE BONDHOLDERS' STRIKE.

The Spanish Bondholders wish England to go to war to recover their debts. We certainly think the S. B.'s should be paid, and paid in full, but then we do not see why we should fight their battles. We can only remind them of a celebrated line, which doubtless they have heard before, which commences by asking "Hereditary Bondsmen" if they would be free;—and concludes by telling them, if that is their desire, that "they themselves must strike the blow"—only probably the Hereditary Bondsmen of Spain would get more if they were to strike a docket.

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SHERIDAN KNOWLES AND LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

Since our last number Lord John Russell—we are happy to state—has addressed the subjoined letter to Mr. Sheridan Knowles:—

"Lord John Russell to Sheridan Knowles, Esq.

"My Dear Sir,

"After a little reflection I confess I am wrong. It was—I own it—rather shabby of me to make you an offer of so paltry a sum as £100 a year: but, then, be kind enough to listen to my apology.

"In the first place, the English Drama not being a fashionable thing—the predilection of the highest personage in the realm for French Plays and the Opera being well known—I was not aware of your claims upon the acknowledgments of the country. I once dabbled a little in play-writing myself; but as my *Don Carlos* was never played, I am of course not to be confounded with the common herd of actual dramatists. I therefore thought that a pension of almost forty shillings a week would be ample for a writer of five-act plays and tragedies. Eccentric noblemen who pension their butlers, rarely give so much.

"In the next place, our fund for literary and scientific pensions is very low—a dirty £1200 per year, sir; not a farthing more. I believe, however (as I have not impudence to make the motion myself), that Sir Robert Peel will next session move for an increased grant. This, however, by the way. The £100 was all I had to offer. True it is, I immediately granted £200 a year to the widow of a distinguished clergyman, who did *not* refuse it: but, then, on the eve of an election, it was a pretty compliment to Scotland. A statesman, my dear Mr. Knowles, must consider these things.

"Moreover, to the real purport of my letter. We are thinking of purchasing Shakspeare's house,—that is, if Sir Robert and party do not out-bid us,—and it is our intention, should we become buyers, to adopt the suggestion made in a work called, if I mistake not, *Punch*, a few weeks since; it is to create an office, a *custode* of the house; this office to be granted with a pension of not less than £300 a year, to the oldest and most distinguished poet needing such aid.

"Will you, my dear Mr. Knowles, permit me to correct my first error by offering you this post, (in the event, as I say, of our becoming purchasers?) And believe me

"Yours faithfully (shall I say penitently?)

"Sheridan Knowles, Esq." "Russell."

Mr. Knowles's reply had not been received when we went to press.

LEGISLATIVE RACING INTELLIGENCE.

The "End of the Session" Meeting has presented the usual variety of sport, and an extraordinary number of very well-contested races.

In the Government Stakes, Mr. Strutt's "Railway Bill" broke down in the second heat. Much blame has been attributed to the jockey; but "Railway Bill" wanted bottom, and the best judges always expected he would be distanced in a severe struggle.

The Sanitary Stakes produced a good deal of excitement in the ring at St. Stephens', but very little was done, owing to a report that Morpeth's "Health of Towns" was far from confident. It was believed by many, that "Health of Towns" had been made safe by certain parties connected with the City. But the style in which she went in her trial over the heavy "clauses" ground in Committee, has done much to reassure the Morpeth party; and "Health of Towns" was backed freely, while "Vested Interest," "Bumble," "Sir Peter," and "Now, Stupid," have declined proportionably.

"The Navigation Laws" Stake brought a numerous field. The contest was severe; but Lord John Russell's "Suspension" came in easy, beating Lord George Bentinck's old horse "Figures," (out of "Cram," by "Memory,") and a large field.

There is very little doing in the approaching entry for the "Election Stakes." "Old Whig" has gone down to a very low figure, and 100 to 1 have been freely laid against him; whilst "Protection" is almost in the same predicament. The knowing ones are holding back for the outsiders. A "Dark" horse will probably "do the trick," as the old hands confess themselves completely at fault.

PAY, OH! PAY US WHAT YOU OWE.

SONG FOR THE LONDON TRADESMEN.

Higher classes, ere we part,
For the country ere you start,
Let your tradespeople distress'd
Trouble you with one request:
Just a word before you go—
Pay, oh! pay us what you owe.

By those orders unconfined,
Which for goods of every kind
You so readily did give,
Think, oh! think that we must live.
Just a word before you go—
Pay, oh! pay us what you owe.

By those dresses of the best,
Silken robe and satin vest,
In whose splendour, by our aid,
You so gaily were array'd;
Hear us cry, before you go—
Pay, oh! pay us what you owe.

By the Opera, and the Rout,
Recollect who rigg'd you out;
By the drawing-room and ball,
Bear in mind who furnish'd all:
Just a word before you go—
Pay, oh! pay us what you owe.

By the *fête* and the *soirée*,
And the costly *déjeuner*,
By your plate and *ormolu*,
Let your tradesmen get their due:
Just a word before you go—
Pay, oh! pay us what you owe.

Commercial Report.

Birmingham, July 27.—Trade has received a great fillip within the last fortnight. A house has received a large government order for a number of mitres. They are to be done by contract, and made for home wear and the colonies. It is a curious fact, that, no sooner was the order generally known, than the manufactory was beset by an immense number of reverend gentlemen; one and all of whom insisted upon leaving with the manufacturer the measure of their heads, with their address. It is said—we do not vouch for the truth of the report—that Dr. Whewell was among the earliest who called.

MARYLEBONE SMALL TALK.

1*st Elector*. Well, this is pretty work, isn't it? Don't you think that Harvey has regularly turned himself inside out? And how will he look for the future, think you?

2*nd Elector*. Look! Why, very black indeed.

A PERFECT FLOORER.

A High-Art critic objects to the decorations of the House of Lords, because "they are not severe enough." We think this objection of not sufficient severity rather falls to the ground, for all the tiles happen to be in-caustic.

THEATRE ROYAL, ST. STEPHENS.

LAST WEEK OF THE SEASON!

Will be produced, for one Night only, a Monologue, to be called

A REVIEW OF THE SESSION!

All the Characters by HENRY LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX; being his First Appearance on such an occasion.

Peers' Orders only admitted.—The Free List open (by the grace of Fiction) to the Public Press.

Vivat Regina.—No Money taken at the Doors.

HAVING received a copy of the above Bill, besides an Order for the Gallery, from the *débûtant*, with a very civil request "to give him a lift," *Punch*, last week, visited St. Stephen's Theatre; and with every desire, by means of printer's ink, to foster rising talent. *Punch*, however, owes a great deal to himself; a debt above all others that men are most punctilious to discharge. *Punch*, therefore, cannot allow himself to be bribed by the Bill, and the Order, and the prayer so humbly offered by the *débûtant*. No: *Punch* owes it to himself to declare that, altogether, the Monologue was a heavy failure. Certainly, it was unfortunate for the aspirant that the memory of that truly great actor, LYNDHURST, was yet so green and vivid in the minds of the audience: his ease, his polish, his classic vehemence—if we may be allowed the expression—was painfully brought to our recollection by the awkwardness of BROUGHAM. LYNDHURST may be said to have used a foil: BROUGHAM brought his weapon from Whitechapel, and flourished a cleaver. It is, however, but justice to the audience to record their patience, their liberality, on the occasion. They listened to the actor to the end; and, though he met with no applause whatever, a love of justice compels us to add, that he was neither hissed nor pelted. We must also observe that the actor is by no means deficient in talent, that study and self-discipline may ripen into the respectable. *A Review of the Session* is, certainly, not the piece to show him to advantage.

OUR NEW BALLET.

YESTERNIGHT, while witnessing the elegant little ballet of *Les Elémens*, at Her Majesty's Theatre, and absorbed in the contemplation of the powerful combinations of *Air* and *Fire*, *Earth* and *Water*, we fell into one of those pits of Poesy which are always lying open to receive the victim of sentiment. Down we went, head over heels, like a coal-waggon over Niagara, whirled into a new world, and carried in the Hansom-cab of Fancy to the realms of Bliss, where we pulled up, and began to look around us. We thought that the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre had turned into a magnificent cruet-frame, and that, instead of *Les Elémens*, it was the grand ballet of *Les Cruettes* we were witnessing. In the place of *Air*, *Earth*, *Fire*, and *Water*, there were *Mustard*, *Pepper*, *Oil*, and *Vinegar*. *Oil* was reposing on a flask of osiers, surrounded by a grove of lettuces. In the back-ground were a thousand little lamps—all the Satellites, or, as in our dream we called them, the Set-a-lights—of *Oil*; and, as they appeared in full trim, the effect was truly beautiful. From behind a thicket of horse-radish *Mustard* suddenly came forth, and, approaching *Oil*, invited her to become his partner. She glided smoothly and softly away, when *Mustard*, putting forth all his strength, endeavoured to overcome *Oil*, and there ensued a *grand pas de fascination*, in the course of which *Mustard* exercised, with success, the painful influence he is known to possess over the eyes of all who gaze at him. *Oil* sank exhausted, and *Mustard* was about to carry her off to his castle, near Durham, when the hot and angry *Pepper*, rushing in, seized *Mustard* by the nose, and a characteristic *pas de sneeze* immediately followed. Poor *Pepper* had also courted *Oil*, but having been ground down until he had become completely grey, and had lost his substance, he was only waiting the seasonable time to mingle his dust with any hash that might happen to be settled.

The melancholy *Pepper* having for a moment disabled *Mustard*, goes towards *Oil*, who opens her eyes, but the sight is too painful, and she immediately closes them. *Mustard*, suddenly stirred up by his attendant Spoon, is about to advance once more, when *Vinegar* enters, and throwing himself sharply between *Mustard* and *Oil*, he offers his services to the latter, who rejects his acid-uity. *Mustard* and *Pepper* have retired to the recesses of their cruets to recruit their strength, when *Vinegar* explains, to slow music, that he had begun life as an open, full-bodied, generous wine; but that the storms of the world had completely soured him, and made him the wretched thing he is. He shows by his gestures that he was once the delight of the dinner-table, but that now he is completely turned—that he has become sharp and biting instead of pleasant and genial. *Oil* turns upon him a look of softness, and would pour balm upon his wounds, but she feels that, alas! they never can be united, for she must rise superior to the poor unhappy *Vinegar*, and any attempt at union would be of the most superficial character. *Mustard* and *Pepper*, who have been looking on from their respective cruets, are touched by the sorrows of *Vinegar*, and the frame suddenly changes to the *Fairy Salad Bowl in the realms of Endive, near the Gardens of the Beet-Root King*. A magnificent procession ensued, headed by a troop of wild young *Radishes*, to prepare the way. These were followed by a sprinkling of *Water-cress*, and immediately after, a stately *Spanish Onion*, bowing graciously as he rolled onwards, while a beautiful little group of small *Salad* brought the procession to a close. The whole party having entered the Fairy Salad Bowl, *Mustard*, *Pepper*, *Oil*, and *Vinegar* came forward, hand-in-hand, for a *pas de quatre*. Each displayed the peculiar graces of style for which each is conspicuous. *Pepper* threw himself about the stage with such activity, that he seemed to be everywhere at once. *Vinegar* came out most effectively, with that wonderful sharpness which drives away languor, and revives even the most apathetic from lethargy; while *Mustard* gave to every *morceau* that *gusto* and relish which every one can understand. But the smooth, soft, and flowing movements of *Oil* were the most graceful of all, as she glided about among the rest, though always, from her superior lightness, maintaining her ascendancy above all her companions. At the conclusion of the *pas de quatre*, the four principal performers, throwing themselves on to the delicious verdure which had been prepared in the Fairy Salad Bowl, were all united together in most agreeable harmony, and the curtain fell upon the ballet of *Les Cruettes*.

We were suddenly roused from our reverie by a canvass cloth falling down upon us in front of our box, making us fancy we were at home in our own Show, until the distant echoes of "*Mr. Punch's* dog, *Toby*, stops the way!" bubbling up from the portico, gushing along the galleries, and cutting through the crush-room, brought us to a sense of our position. In a few minutes more we were an object of the most furious competition between the whole *corps* of linkmen, each making a desperate struggle for the last man, and ultimately thrusting us into the carriage of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, which was on its way to "take up" at the House of Lords.

Bread versus Bullets.

THE Americans having nobly supplied food for the Irish, we shall look at their flag with increased respect. Their stripes shall be to us significant of a gridiron, and their stars of sugared buns. Glad are we to find that the American subscriptions have been so nobly acknowledged in the House of Commons. These thanks for bread will go far to keep bullets out of fashion. *The Indian Meal Book* is, to our mind, a much more delightful volume than any *History of the American War*; and the directions therein written for the composition of Hominy-cakes and Slap-jacks, far better than any talk of red-coat tactics. Bombs have had their day; let us henceforth try buns; and wherever America has battered our ships, let her, for all time to come, batter our frying-pans. To paraphrase the pieman, "Brown Johny-cakes is in—Congreve-rockets is out."

A FELLOW FEELING.

A CAMBRIDGE Undergraduate thinks it rather derogatory to the Prince that he should have been elected Chancellor, without having been previously entered as a *Hat*-Fellow Commoner, as no one, he contends, was more fitted for the latter honour than the present Head of the College, whose brow is decorated in history with the ALBERT *Chapeau*.

Sibthorpe 's himself again.

IT is some time since we have received anything from SIBTHORPE. The following, however, sustains in all its brilliancy the reputation of our Oldest Contributor. He writes to say he was at Cambridge lately, and it struck him that the celebrated line,

"Poeta nascitur, non fit,"

must have reference to MOSES and his Poet; for he says it is evident, in all the measures which come from the Minories, that "The Poet is borne, but not the fit."

A REAL "ASIATIC MYSTERY."—The Third Edition of *Tancred*.

The Health of Towns;

IN A COLLOQUY BETWEEN THE INVALIDS.

Says Leeds to Nottingham,
"Ah! how d'ye do?"
"So, so," says Nottingham,
"and how are you?"
Says Leeds, "I'm with an
epidemic troubled,
And fear my hospitals must
soon be doubled."
"How's Liverpool?" says
Manchester. "Oh dear!"
Says Liverpool, "I'm going
fast, I fear;
I'm with contagion positively
teeming,
And you, I think, are very
poorly seeming."
"I am," says Manchester,
"extremely ailing;
In all my quarters typhus is
prevailing.
And how is Birmingham?" "I'm doing badly,"
Says Birmingham; "my breathing plagues me sadly;
I sometimes almost fear my heart's cessation;
I know what's killing me—bad ventilation.
How are you, London, rolling in your wealth?"
"Alas!" says London, "money isn't health.
'Tis true I roll in wealth, as in a flood,
But, also, I'm compelled to roll in mud.
My cesspools, sinks, and sewers are neglected,
Hence by all kinds of ailments I'm affected:
I'm devastated by a host of fevers,
Which rage in Spitalfields amongst my weavers.
In Clerkenwell, and Houndsditch, and about
My filthy ward of Farringdon Without,
Measles and small-pox—spite of vaccination—
Are thinning fast my crowded population;
Consumption, too, for want of air and water,
Amid my denizens spreads wholesale slaughter.
Then I've pneumonia, pleurisy, gastritis,
Mumps and marasmus, jaundice, enteritis.
Forth from my reeking courts and noisome alleys
Breaks fatal pestilence in frequent sallies;
Lurking meanwhile, like fire in smouldering embers,
I've erysipelas about my members.
My children, too, have ricketty affections,
And strumous constitutions and complexions.
I'm always ill, in every kind of weather:
In fact, I've all your ailments put together.
Of physic I despair: I want ablution;
My system needs a thorough revolution—
At least, a very sweeping reformation,
Not only of my streets, but Corporation."
Quoth all the other towns, "That's our condition;
We want the scavenger—not the physician."

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

SOME people are in the habit of complaining that they cannot understand the meaning of a Royal Speech, when, the fact is, the only absurdity is in looking for any meaning at all in such a production. Given—an address from the throne to find its meaning—is very like asking a boy to take two from one, and find the square of the residue, or to divide three Yarmouth herrings by seven steam-boats, and subtract sixpence from a relieving officer. These are all puzzles in their way; but not one of them is half so difficult as discovering the meaning of a Royal Speech, on ordinary occasions. The Philosopher's Stone, one of TURNER's Pictures, Mr. PAYNE's pretensions to represent the City, the Sphinx, BUNNS's Poetry, and the Eleusinian Mysteries, have all puzzled us in their turn; but a Speech from the throne has knocked them all out of the field, by its pre-eminent inexplicability. We have, therefore, out of commiseration to our readers, determined to give a translation of HER MAJESTY's Speech into plain English, side by side with the original.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

1. "I have much satisfaction in being able to release you from the duties of a laborious and anxious session. I cannot take leave of you without expressing my grateful sense of the assiduity and zeal with which you have applied yourselves to the consideration of the public interests.

2. "Your attention has been principally directed to the measures of immediate relief which a great and unprecedented calamity rendered necessary.

3 "I have given my cheerful assent to those laws, which, by allowing the free admission of grain, and by affording facilities for the use of sugar in breweries and distilleries, tend to increase the quantity of human food, and to promote commercial intercourse.

4. "I rejoice to find that you have in no instance proposed new restrictions, or interfered with the liberty of foreign or internal trade, as a mode of relieving distress. I feel assured that such measures are generally ineffectual, and, in some cases, aggravate the evils for the alleviation of which they are adopted.

5. "I cordially approve of the acts of large and liberal bounty by which you have assuaged the sufferings of my Irish subjects. I have also readily given my sanction to a law to make better provision for the permanent relief of the destitute in Ireland. I have likewise given my assent to various bills calculated to promote the agriculture and develope the industry of that portion of the United Kingdom. My attention shall be directed to such further measures as may be conducive to those salutary purposes.

6. "My relations with foreign powers continue to inspire me with confidence in the maintenance of peace.

7. "It has afforded me great satisfaction to find that the measures which, in concert with the KING OF THE FRENCH, the QUEEN OF SPAIN, and the QUEEN OF PORTUGAL, I have taken for the pacification of Portugal, have been attended with success; and that the civil war which for many months had afflicted that country has at last been brought to a bloodless termination.

8. "I indulge the hope that future differences between political parties in that country, may be settled without an appeal to arms.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

9. "I thank you for your willingness in granting me the necessary supplies; they shall be applied with due care and economy to the public service.

10. "I am happy to inform you that, notwithstanding the high price of food, the revenue has, up to the present time, been more productive than I had reason to anticipate. The increased use of articles of general consumption has chiefly contributed to this result. The revenue derived from sugar especially has been greatly augmented by the removal of the prohibitory duties on foreign sugar.

11. "The various grants which you have made for education in the United Kingdom will, I trust, be conducive to the religious and moral improvement of my people.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

12. "I think proper to inform you that it is my intention immediately to dissolve the present Parliament.

13. "I rely with confidence on the loyalty to the throne, and attachment to the free institutions of this country, which animate the great body of my people. I join with them in supplications to Almighty God that the dearth by which we have been afflicted may, by the Divine blessing, be converted into cheapness and plenty."

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

1. I am exceedingly glad to get rid of you; and indeed, the expiration of the present session may be fairly considered a very happy release for all parties. The session has been laborious; but you all know the story of the mountain in labour, which I will not repeat, as the joke is rather *mus*-ty.

2. You have been engaged in measures of relief for Ireland; and though it has been said there has been no mutuality in what you have done, I think you may take credit for having relieved your own country—of a few millions of money. Necessity, we are told, has no law; and perhaps the reason the country has been favoured with so few laws from you is, that there has been much necessity.

3. I have had much satisfaction in giving my assent to the laws for letting in grain, more especially as I understand that in doing so, I was letting in those who were speculating on increasing scarcity.

4. As the little you have done is not worth much, I rejoice to find, that with reference to many subjects, you have done nothing. I feel assured that you would only have made matters worse than they are, had you attempted any interference.

5. I approve of your liberality towards Ireland. You have evidently considered JOHN BULL's resources to be very elastic, and capable of giving to any extent. His purse is one that will, on occasion, "pull out" amazingly. You have made a law by which the Irish poor are intended to get relief from their own countrymen. I heartily wish they *may* get it.

6. My foreign relations are so full of domestic quarrels, and have lately been so much occupied in examining into a charge against some of their own servants for robbing the public till, that there has been no time to think about quarrelling with me; which is so far satisfactory.

7. You will be happy to hear that the insane revolution in Portugal has been put down without loss of blood; and I am in hopes that by a policeman being kept on duty in the principal street of Oporto, tranquillity will be insured for the future.

8. I do not think there will be any necessity to appeal to arms, for the insurgents having all fled, an appeal to legs seems to be the most popular mode in that country of putting an end to discord.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

9. The supplies have come to hand safely as usual. I intend being very economical indeed; and in fact you heard, I suppose, of our all eating seconds bread at the palace. I did this in compliance with the old adage that, "when we can't snow white, we must snow brown."

10. The revenue keeps up tolerably well, and the income arising from sugar has been very considerable; so that, if the late scarcity has been a bitter cup, there has at all events been something to sweeten it. It is possible that the great increase of the juvenile population may have given an impetus to the sugar trade by a large demand for lollipops. The consumption of these luxuries in your nurseries should be on a scale of prudence and strict economy. I have been informed that many children go off from eating squibs, and I therefore discourage them altogether.

11. The grants you have made for education will, I hope, ultimately increase the revenue of the post-office, by encouraging a taste for letters.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

12. As you have evidently outlived all your energy, I intend immediately putting you out of your misery, and I think it right that you should be made aware of your approaching dissolution.

13. I merely mention your well-known attachment to the throne as a wind-up; and I hope that when we meet again, cauliflowers may be crying two a penny, mackarel six a shilling, bread sixpence a loaf, and that potatoes may go quietly back to their old price of five pounds for twopence.

DOMESTIC BLISS.—(THE DINNER PARTY.)

Boy. "Oh! If you please 'm— Cook's very sorry 'm— but could she speak to you a moment?"

Parliamentary Pledges and the Women of England.

A meeting of delegates from the married women of England took place yesterday, in the drawing-room of a distinguished authoress; the lady herself occupying the chair. The object of the assembly was to determine upon the pledges which the ladies should exact from candidates at the forthcoming election.

The Lady of the House, upon being voted into the chair, remarked that now, for the first time in her life, she was acting in the capacity of Chairwoman. As such, she would prove the advocate of sweeping reform. It was time that the voice of females should be heard in the House—in another sense than on washing days. Women could not catechise candidates at the hustings: no; but they could at the domestic hearth—before the fender—when gentlemen came canvassing, and voters were not at home. It was said that they had no political influence. Had they not? They formed the better half of the constituency, and she trusted that fact would appear at the next election.

A Lady had heard of a measure of great importance to females, particularly the married. It was the Smoke Prevention Bill. The evil of smoking existed to a disgusting extent. She proposed that all candidates should be required to pledge themselves to the abolition of that odious practice, and accordingly to support a prohibitory duty on cigars.

Another Lady suggested that snuff should be included in the prohibition. The smoke-nuisance was bad enough, but the snuff-nuisance was beyond everything.

A Third Lady observed that unfortunately the law-makers were the snuff-takers, and also the smokers of cigars. She had heard that parliamentary discussions—like many others amongst gentlemen—often ended in smoke, and she quite believed it. It was shameful.

A Fourth Lady had heard something of a Ten Hours Bill. She had been told that this bill had been carried already, but she did not believe it. She could mention somebody—who ought to have known better—who came home from his club at three o'clock that very morning. When she told him he was liable to be fined, he laughed in her face. One of the pledges, she proposed, should be to vote for a law that all husbands should be obliged to be in by ten o'clock.

This proposal led to a little discussion, in the course of which it was objected that the husband might possibly be out on business.

The Lady said a husband could have no business to be out later than ten. It was further objected that parties and the Opera were sometimes not over till past midnight.

The Lady thought that the difficulty would be met by putting in the words, "out by themselves," before the word "husband." She thought the Ten Hours Bill should also contain a clause against latch-keys.

Pledges for the entire abolition of all duties on *eau de Cologne*, French gloves and shoes, foreign silks, lace, and feathers; and generally, for the removal of all restrictions upon feminine taste, were then proposed; and it was agreed that, together with the foregoing, they should be demanded directly or indirectly, of all candidates for seats in the next Parliament.

Tea, coffee, and sweet-biscuits, were then introduced, and the drawing-room doors thrown open to the sterner sex; after which there was a carpet-waltz, and the meeting separated.

CLOSE OF THE LONDON DINNER SEASON.

On Friday the Duke of Cambridge left London for Germany; and, the same morning, the Toast-master of the Free Masons' Tavern, with his carpet-bag, for Herne Bay.

PURITY.

The purest boroughs, like the purest actions, are liable to be misrepresented, and to meet with a bad return.—*Anonymous.*

LORD JOHN'S LAST.

REFLECTIONS FOR "PEOPLE OUT OF TOWN."

LONDON is about to empty itself of its surplus population—meaning those people who have time to kill, and golden bullets to kill it with. Therefore, *Punch* respectfully begs leave to offer to the wanderers a few reflections, or rather a series of self-questionings, which, if they can satisfactorily answer, will to a certainty greatly enhance their hours of pleasant leisure, whether spent at watering-place, at the baths, on mountain or on moor.

It must have been remarked—especially by London tradesmen—that at this time of the year very many people, at other seasons tolerably mindful of all matters, are afflicted with a shortness of memory that causes them to quit the metropolis without discharging their bills of the season. This infirmity is all the worse, as it is misinterpreted by the uncharitable as downright shabbiness. *Punch*, therefore, humbly offers the few subjoined reflections for the use of *People out of Town*:—

For a Nobleman.

How beautiful is Nature! And when I survey those rolling clouds—driven by the wind along the highway of cerulean blue—what a sweet satisfaction enters into my soul, when I remember that before I quitted London—I paid my coach-maker!

Glorious are the stars of heaven, winking benignly upon mortal men! And when I gaze upon their lustrous loveliness, how happy, nay, how very honest I feel, when I reflect that ere I departed from the metropolitan Babylon, I made it all right with her ladyship's jeweller! Lovely stars! Receipted diamonds!

How bright, how yellow bright the harvest moon! And, bathing my noble brow in the cool night wind, how sweet it is to look upon that orb, and see the man within it nod and smile unto me; for he, that man in the moon, knows that I—the MARQUIS OF ERMINEWHITE—would have disdained to quit the soil of Belgravia, ere I had insisted upon paying my goldsmith!

For a Lady of Fashion.

Beautiful and variegated are ye, peacock butterflies! Lovely are the gardens, trimmed with choicest flowers! Beautiful, ye dragon-flies, with gauze-like wings! And when I look on flies of butter—and gardens trimmed and flowered with loveliest beds—and flies of dragon, with web-like "tiny vans"—how very respectable, and what a pattern-like person do I consider myself, when I remember that before I quitted Portman Square, I would insist upon "settling that little bill" of MADAME GIGOT, the milliner!

How sweet to smell the fragrance of the lily-flower! but sweeter still to know that I have settled all accounts with the perfumer!

Delicious is a heart at ease! And mine is at rest, for it beats beneath a paid-for corset!

For a "Respectable Man."

How very level is the sea-sand! and how straight are my accounts with all the trades-folk! How very fine it is to enjoy the sunset—going down in red and golden fire—and know that you have paid *that* bill for coals!

Noble and refreshing are the thoughts in a bathing-machine, when—taking off one's clothes—we know that before we quitted—(*Here please to insert the name of the street*)—we gave something on account to the tailor!

Bleat, bleat, ye woollen sheep, that dot the downs; your voices reproach me not, for ere I packed up my trunks, I paid my butcher!

Good Sport.

WE are requested to state, that the Archery sports will continue as long as the Wellington Statue remains on its present Arch. Persons are to bring their own shafts of ridicule; or else they can be supplied with a choice number of the very finest points, and each warranted to make a hit, for threepence only, by purchasing a number of *Punch*. Every archer is to have as many shots as he pleases; but if he misses to strike the Statue—that is to say, to shoot Folly as it stands—he will incur the penalty of being laughed at:—the archer, who, by hitting the Statue, succeeds in bringing it down, to be declared the winner. The Arch is open to all England.

A NATURAL MISTAKE.

SCENE—MIVART'S *Hotel*.

Gentleman (*at his dinner*). "Here, Waiter; you haven't brought me the HARVEY'S Sauce?"

Waiter. "Here it is, sir, a new sample, quite fresh!" (*Hands him a newspaper with* MR. D. W. HARVEY'S *letter to the Electors of Marylebone*).

PROBABLE USE OF SMITHFIELD.

THERE is a prospect that Smithfield may, at last, be made useful, by the purpose to which it can be applied at the approaching Election. It is well known that the obstruction of a voter is sometimes quite as essential to the decision of a contest as bringing one up to the poll; and, by a judicious marshalling of the oxen, sheep, and other animals, the polling-booths may be protected against those who might give an unfavourable turn to the election. Any candidate unable to command the pens of the press, but having control over the pens of

the cattle, may, by an arrangement with the drovers, cause the introduction of the brutes into the thoroughfares; and thus an elector who is not prepared to literally take the bull by the horns, may be hindered from exercising his franchise.

A polling-booth planted round with a thick fortification of beeves and muttons will be perfectly unapproachable; and when a candidate has polled all he requires to place him at the head of the poll, it will be comparatively easy to keep him there. The British Bullock may in time supersede the British Lion as a Bullwark—originally pronounced Bullock. If the constitution of the sagacious brutes could only be made to understand something of the effect of free-trade in withdrawing protection from British fat, and causing the scrags of Holland to come into competition with native suet, they would no doubt perform their parts in the election with additional sagacity.

Branding Deserters.

SOLDIERS who care not for green food, and so desert their laurels, are henceforth to be branded in a more permanent way, with needles. They are to be marked with the indelible "D." MR. F. MAULE defended the custom, as very necessary, and by no means painful. Besides, it was so necessary that "Deserters" should be at once recognised. All very good. Now, let us suppose that Parliamentary deserters were all marked "R"—meaning *Rat*—what a deal of tattooing would, in a few days, appear on the hustings!

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

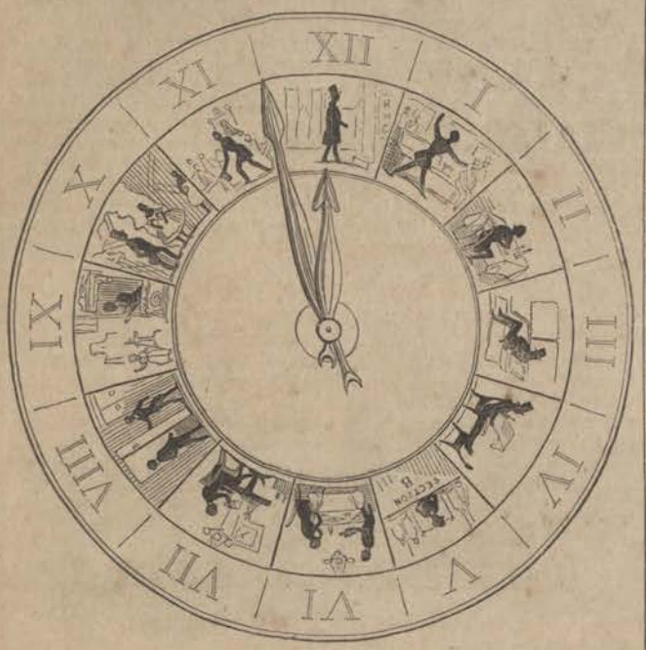
"HAVEN'T you got a borough yet?" said SERJEANT WILKINS to SIR FITZROY KELLY. "No; I have been trying my hand everywhere, and I can't get hold of anything."—"It's strange! for it cannot be for the want of a good *purchase*," replied the cruel Serjeant.

THE OUTCAST.

POOR SHAKSPEARE! He has long been driven off the English stage, and now he is likely to be turned out of house and home!

ILLUSTRATED CLOCKS.

THE clock for the new House of Commons having been thrown open to all England for competition, we beg to subjoin our design for the prize. With due deference, we think it ought to be honoured with the premium, for it tells something more than the mere hours. The entire employment of the day of a Member of Parliament, or rather the half of every day, is there displayed upon the very face of the clock; so that by referring to it, any constituent will be able to ascertain what the Member of his choice is engaged upon at that very particular minute—in other words, he will be able to tell exactly what's o'clock.



XII.—Going to the House.
I.—Giving notice of motion.
II.—A Chop at BELLAMY'S.
III.—Siesta afterwards.
IV.—Reading his Speech at the Club.
V.—On a Railway Committee.
VI.—Dinner at the Club.
VII.—Dinner continued.
VIII.—Box at the Opera.
IX.—Enraptured with JENNY LIND.
X.—Behind the scenes at the Ballet.
XI.—In time for the division.

THE MODEL "FATHER OF A FAMILY."

DECIDEDLY the best father in Europe is LOUIS-PHILIPPE. He is a pattern to every "Father of a Family" who is anxious to provide for his children in the handsomest manner, at the smallest possible expense to himself. He has settled upon MONTPENSIER the reversionary moiety of Spain. He has procured splendid portions for his sons, and succeeded most royally in marrying every one of his daughters without a single dowry. Poor LEOPOLD, it is true, occasionally asks for a "small trifle upon account;" but LOUIS-PHILIPPE invites him to the Tuilleries, and the two relatives invariably separate with the conviction that "money ought never to pass between friends." The struggles, too, that LOUIS-PHILIPPE has made to obtain a *dotation* for the DUC DE NEMOURS are worthy of the most ingenious JOSEPH ADY who ever obtained money under false pretences. He sends his crown round to Parliament every year, and begs for "*un petit sou, pour l'amour du Roi!*" He has not got the *petit sou* yet, but LOUIS-PHILIPPE is not the "Father of a Family" to be so easily turned away. He will make so many applications, that eventually the Chamber will be glad to give him the *dotation* to get rid of him.

The Deputies will say, "Oh! there's that troublesome fellow come again," and they will throw him a *bagatelle* of a hundred thousand francs, just to induce him to go away, and LOUIS-PHILIPPE will mutter a *merci*, and not go near them for a twelvemonth, when he will call again and again till he gets more than he originally asked for. The DUC DE NEMOURS cannot fail, in the course of parliamentary things, to pocket his *dotation*, and the DUC D'AUMALE in the same way will be appointed Viceroy of Algeria. One or two triumphs—two or three noisy debates—a captured umbrella—a scratch on the thumb, with repeated prodigies of valour—and Algeria is LOUIS-PHILIPPE'S. JOINVILLE, the NELSON that is to be of France, remains to be provided for: but that is a matter of no difficulty. There is the Mediterranean, which is waiting to be turned into a French lake. JOINVILLE will be appointed, in the proper tide of things, Admiral of the Lake.

There remains the COMTE DE PARIS; but there is plenty of time for him. There is Morocco, which, after it has been properly leathered, and well French-polished, will make a handsome footstool for the handsome young fellow, till he is old enough to sit upon the throne of France; or, *faute de mieux*, there is a small place called England. But even without the latter trifle, what a deal LOUIS-PHILIPPE has done to prove himself the very best "Father of a Family" that ever wielded a birch-rod or a sceptre for the benefit of his children! Governors of Great and Little Britain, take a leaf out of the cheque-book of the King of France.

NOVEL AMUSEMENT.

SOME questions having been asked in the House of Commons as to the alleged practice of branding deserters, we are happy to find, from MR. FOX MAULE, that the operation is rather an amusement than a punishment. The honourable gentleman explained that it is nothing more than pricking in marks upon the flesh with the point of a needle—which he seems to regard in the light of an agreeable excitement to which sailors very frequently addict themselves. We know that there are odd tastes in the world, and that some people go so far as to throw themselves under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut, as well as indulge in other mad freaks, involving more or less personal inconvenience; but whether the submission to this sort of thing is voluntary or involuntary, makes exactly all the difference. If this branding, or, as MR. FOX MAULE calls it, tattooing, is really the luxury he describes it to be, he can have no objection to undergo the operation, and thus afford a convincing proof of his sincerity in describing it as no punishment. It is not quite so bad, perhaps, as flogging; for the drummers who administer the stripes may be said indeed to "beat the tattoo" in the style of castigation they are called upon to inflict; but let MR. FOX MAULE call it by what name he may, this branding is a stain upon the Navy, in more senses than one, and *Punch* demands its abandonment.

PUNCH'S ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OH! YES! OH! YES! This is to give Notice, that all Communications sent to *Mr. Punch* are torn up, if rejected, and never returned. *Facilis descensus* into the letter-box; but *superas revertere ad auras* is quite out of the question. If we were to return rejected contributions, our messengers would be passing in crowds down Fleet Street all day; and if we were to permit communications to be left till called for, no house-room would be sufficient to contain the dreary pile. Every person sensitive on the subject of his effusions had, when he sends his article, better keep a copy, though he ought to be much obliged to us for destroying, as we always do, the proof of his delinquency.

THE NEW BOTTLE CONJUROR.

THE Patriot HARVEY—having slunk from Marylebone—has not only eaten his words, but jumped down his own throat. He says, in his letter, that the election might "well be coveted by the *highest and purest pretensions*." It is then no wonder that MR. HARVEY should have retired.

WELLINGTON *v.* SHAKSPEARE.

THE Government, that was, thinks that the Wellington Statue ought not to be removed, upon "public grounds." Let us hope that the Government that is to be, will, by a timely purchase, object to the removal of SHAKSPEARE'S house, upon the same grounds.

THE MINISTERIAL WHITEBAIT DINNER.

HERE has not appeared a full report of the Ministerial Whitebait Dinner, nor can we so far violate the sanctity of hospitality, or stain the damask table-cloth of social intercourse, as to reveal all we saw and heard at the banquet to which we had the compliment paid us of being invited. LORD JOHN RUSSELL was absent, having, as he said, experienced baiting enough from his late constituents; and LORD PALMERSTON had a pretty kettle of fish to attend to at the Foreign Office. The toasts were rather select than numerous; but the memory of all the late lamented Bills was drunk in solemn silence. When the Health of Towns Bill was given from the chair, LORD MORPETH, as chief mourner, pronounced a funeral oration, the rest of the Ministers looking on as mutes; while the song, "I have a silent sorrow here," was given by the vocalists. The party was exceedingly lugubrious; for nearly every Member present had lost some dear departed Bill, on which he had set his heart and hopes at the commencement of the session. The members of the Cabinet who were present were all dressed in the deepest black, and some very stirring remarks were made upon the unfeeling conduct of LORD BROUGHAM, in having routed many of the unfortunates out of their resting-places, with the merciless alacrity of a resurrectionist. The fate of the Health of Towns Bill, so young, so strong, and so promising, appeared to excite the deep commiseration of all present.

A New Discovery.

A WEALTHY dairyman has left London for Dover, with the full determination to purchase, if he can, every bit of SHAKSPEARE'S Cliff. He is positive that it is the very kind of chalk that is wanted for making the "milk of human kindness"—the only milk our dairyman, during a life of many trials and mixtures, has not succeeded in making. If he does succeed, his "new milk" will come in most kindly for the rejected candidates; for chalk is considered the very best cure for heartburn.

ANSWERS TO ELECTORS.

JUVENIS.—*A person who registers a Paletot is not entitled to a vote.*

ONE OF THE PEELIADES *must have been misinformed when he was told that it was perfectly legal to purchase votes, providing they were "bought in the cheapest market and sold in the dearest." SIR ROBERT PEEL'S election was never carried on this free-trade principle.*

"WHITE SURRY."—*We have not heard that* MESSRS. CHARLES KEAN *and* OTWAY *were putting themselves up for the Tower Hamlets.*

AN EGG-MERCHANT IN COVENT GARDEN MARKET.—*We don't know what game* MR. LEADER *is playing, but it cannot be for much, for he has not staked anything, not even his reputation. We believe he has gone to France. The best game for* MR. COCHRANE *would certainly be "Follow my Leader."*

THE PROPRIETOR OF TWO VOTES.—*You need not split your vote, unless the contest is so very sharp that you cannot help it. A voter is not necessarily accused of duplicity because he gives a plumper.*

HAMPDEN SECUNDUS.—*We really do not know what becomes of a borough when no candidate comes forward to represent it. We suppose in such a case the Returning Officer returns himself.*

A DUMMY.—*It is positive nonsense to suppose that* "STOLBERG'S *Lozenges" will give you a voice at the election.*

A LIVERPOOL GENTLEMAN *informs us that* LORD MANNERS' *great hope of being returned for Liverpool, was that every gentleman would vote for him, for fear of the town being considered blackguard, from its want of Manners.*

RAW RECRUIT.—*You are mistaken. The "four-and-twenty-pounders" at Woolwich have not a vote.*

ONE OF THE OLD BUCKS *informs us that* MR. DISRAELI *amuses himself, when he makes a speech, by executing a sort of wild dance upon a newspaper. This amusement is most eccentric in one who professes to take his stand upon literature. If* MR. DISRAELI *wishes to crush certain reports with the weight of his understanding, this is not exactly the best way to do it. Editors do not like being "in the possession of the floor," however much a member who hears his own voice, and fancies it that of the country, may. We shall imagine that* MR. DISRAELI'S *head begins to fail him, if he resorts so much to his heels. We suggest, the next time he is beating down, at a public dinner, a defenceless broadsheet, and jumping—more like an Ojibbeway than the clever author of "Tancred"—upon it, that one of his dearest friends will rise, and propose "*MR. DISRAELI'S *health, and, Gentlemen, no heel-taps." Such things only injure his standing in the county.*

ADOLESCENS.—*There is not the slightest doubt that* LORD GEORGE BENTINCK *will walk over the course this week, at Goodwood. We know of no one to oppose him. The field is entirely his own.*

"FRAGILE."—Friends, directly you get into hot water, fly—like tumblers in frosty weather.

NOTHING.

A New Version of a Celebrated Comic Song,

As sung, with unbounded applause, by LORD JOHN RUSSELL, *at the City of London Election, the House of Commons, and other places of popular entertainment.*

TUNE—"*Molto valentando ma con strepito.*"

WHEN Whigs and Reform at first were in fashion,
And liberal principles then were a passion,
Select what we might, the notion was new,
And gave us, at all events, something to do.
But Tories have taken a Liberal nature,
And e'en of Free Trade have adopted each feature;
They pilfer from us the identical thing;
So, as nothing remains, why, of nothing I sing.
Since nothing was left to our administration,
Why nothing, of course, we have done for the nation;
So if by th' election we nothing should earn,
I fear we shall soon into nothing return.

Thinking of nothing is oft an enjoyment;
Doing of nothing has been our employment;
The love of this nothing is often so strong,
That people sometimes for a sinecure long.
Some pass their time in nothing beginning;
Finishing nothing is our way of sinning;
We 've done nothing badly, and done nothing well,
So the session is past and I 've nothing to tell.
At nothing, the Whigs are exceedingly clever,
But I fear they can't live upon nothing for ever:
If they find us in everything sticking quite fast,
They 'll say we are fitted for nothing at last.

With anything real, whate'er its condition,
'Tis certain that nothing will bear competition;
So nothing I praise, for, in counting my gains,
I find for my recompense nothing remains.
That pledges are nothing, there 's no one denies,
So he that does nothing is certainly wise;
If steadfast to nothing we only remain,
Of nothing has any one got to complain.
With nothing our time out we've lately been spinning,
But at something we purpose to make a beginning,
And prove that the joke 'gainst the Whigs is untrue,
That they 're all good for nothing, since nothing they do.

SPECIMENS OF A NEW HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

If we are to believe the assurances of the Young England party—a small party, by the way, consisting of three—all the good that has been done for the country has been the work of the Tories. As the *Times* very truly remarks, History, unfortunately, gives a different version of the affair; and, if Mr. Smythe's story is to be reconciled with our annals, we must have them re-written altogether, in order to adapt them to the view he takes of them. We have the pleasure to present an extract or two from such a History as we may suppose will be written, on the plan adapted to the prejudices of Mr. Smythe and his (two) followers. Free Trade, he tells us, is owing to the Tories; and, if so, our historians should have thus recorded the incident:—"It was now

that Mr. Pitt, whose predilections for an unrestricted intercourse with all foreign nations had been so frequently shown, determined to put into practice his cherished theory. Sympathising in every respect with the French nation, and willing to fraternise with the Americans, he determined to open the ports of England to the manufactures of both; and Free Trade became, henceforward, a prominent feature of English policy."

The next incident is Catholic Emancipation, which, according to Mr. Smythe, we also owe to the Tories. Thus, then, History should describe it:—"George III. had long determined to extend to the Catholics that equality of political rights which his Protestant subjects enjoyed; and, with that firmness of character peculiar to him, he

insisted on passing a Catholic Relief Bill, in the face of his own Ministers. His large and enlightened views, so superior to every narrow prejudice, at length triumphed over faction; and he had the glory of being the first monarch, since the Reformation, to admit Members of all creeds to a community of privileges with all their fellow-subjects."

Our third and last illustration refers to George IV.'s (supposed) share in the passing of the Reform Bill, which History, according to Mr. Smythe, ought thus to chronicle:—"The fourth George, the most popular monarch that ever wielded the British sceptre, resolved on living in the affections of his people, and determined on a bold measure of Parliamentary Reform, which should make him indeed the

idol of his country. He called around him the most liberal Ministers, and preparing with his own hand the draft of the bill, he distinctly declared that he would rather take the Crown from his head and place it in a republican bandbox, never to be worn again, than refuse to listen to the just claims of his subjects for a large extension of the suffrage. Thus the Reform Bill became the law of the land, and the name of George IV. will go down to posterity as the father of the ten-pound householders."

We think our readers will be able to judge, from the above specimens, what accuracy there would be in such a History as Mr. Smythe and his (two) friends would require, if their own views of the past were to be received as genuine.

Vote for Alderman Johnson.

Alderman Johnson condemns the Reform Act, and is for going backward, in all things, to the good times. *Punch* humbly suggests, that every man who votes for the Crab Alderman should be punished as follows:—

The said voter never to be permitted to travel by rail, but to journey to York or elsewhere by the very slowest coach.

Never to go to Margate by steamboat, but to take three days to the voyage, per hoy.

Never to send a letter by penny-post, but to pay 10*d.* or 13*d.*, as the case may be—the good old price of the good old times.

To Candidates for Parliamentary Honours.

Messrs. Crouch and Blockup, the celebrated agents, have made such arrangements that they are enabled to offer, on the most eligible terms, some of the best Seats in the Theatre Royal, House of Commons, for the ensuing session. They have several Stalls on the O. P. or Opposition side of the House, which may be taken either for the whole Parliament or by the single session; and reserved places, commanding a capital view of the Ministerial Bench, may also be secured by an early application.

N.B.—The alternate Sessions of a snug Protectionist Stall to be had on very moderate terms, and an Omnibus Borough, to accommodate four Members, may be obtained at a considerable reduction on the ordinary prices. Persons introducing purchasers of seats will be allowed a handsome commission.

AN EPISCOPAL SUM.

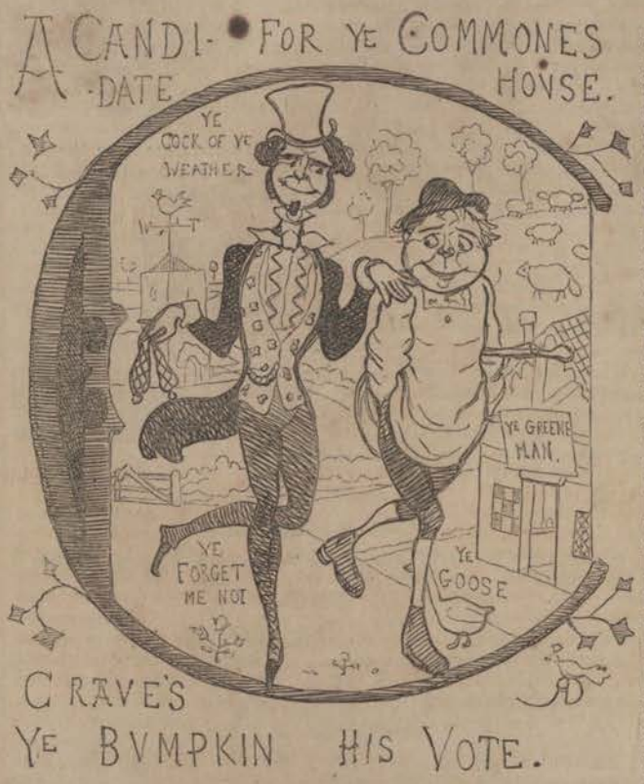
Given—a bishop of £8000 a year, with an outlay of £28,000 for a palace. How many curates, at £75 per annum, will it require to feed and house him?

MR. PUNCH'S ADDRESS TO THE ELECTORS OF LONDON.

No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, July 31st, 1847.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.



OUNTIES, Boroughs, and Towns have all been engaged during the last week in choosing their representatives, and miscellaneous has been the set that sought the suffrages of our old friend, "the people." In most cases the electors have done what England expects—though the expectation is seldom realised—we mean, of course, their duty.

LORD JOHN, who was by many thought to be in for it, or rather out for it, is returned once more for London. This is as it should be; for though he has done comparatively nothing since his return to office,—he has scarcely had time to get his hand in, after his cessation from official occupation,—he has done enough to entitle him to another chance at least, and we hope to find the *pouvoir* combined with the *vouloir* in the next session, and that, knowing as he does what is right, he may have the force as well as the will to accomplish it. *Punch* pats him on the head by way of encouragement, and tells him it is better to be defeated in trying to do good, than to be tolerated in doing nothing.

The return of BARON ROTHSCHILD is a feather in the cap of the citizens, but it is a feather which shows that the wind blows in the right direction. Though we do not go the whole length of DISRAELI in his admiration of his race, though we cannot trace a SOLOMON in every old clothesman, nor recognise a statesman behind the flashing of five hundred blades, bristling up from five penknives, still we are not insensible to the claims of the Jews to social and political equality. Those who are so eminently skilful in the management of their own interests, may safely be entrusted with a share in watching over the interests of a nation that adopts them into its legislature, and the election of BARON ROTHSCHILD is a great triumph of enlightened principle. The putting up of MR. PAYNE, the Coroner, was a facetious incident in the election. MR. PAYNE was the "funny man," the "low comedian," of the City candidates. His acknowledgment of the honour done him by putting him at the bottom of the poll, had all the grotesqueness of his namesake and relative MR. W. H. PAYNE, of pantomimic celebrity. His offer to see all his constituents once a week was delicious; but we fancy we see the indignation of his maid-of-all-work, page, or footman, as the case may be, at having "them electors" pulling at the bell, and keeping her or him running up and down the kitchen stairs all day once every week, to keep up free communication between MR. PAYNE, the "member that was to have been," only he wasn't, and his constituents.

We can fancy one gentleman calling on MR. PAYNE to demand Universal Suffrage, another requiring Vote by Ballot to be got ready next week; a third requesting MR. PAYNE to test the Caoutchouc properties of the suffrage by an extensive extension; and a fourth desiring MR. PAYNE to draw the bench from under the Bishops in the House of Lords, and deprive them of their seats in that assembly. PAYNE is, however, out, and he may add his own political extinction to the various inquests he has to preside at in his capacity of Coroner.

Westminster has behaved well in returning EVANS, but not so well in allowing the Wandering Minstrel to poll within a dozen of LUSHINGTON. Next to COCHRANE'S return, his defeat by so small a number is the most disreputable thing for Westminster that could have happened. Some rubbish was talked about his being "a lady's man," and a few flaunting females were stuck up in a gallery opposite the hustings at MR. COCHRANE'S expense; but this is not the sort of thing that ought to have influence in the selection of a Member of Parliament. If whiskers and impudence are to carry the day at an election, the representation should be divided between COLONEL SIBTHORPE and MR. MUNTZ, on the first ground, and MESSRS. PAYNE, with a few more, on the other.

In some few places the people have used their friends well, but in other cases scurvily. The electors in one quarter have been trying to repair past errors, while the electors in another quarter have been committing new ones. The return of MR. WALTER at Nottingham is a graceful acknowledgment of services slighted too long; and the rejection of MR. ROEBUCK at Bath is a disgraceful repudiation of services rendered long and faithfully. Disagreeing, as we do on many points, with MR. ROEBUCK, we can only feel disgust at his treatment by those miserable Bath chaps, who, under the pretext of liberality, have requited him for the devotion of the best part of his life, by throwing him off for a newer candidate. One feels disposed to leave the people to help themselves, when we find them thus rewarding one, who, whether rightly or wrongly, has at all events been steady in his pursuit of what he has believed to be the people's interest. One would think that the people had been anxious to pay off their friend at Bath in the same coin as they have recently received from their friend in Marylebone. Both furnish bad examples of a bad thing; but let us hope that both are most rare exceptions to a rule of an opposite character.

SHAKING HANDS AT BATH.

MR. ROEBUCK refused the proffered hand of LORD ASHLEY on the Bath hustings. The last device of the dirty-minded had been played off by some of LORD ASHLEY'S supporters, who, by means of posters, shewed their pattern Christianity by publishing to the city that MR. ROEBUCK was an infidel. His Lordship, in a somewhat mincing, gingerly way, declared that he was no party to the pelting of such dirt: he had cast about no such foulness. It was, however, somewhat unfortunate for his Lordship that he had not—in his own name—issued a distinct disapproval of the means taken by his friends to malign a political opponent. "Evil speaking, lying, and slandering," though committed by the enthusiastic rascality of others, are hardly the available means of a Christian legislator. And therefore MR. ROEBUCK, with due self-respect, refused the hand of LORD ASHLEY.

LEIGH HUNT has a delightful essay, in which he proves that the hand of SHAKSPEARE is connected with the hands of the living generation, by the men who—from one to one—have passed down to our time the pressure of the immortal palm. As thus:—SHAKSPEARE must have shaken BEN JONSON'S hand; BEN, again, DAVENANT'S; and so down from poet to poet, from the Bard of Avon to the Bard of Rysdale Mount. There is a pretty fancifulness, a charming cordiality, in the thought. Now, MR. ROEBUCK is a man of varied literature; and the recollection of this very essay may have arisen within him as he rejected the palm of LORD ASHLEY. Apparently pure and white, and aristocratic in colour and form, MR. ROEBUCK may have seen in it the grimness of the printer's ink that denounced him in placards as an infidel. LORD ASHLEY, of course, did not pen the cowardly scandal; but—without knowing it—he may have shaken hand with the very committee-man who again may have shaken the hand of the knave and dastard who perpetrated the offence. LORD ASHLEY, it is true, condemned the scandal; but then—we must ask it—why was he so tardy in his virtue?

CONTINENTAL COMMUNICATION.

SEVERAL gentlemen, who are strongly possessed with the Anglophobian spirit in its most virulent form, have arrived in England from Paris. Their object is to be present at the sale of SHAKSPEARE'S house, as they hope they shall be able to witness the fact of its disposal; as it will supply them with an endless subject of ridicule and abuse against England. We are only afraid that the abuse will have a better foundation than the House.

A WHACK FOR WAKLEY.

If a novelist is only "a thing," what pray is a Member?——Why, "a no—thing."

THE FINSBURY LETTERS.

"OUT-OF-TOWN" FRIENDS.

THERE are friends, who it is said will go through fire and water for a man. That is, we presume, there are friends who, on occasion, will brave a July sun or a December shower. Now, the friends of MR. SAMUEL WARREN—late tadpole candidate for Finsbury—are not of the heroic sort. They would have the greatest pleasure in life to see that meekest of barristers in the House of Commons; but then they cannot stay in London enduring the blaze of summer, for that delightful object. Yes; it is much too hot to stay and vote; *vox faucibus hæsit*, —and the friendly sufferers rush to the cooling sea-breeze. DAMON would vote for PYTHIAS; but it is so deuced sultry, that really DAMON must away, and take a dip at Margate.

Very affecting was the address of MR. WARREN to the electors of Finsbury. All his friends, whose large hearts, yea, and even full purses, would have aided him, could they possibly have remained in London, had retired and left the undisputed field to WAKLEY and DUNCOMBE; and they—great-hearted insinuation!—were supported by the miserably poor and low, far too poor to pay for fresh air and change of scene in this most beautiful season! Thus considered, there is no doubt something very mean and degrading in the position of the present members: they only take their seats because their supporters cannot take the steamboat and rail. This must be a great consolation to MR. WARREN. There was an old philosopher who would rather be wrong with PLATO than right with any other sage. In the same spirit, MR. WARREN would doubtless rather be out of Parliament, because his genteel friends are out of London; than in the House of Commons, sent there by the vulgar people in town.

The letters received by MR. WARREN from his absent admirers were very numerous. We are enabled to give the subjoined from the heap. For this we make no apology to MR. WARREN, feeling that the publicity of the epistles can only add to the reputation of the author of *The Diary of a Physician*, and *Ten Thousand a Year*. Nevertheless, it is unfortunate for the full prosperity of MR. WARREN that he was born some thirty years too late. He would have flourished in the good old times of the all-but-extinct race of the GOLDSMIDS and CROKERS.

"Peter Snobby, Esq., to Samuel Warren, Esq.

"MY DEAR SIR, *"St. Leonard's-on-Sea, July* 22.

"At our last brief meeting, I fear I did not sufficiently express my deep sense of your patriotism; my full conviction that you were born for Parliament; and, moreover, my half-belief that the lamb is already yeaned that, at some distant day, is destined to supply the stuffing of your woolsack. I promised you my vote and interest; but it was in the cool of the evening, after a very pleasant shower of rain. Within these three days, however, the glass has so gone up that I could no longer endure Pump Court. I arrived here yesterday; and when I contemplate the glassy smoothness of the sea, I cannot but contrast it with the noise and vulgarity of a Finsbury election. Nevertheless, though the hot weather denies me the pleasure of aiding in your triumph, I send you my best wishes of success.

"WARREN for Finsbury! And no WAKLEY—no DUNCOMBE!

"Yours ever, (particularly when in London,)

"S. WARREN, ESQ. "PETER SNOBBY."

"Mr. John Smith, tailor, to Samuel Warren, Esq.

"SIR, *"Dolphin, Herne Bay, July* 21.

"Having made for you now four years, I felt that you had some claim upon my best feelings. But, sir, I am very sorry that I cannot give you the plumper I promised. The fact is, our little JEMIMA has been very ill teething; and MRS. SMITH insisted—that is, if I'd any spark of feeling as a husband and a father, which, by the way, she begged to doubt—MRS. SMITH insisted, sir, that we should come here with the dear child (our only girl as yet, sir), for the benefit of shrimps and bathing.

"In which case, sir, you will see it is impossible for me to be in Finsbury and Herne Bay at the same time; which I hope you will excuse.

"With three cheers for WARREN, I am, your obedient servant,

"JOHN SMITH."

"P.S. My wife—and women will have their way—insists upon my saying that we go into lodgings to-morrow."

"Simon Coif, wig-maker, to Samuel Warren, Esq.

"HONOURED SIR, ———, *July* 19.

"Having had the misfortune to be bound for a friend, and that friend, at a very particular time, going out of town, I was obligated to follow his example. This I am very sorry for, as it would have been the pride of my heart to plump for a customer. For I cannot forget, sir, that I made your first wig; and—though I'm not a superstitious man—do really believe that I shall work up your horse-hair for Chief Justice.

"I'm sorry, sir, that the election doesn't take place after the 10th of August—the long vacation, as you know, sir—when I would have returned to Finsbury, and defied my enemy till November: as it is, sir, I am obligated to bow to the law, and am

"Yours, most humble,

"SIMON COIF."

"P.S. I haven't put my address at top: for my dealing with the heads of the law has made me cautious. There are miscreants in the human form who open letters."

With such letters—from such influential parties—it would have been madness in MR. WARREN to go to the poll. We trust, however, that, for the proper punishment of inconstancy and ingratitude, he will forthwith withdraw his custom from SMITH the tailor and COIF the wig-maker. He may cut SNOBBY at the Club.

Historical Parallel.

WHEN the DUCHESSE DE BERRI was arrested by the agents of LOUIS-PHILIPPE some fifteen years ago, she asked what would be her fate? The commanding officer replied: "*Madame, vous serez jugée, condamnée, et graciée*," and the result proved that the prophecy was a correct one. The trial of the Wellington Statue has been very similar. It began with creating a terrible noise and revolution in the province of Art, just as the DUCHESSE DE BERRI did in *La Vendée*. It was then taken up for that offence, fairly *jugé* by every person of taste; *condamné* by the best judges in the land; and at last *gracié* by the Whigs, thereby rendering London *disgracié*. The parallel, however, stops here. The Duchesse was banished for life. The Statue still remains the greatest caricature of London, and that is saying a great deal. The best pedestal for it would have been Botany Bay.

"A CONSUMMATION MOST DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED."

LET us hope that England will not behave like a policeman to SHAKSPEARE'S house, and address it in the authoritative words, "Come, you must move on—you don't lodge here!" We must say—with an apology for the vulgarity—that it would not be treating the house exactly "like bricks."

Stupid Lincoln.

SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER has been thrown out for Lincoln. The report has long existed that the Author of *Pelham* made himself the hero of every work he wrote. It almost seems as if it were the case with *The Disowned*. But really it must be a compliment to be rejected by a city that elects a SIBTHORPE.

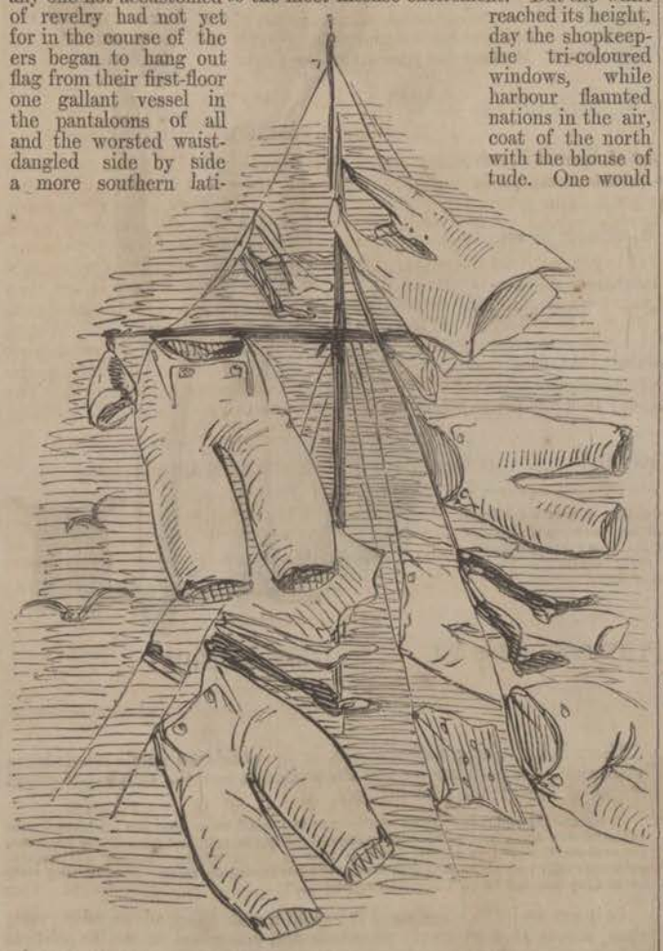
WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR STATUES?

WE think we have at last hit upon a plan for making our statues an ornament, instead of a disgrace, to the Metropolis. Our proposition is, to convert them into ruins, and let grass or weeds take to them naturally; while we help to keep up the allegory, by knocking off the heads, foreshortening the toes, or chipping some of the old blocks that, under the false appearance of objects of art, abound at present in the great Metropolis.

A very indifferent statue or column will make a very splendid ruin; and as nearly every piece that can be knocked off our street monuments would certainly improve them, we trust our scheme will be carried out with all possible promptitude.

The Three Glorious Days at Boulogne-sur-Mer.

THE preparations for celebrating the three glorious days of July at Boulogne-sur-Mer were announced in the usual form, by a document from M. Adam, the Mayor, who put forth a programme three sheets in length, and three lines in substance. This disposition to make much of a thing is truly national, and shows the importance attached to the event it was the intention of the Boulonnaises to celebrate. *Au lever du jour*, when night pulled up its curtain and peeped out of bed, the "festivities" began by a ringing of bells, the joyousness of which was divided among the *Sonneur*, who had to tumble off his shelf—used as a bed—to do the work, and such of the inhabitants as happened to be woke out of their sleep by these peals of gladness. In the morning there was a grand review of the National Guard, for the edification of the *gamins*, who formed almost the entire mass of spectators. The National Guard having been mustered by three noisy drums disturbing every one in the town, were obliged to neglect their own business, put on their trappings, and rush off to the Review ground, where they were ordered to shoulder arms, and carry arms, upon which they marched away, amid the jeers of the larger portion of their *compatriotes*. This tremendous "festivity" was quite overwhelming to any one not accustomed to the most intense excitement. But the whirl of revelry had not yet reached its height, for in the course of the day the shopkeepers began to hang out the tri-coloured flag from their first-floor windows, while one gallant vessel in harbour flaunted the pantaloons of all nations in the air, and the worsted waistcoat of the north dangled side by side with the blouse of a more southern latitude. One would



have thought that joyous hilarity could no further go; but towards the evening the ecstatic *abandon* of the place had grown so reckless in its course, that one gun was positively fired from the ramparts as a very climax of rejoicing. This seemed to be the *acmé* of the *fête*, for with this tremendous burst of cheerfulness the festivities of the day concluded.

Thus every year do the people of Boulogne preserve the memory of those glorious three days, which picked the lily out of the national flag, and—and—but when we come to think, we are quite at a loss to know what else the three days have done for the French that they should be so very proud of the recollection.

SINGULAR PREFERMENTS.

SIBTHORPE to BULWER; FEARGUS O'CONNOR to HOBHOUSE; COWAN to MACAULAY; ASHLEY to ROEBUCK.

"THE LAST APPEAL."

SIR DIGBY MACKWORTH has, we think, surpassed the pathos of FRANK STONE in *his* picture. SIR DIGBY having resolved to win the heart of Liverpool, determined—every other blandishment seeming likely to fail—to issue an address in Welsh! The typographic chaos was touching, the extreme, especially to those who understood it. We subjoin a copy:—

SIR DIGBY MACKWORTH, BART. LPPLL.

CWM APYFLH PEDGKD CWM POSHPISHPSHAWKOKOLOROM!

QWDYDDD MCKLSZZ CCCMWWMERE!!

The energy of this must strike every one capable of divining it; but as it is just possible that some one or two of our readers may not be able to readily grasp the beauty of the Welsh in the original, we beg to translate it. We certainly despair of rendering it in all its luminousness; being convinced, from the brightness of the planet, that the moon is *not*—as many astronomers have declared—made of green cheese, but of hard Welsh.

SIR DIGBY MACKWORTH, BART., FOR LIVERPOOL!

MEN OF WALES, RALLY ROUND THE DEFENDER OF YOUR GOATS AND KIDS!

VOTE FOR HIM,

WHO, IN HIS SOFTNESS, IMPERSONATES YOUR NATIVE RABBIT;

AND WHOSE POLITICAL GREENNESS

ILLUSTRATES YOUR ANCIENT LEEK!

Some faint idea may be conceived of the hardness of the Welsh mind transplanted to the soil of Liverpool, when, with shame and pain we state, that this appeal dropt dead as a dump. At a late hour of the day, SIR DIGBY, as the Very Last *Last* Appeal, issued the following (we translate it):—

WELCHMEN VOTERS OF LIVERPOOL!

Support MACKWORTH, and he will bring in a Bill that, for the honour of Wales, shall henceforth cause it to be enacted that—

TOFFY

SHALL BE CALLED

TAFFY.

Even this attempt to sweeten Wales at the expense of the saccharine glory of Everton failed; and SIR DIGBY—unlike JONAH—would not go down with Wales.

LAST ANSWERS TO ELECTORS.

GOG AND MAGOG.—*We have not heard that the Ether was administered to the Coroner last Thursday, in order to make the City Election a Payne-less operation.*

A POLISH REFUGEE.—*We certainly agree with our correspondent, that it was nothing but right that* LORD DUDLEY STUART, *who has fought so long and so nobly for the Pole, should be returned at the head of it.*

Generosity of the Government.

IT is said that Government has made a magnificent offer. If the public, by subscription, will purchase SHAKSPEARE'S house, the Government will take care of it.

In humble imitation of this munificence, *Punch* here declares, that if the country will forward to him the very best gold chronometer, set with the very purest and costliest diamonds—He will put it in his fob, and wear it!

STANDING FOR SEATS.

Punch has been requested by several free and independent electors to notify to gentlemen who wish to be re-elected, that they must stand for their seats in good earnest, and that those who do not wish to be ex-members had better be XXX candidates.

A CONTRAST

BETWEEN THE MEMBER FOR BUCKS AS WAS, AND THE MEMBER AS IS TO BE.

PUNCH'S ADDRESS

TO

The Electors.

Look here upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two members:
See what a grace was seated on his brow,
Devoid of curls—"the front* of Jove himself!"
An eye like Peel, to puzzle and command,
A station like the one at Euston Square,
New lighted with a million extra lamps;
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every virtue seemed to set its mark,
To give the world assurance of a man—
This *was* your Member. Look you now what follows:—
There *is* your Candidate. O, have you eyes?
Could you the mem'ry of John Hampden leave,
And put up with *this Dis.*!

* We should have thought it was only Juno who wore a front, but we have Shakspeare's authority for the fact that Jove himself patronised this early and curly substitute for the "Gentleman's real head of hair."

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE! AND (THEN HAVE THE GOODNESS TO) LOOK ON THIS!

THE ALTERED MAN OF TAMWORTH.

A French romance of the sixteenth century, which has formed the ground-work of a certain well-known opera, is entitled *The Life of the terrible Robert the Devil, who afterwards became a most godly Man.* The authentic records of the present era will furnish a parallel to the biography of this redoubtable personage. England has a Robert, who, in his earlier days, did much towards earning a strong *sobriquet*, though one somewhat less decided than that of the Duke of Normandy. Not less remarkable than the conversion of Robert the Devil has been that of Robert the Tory, who, from being a narrow-minded Protectionist, has become an enlightened Free-Trader. It is quite affecting to hear Sir Robert Peel talk, now that he is an altered man. In his late election speech to his Tamworth Constituents, expressing himself in reference, evidently, to the present Ministry, he said,—

"I advise you to show great forbearance towards those who, placed in difficult and peculiar circumstances, have to guide the vessel of the State, according to the metaphor of my hon. friend."

Poor Sir Robert! Like Sterne's negro girl, as *Uncle Toby* hath it, "he has suffered persecution and learnt mercy." Now that he has turned him from the error of his ways, his former associates do nothing but ridicule and revile him. He pays the usual penalty of the reformed rake. It fares alike with the convert of Cobden, or of Father Mathew. Abuse, on the bare head of either penitent, rains cats and dogs; but Fortitude lends both an umbrella.

There is something pathetic, too, in the child-like single-mindedness with which the ex-Minister and Protectionist put the simple but grand truths of Free Trade; for instance—

"I see around you many market-gardeners; and this I know, that you are blessed with a fruitful soil, and a happy exposure to the sun; that you cultivate some 300 or 400 acres, the produce of which, in garden stuffs, is sent to Birmingham. Suppose the market-gardeners of Birmingham said that was a very hard thing on them. Suppose they said, let us have restrictions on Tamworth vegetables."

Is it not an interesting sight to behold a statesman, advanced in years, thus, having abjured his previous fallacies, going back to con his political primer, and meekly beginning, too, at the A B C of it? Sir Robert can hardly be said to have turned over a new leaf, for he begins at the very first of the book. He reminds one of some heathen sage, who burns his Plato and Aristotle, and sets to learn his catechism.

And now that Sir Robert Peel has gone to school again, all we can say is, long life to him for the prosecution of his studies! Cato began Greek at three score and ten, and became a good Greek scholar. With like success may Sir Robert Peel pursue, under similar circumstances, the study of politics!

DISSOLUTION OF THE HOUSE.

This accident took place on the twenty-third. One touch of the royal finger did it. Parliamentary honours nō longer count.

THE QUEEN DISSOLVING PARLIAMENT.

A SONG FOR SIBTHORPE.

Sorry are we that our gallant Colonel, at the Lincoln election, was prevented by indisposition from gratifying his constituents by an exposition of his political sentiments. The only acknowledged substitute for a speech is a song; and perhaps our Sibthorpe, if called upon—as we think he is—will favour them with the following ditty:—

Air—"*Yankee Doodle.*"

Ye Lincoln men, I come to you,
'Neath no false colours sailing,
My flag—the genuine true blue—
Unto the mast-head nailing.
I've no shame to own my name;
'Tis one in which I glory:
The matter not to mince a jot,
I tell you I'm a Tory.

To men and things their titles give,
Without equivocation:
So call me no Conservative,
I scorn the appellation.
I've no shame, &c.

Some folks abuses would remove,
But save our institutions;
Of all reforms I disapprove—
I think them revolutions.
I've no shame, &c.

By all our laws of ancient date
I'll stand, and never falter;
Those innovations made of late,
However, I would alter.
I've no shame, &c.

I scruple not to state the fact,
That I'd repeal that measure,
The Test and Corporation Act,
Had I my will and pleasure.
I've no shame, &c.

I'd reimpose—I never shrink
From stating my convictions,
Whatever people say or think—
The Catholic restrictions.
I've no shame, &c.

I would, as sure as here I stand,
Free Trade in corn abolish;
Nay, the Reform Bill, by this hand,
I vow I would demolish.
I've no shame, &c.

The Farmer's Compensation Bill,
And Drainage Lands Improvement,
I would rescind. I say, stand still;
I hate all kind of movement.
I've no shame, &c.

To Railways, if I had the power,
I'd put an end next session:
A pace of thirty miles an hour
Is much too fast progression.
I've no shame, &c.

In short, I'm that which soon will be
Unknown except in story,
That unexampled rarity—
A thorough-going Tory.
I've no shame, &c.

WARREN'S FINSBURY BLACKING.

We understand that the respected firm—98, Strand—have commenced an action against Mr. Warren for having, under their name, laid very bad blacking upon the men of Finsbury. Mr. Warren, with his characteristic impartiality, consents to hold the brief against himself. He has already accepted the retainer.

SMITHFIELD IN THE WAY OF BUSINESS.

The health of London, we regret to state, is suffering under a new visitation. A stoppage of the civic circulation has occurred in Smithfield. The following Proclamation has been issued from the throne of the Mansion House:—

"CARROLL, Mayor.

"The Thoroughfare through Smithfield Market for Waggons, Carts, and Carriages, will be closed from 4 in the morning of Monday's market until 12 at noon on the same day.

"By Order of the Lord Mayor,
(Signed) "S. R. Goodman.

"Mansion House, 14th July, 1847."

The mayoral mandate will no doubt be felt as a decided case of oppression at the heart of the Metropolis. The congestion of butchers and bullocks in the region of Smithfield will necessarily lead to a paralysis of traffic. Smithfield has already occasioned a great loss of human life; it will now occasion as great a loss of time, which is money. It has excited febrile complaints; it will now give rise to the complaints of men of business. It has at length become an impediment to trade, and the obstruction, we expect, will soon be considered one for whose removal an operation is necessary.

"TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO."

A GOOD EXCUSE.

Some independent electors who had been bribed to vote for a Protectionist candidate, acknowledged, with the utmost *naiveté*, that they had been bought over. "The fact is," said they, "Mr. Spooney's money created a complete *buy-us* in his favour."

The Cochrane Colours.

"What are Cochrane's colours?" asked a fair enthusiast at the Westminster election. "Don't you see, dearest," answered a sister supporter of the Minstrel; "Don't you see, light blue and white."—"Well, I've read his *Don Juan de Vega*," was the closing reply, "and think they ought to have been 'maiden's blush.'"

BATH WATERS.

Bath used to be a famous place for taking water. But Roebuck is rejected for Ashley. Bath now takes milk-and-water.

NORWICH ELECTION COLOURS.

The colours (after the election) were black and red; the black worn at the eyes, and the red from the noses.

PRESENTATION OF COLOURS BY *MR. PUNCH* TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

This interesting ceremony was performed at the *Punch Office* on Monday last, in the presence of a select circle. Precisely at the hour appointed, Lord John Russell was in attendance, and *Mr. Punch*, having committed the colours to the fair hand of *Judy*, thus addressed the Premier:—

"My Lord,

"In spite of what has lately occurred to you, in the shape of defeat, arising, as your enemies have said, from a deficiency of courage, I have resolved to show my continued confidence in you, by presenting you, through the delicate fingers of my beloved wife *Judy*, a new set of colours. I think this little mark of my attention will inspire you with fresh ardour, and induce you to resume much of that vigour which, I am sorry to say, you have lately failed to exhibit.

"The colours I now present to you are not entirely new, for I must say that you are far too consistent to think of doing battle under any other banner than that under which you have rushed sometimes to an honourable defeat, and sometimes to a glorious victory. These colours are the same as before, but they have been newly dipped, for the gradual diminution of their brightness had, I fear, its influence on the spirit of those who carried them. Let me hope, my lord, that the added strength imparted to the colours themselves, will be reflected upon you, and that you will be found vindicating the fame which was lately in danger of being tarnished by an appearance of apathy."

At the conclusion of *Mr. Punch's* speech, Lord John Russell retired, evidently much affected by the kind and sensible address, to which he had been an attentive listener.

Morality and Cricket.

We perceive that Denison's *Cricketer's Companion* contains an article demonstrative of the "Moral Advantages of Cricket." We were aware of the connexion of this manly sport with (Lord John) Manners, and we now rejoice to find that it has no less a relation to morals. We trust, therefore, that this good old English pastime will become universal, and that, whilst amusing ourselves with Cricket, we shall bowl out intoxication, stump profligacy, block lying and swearing, put a long stop to gambling, and catch out swindling and dishonesty. The nation, we hope, will go in for a good innings, and get no end of notches in the moral scale.

A GENUINE BURST OF FEELING.

When the Liverpool election was closed, and it was known that Sir Thomas Birch stood second on the poll, one of the rising generation expressed the liveliest disappointment at the result. "Birch, my dear boy," said the youthful politician, with real emotion, to a juvenile friend, "Birch ought for once to have been at the head of the poll, seeing how very often Birch has been quite the contrary."

Lord John Manners' Minority.

On the 28th ult. Lord John Manners attained his Minority, when there was general rejoicing throughout the town of Liverpool. His Lordship had so endeared himself to the Liberals and Free Traders by the expression of his political opinions, and his enlarged views of commerce, that it was but natural that the day of his Minority should be held as a popular festival. The morning broke very fine indeed, and all the population turned themselves inside out—that is, left their homes for the streets. His Lordship's poetic genius had not been lost on the intelligent men of Liverpool. They acknowledged the surpassing beauty of those immortal four lines of his Lordship—lines, whose starry light is one of the greatest glories of the house of Belvoir—

> "Let arts and science, laws and learning, die,
> But leave us still our old nobility."

How beautiful, how ennobling this social prospect! Arts and science being dead, where are the ships,—where the steamers of Liverpool? Where the glory of her port, the grandeur of her docks? And laws and learning being defunct, the social order and the humanising influence of ignorance, would, in effect, be very fine, nobly picturesque! And then that great and glorious relic, old nobility! How little, after all, should we care for what we had lost, reflecting upon what we had preserved! What are thousands of ships to a Dukedom? What sail-cloth to cloth of gold? What a dock to a coronet? A huge, towering row of warehouses is all very well; but absolutely nothing compared with the garter. Perish the national ledger, but leave us *Debrett's Peerage!*

The folks of Liverpool felt all this, and therefore heartily rejoiced when the noble Poet attained his Minority of 1898. We will not attempt to calculate the number of gallons of beer—the quantity of wine—swallowed on the occasion. We are bound, however, as faithful historians, to state, that an ox was *not* roasted upon the occasion; although some of the crowd, to the great trepidation of Sir Digby Mackworth, demanded the sacrifice of the greatest calf in Liverpool.

His Lordship put up at Radley's, and in the course of the evening was serenaded; a brass band playing under his window, with dulcet and touching significance, the familiar air of *Home, sweet Home.*

It was proposed by a few enthusiasts to illuminate; but, on consideration, it was thought more humane to lay out the money in pocket-handkerchiefs. His Lordship quitted Liverpool the next morning, taking with him the best wishes of the town on the attainment of his Minority.

SOMETHING OF EVERYTHING.

In the present dearth of everything but elections, which we must say are not over amusing, we have taken a scamper through the newspapers; and though everything was barren enough, from the sixpenny diurnal to the halfpenny hebdomadal, we have succeeded in picking up the following scraps, for which we hope the reader will be duly thankful:—

Miraculous Escape.—Richard Cobden, whilst in France, from the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

Novel Wager.—Mr. Benjamin Caunt has undertaken, for a trifling wager, to eat two pounds of sausages, count a thousand backwards, walk up the Monument on his hands, hop down again, climb up every lamp-post on London Bridge, and to whistle "God save the Queen" after eating three penny buns, before any one can read through Lord George Bentinck's late Manifesto.

Melancholy Reverse of Fortune.—There is a landlady at Ramsgate who is living in the back-kitchen of the very house of which she occupied, only a month ago, the front and back drawing-room. If it was not for the lodgers in the house, there is no doubt she would almost go without a morsel of food. Not a day passes but what they send her down something to comfort her. Yesterday it was half a duck, a gooseberry tart, some custards, a nice damson cheese, and nearly a whole bottle of wine, of which the poor woman partook most heartily, and seemed to enjoy it wonderfully; for she was heard to return thanks for so good a dinner. We must not omit to state, that she was indebted for her supper to the liberality of the second floor. These little acts redound greatly to the credit of the lodgers.

Absence of Mind.—Lieutenant Hugh Hankry, on Monday last, paid a tradesman's bill, only two hours before he left town for the season. It was only when the gallant Lieutenant reached Brighton, that he seems to have recollected what he had done. He has been terribly depressed ever since.

Murder Prevented.—Monsieur Alexandre Dumas has been prevented recently, by some lucky accident, from translating another of Shakspeare's plays. We believe the dreadful act was already begun—it was the first of *Romeo and Juliet*—but Monsieur Dumas was stopt

in time before any mischief was consummated. He has been bound down to keep the piece.

DARING INTREPIDITY.—A gentleman rushed to the polling-booth at Guildhall last Thursday, and, in the presence of several witnesses, voted for MR. PAYNE.

INCREDIBLE INSTANCE OF SAGACITY.—There is a spaniel in the possession of a lady living in Fitzroy Square, who leaves London regularly every year, and goes down to Cheltenham or Leamington directly the dog-days begin, to take the waters.

WONDERFUL PHENOMENON.—MR. WAKLEY was heard, at a large party last week, to praise an author, and to praise him most enthusiastically, too. This unparalleled phenomenon, however, was soon accounted for, by the favoured author turning out to be that great genius—"The Editor of the *Lancet!*"

PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

PHIL. FOGARTY—A TALE OF THE FIGHTING ONETY-ONETH.

BY HARRY ROLLICKER.

THE gabion was ours. After two hours' fighting we were in possession of the first embrasure, and made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit. JACK DELAMERE, TOM DELANEY, JERRY BLAKE, the Doctor, and myself, sate down under a pontoon, and our servants laid out a hasty supper on a tumbril. Though CAMBACÈRES had escaped me so provokingly after I cut him down, his spoils were mine; a cold fowl and a Bologna sausage were found in the Marshal's holsters; and on the havresack of a French private who lay a corpse on the glacis, we found a loaf of bread, his three days' ration. Instead of salt, we had gunpowder; and you may be sure, wherever the Doctor was, a flask of good brandy was behind him in his instrument-case. We sate down and made a soldier's supper. The Doctor pulled a few of the delicious fruit from the lemon trees growing near (and round which the Carabiniers and the 24th Leger had made a desperate rally), and punch was brewed in JACK DELAMERE'S helmet.

"Faith, it never had so much wit in it before," said the Doctor, as he ladled out the drink. We all roared with laughing, except the guardsman, who was as savage as a Turk at a christening.

"*Buvez-en,*" said old SAWBONES to our French prisoner; "*ça vous fera du bien, mon vieux coq!*" and the Colonel, whose wound had been just dressed, eagerly grasped at the proffered cup, and drained it with a health to the donors.

How strange are the chances of war! But half-an-hour before he and I were engaged in mortal combat, and our prisoner was all but my conqueror. Grappling with CAMBACÈRES, whom I had knocked from his horse, and was about to dispatch, I felt a lunge behind, which luckily was parried by my sabretasche; a herculean grasp was at the next instant at my throat—I was on the ground—my prisoner had escaped, and a gigantic warrior in the uniform of a colonel of the regiment of Artois glaring over me with pointed sword.

"*Rends-toi, coquin!*" said he.

"*Allez au Diable,*" says I, "a FOGARTY never surrenders."

I thought of my poor mother and my sisters, at the old house in Killaloo—I felt the tip of his blade between my teeth—I breathed a prayer, and shut my eyes—when the tables were turned—the butt-end of LANTY CLANCY'S musket knocked the sword up and broke the arm that held it.

"*Thonamoundiaoul nabochlish,*" said the French officer, with a curse in the purest Irish. It was lucky that I stopped laughing time enough to bid LANTY hold his hand, for the honest fellow would else have brained my gallant adversary. We were the better friends for our combat, as what gallant hearts are not?

The breach was to be stormed at sunset, and like true soldiers we sate down to make the most of our time. The rogue of a Doctor took the liver-wing for his share—we gave the other to our guest, a prisoner; those scoundrels TOM DELAMERE and JACK DELANEY took the legs—and, faith, poor I was put off with the Pope's-nose and a bit of the back.

"How d'ye like his Holiness's *fayture?*" said JERRY BLAKE.

"Any how you'll have a *merry thought,*" cried the incorrigible Doctor, and all the party shrieked at the witticism. "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum,*" said JACK, holding up the drum-stick clean. "Faith, there's not enough of it to make us *chicken-hearted,* anyhow," said I; "come, boys, let's have a song."

"Here goes," said TOM DELANEY, and sang the following lyric, of his own composition:—

"Dear JACK, this white mug that with GUINNESS I fill,
And drink to the health of sweet NAN of the Hill,
Was once TOMMY TOSSPOT'S, as jovial a sot,
As e'er drew a spiggot, or drained a full pot—
In drinking, all round 'twas his joy to surpass,
And with all merry tipplers he drank off his glass.

"One morning in summer, while seated so snug,
In the porch of his garden, discussing his jug,
Stern Death, on a sudden, to TOM did appear,
And said 'Honest THOMAS, come take your last bier;'
We kneaded his clay in the shape of this can,
From which let us drink to the health of my NAN."

"Psha!" said the Doctor, "I've heard that song before; here's a new one for you, boys!" and SAWBONES began, in a rich Corkagian voice—

"You've all heard of LARRY O'TOOLE,
Of the beautiful town of Drumgoole;
He had but one eye,
To ogle ye by—
O, murther, but that was a jew'l!
A fool
He made of de girls, dis O'TOOLE.

"'Twas he was the boy didn't fail,
That tuck down pataties and mail;
He never would shrink
From any sthrong dthrink,
Was it whisky or Drogheda ale;
I'm bail
This LARRY would swallow a pail.

"O, many a night, at the bowl,
With LARRY I've sot cheek by jowl;
He's gone to his rest,
Where there's dthrink of the best,
And so let us give his old sowl
A howl,
For 'twas he made the noggin to rowl."

I observed the French Colonel's eye glisten, as he heard these well-known accents of his country; but we were too well-bred to pretend to remark his emotion.

The sun was setting behind the mountains as our songs were finished, and each began to look out with some anxiety for the preconcerted signal, the rocket from SIR HUSSEY VIVIAN'S quarters, which was to announce the recommencement of hostilities. It came just as the moon rose in her silver splendour, and ere the rocket-stick fell quivering to earth at the feet of GENERAL PICTON and SIR LOWRY COLE, who were at their posts at the head of the storming parties, nine hundred-and-ninety-nine guns in position opened their fire from our batteries, which were answered by a tremendous cannonade from the fort.

"Who's going to dance," said the Doctor, "the ball's begun. Ha! there goes poor JACK DELAMERE'S head off! The ball chose a soft one, any how. Come here, TIM, till I mend your leg. Your wife has need only knit half as many stockings next year, DOOLAN, my boy. Fair! there goes a big one had well nigh stopped my talking; bedad! it has snuffed the feather off my cocked hat!"

In this way, with eighty-four pounders roaring over us like hail, the undaunted little Doctor pursued his jokes and his duty. That he had a feeling heart, all who served with him knew, and none more so than PHILIP FOGARTY, the humble writer of this tale of war.

Our embrasure was luckily bomb-proof, and the detachment of the gallant Onety-oneth under my orders, suffered comparatively little. "Be cool, boys," I said; "it will be hot enough work for you ere long." The honest fellows answered with an Irish cheer. I saw that it affected our prisoner.

"Countryman," said I, "I know you; but an Irishman was never a traitor."

"*Taisez-vous!*" said he, putting his finger to his lip. "*C'est la fortune de la guerre:* if ever you come to Paris, ask for the MARQUIS D'O'MAHONY, and I may render you the hospitality which your tyrannous laws prevent me from exercising in the ancestral halls of my own race."

I shook him warmly by the hand as a tear bedimmed his eye. It was,

then, the celebrated Colonel of the Irish Brigade created a Marquis by NAPOLEON on the field of Austerlitz!

"Marquis," said I, "the country which disowns you is proud of you; but—ha! here, if I mistake not, comes our signal to advance." And in fact CAPTAIN VANDELEUR, riding up through the shower of shot, asked for the commander of the detachment, and bade me hold myself in readiness to move as soon as the flank companies of the Ninety-ninth, and Sixty-sixth, and the Grenadier Brigade of the German Legion began to advance up the echelon. The devoted band soon arrived; JACK BOWSER heading the Ninety-ninth, (when was he away and a storming party to the fore?), and the gallant POTZTAUSEND with his Hanoverian veterans.

The second rocket flew up.

"Forward, Onety-oneth!" cried I, in a voice of thunder. "Killaloo boys, follow your Captain!" and with a shrill hurray, that sounded above the tremendous fire from the fort, we sprung up the steep; BOWSER, with the brave Ninety-ninth, and the bold POTZTAUSEND, keeping well up with us. We passed the demilune, we cleared the culverin, bayonetting the artillerymen at their guns; we advanced across the two tremendous demilunes which flank the counterscarp, and prepared for the final spring upon the citadel. SOULT I could see quite pale on the wall; and the scoundrel CAMBACÈRES, who had been so nearly my prisoner that day, trembled as he cheered his men. "On boys, on!" I hoarsely exclaimed. "Hurroo," said the fighting Onety-oneth.

But there was a movement among the enemy. An officer, glittering with orders, and another in a grey coat and a cocked hat, came to the wall, and I recognised the EMPEROR NAPOLEON and the famous JOACHIM MURAT.

"We are hardly pressed, methinks," NAPOLEON said, sternly. "I must exercise my old trade as an artillery-man;" and MURAT loaded, and the EMPEROR pointed the only hundred-and-twenty-four pounder that had not been silenced by our fire.

"Hurray, Killaloo boys!" shouted I. The next moment a sensation of numbness and death seized me, and I lay like a corpse upon the rampart.

THE WARM WEATHER.

THE warmth of the weather seems to affect the Railway Clerks most distressingly. They appear to have lost their usual affability. It is as much as they can do to move about from one desk to another, or even to open their eyes when spoken to, much less to answer when called. One gentleman repeated the same question four times before the clerk was aware that he was being addressed. He had to repeat it twice more before he could make him understand what he was saying, and had to repeat it another time—making the seventh—before he could get the very common answer of "No." Another gentleman assures us that, after hunting one very warm day last week after a clerk at a Station, he found a body of them taking their afternoon's siesta under a large shed—offering a formidable proof of the heat, being at least "92 in the shade." In fact, the business with the Railway officials depends so much upon the weather, that we implore our readers to let them alone until the dog-days are over. At present the poor overworked fellows are not to be blamed if they take it rather coolly!

A WORD TO THE WISE.

OF course a meeting of the Archæological Association could not take place without a mummy being opened by DR. PETTIGREW. A mummy seems always to be a standing dish at the feast of reason which our archæological friends partake of once a year, with champagne and venison, and other varieties of modern date—for the eatables and drinkables are not exactly discussed upon the antiquarian principle. But really, it strikes us that this perpetual mummy is growing into a bit of a mummery, and we can only advise DR. PETTIGREW, as his best friend, to bury it as soon as possible, and adopt for the future as his motto, "Mum's the word;" which would be the most expressive of a subject which has been worked to death. The novelty of the sere-clothes has quite fallen into the yellow leaf; and we hope our talented F. S. A., the next time he appears at the Archæological Association, will select a somewhat newer *rôle*. Surely the best pickings of antiquity are not confined to mummies! Why doesn't DR. PETTIGREW try his hand upon the Apis—or an Ibis—or a nice fresh Sphinx? But perhaps the middle curiosity would be the safest; for we recollect there is an old proverb, which says, *In medio tutissimus Ibis.*

Shakspeare's House.

SINCE the stir that has been made on the subject of the celebrated Swan's nest at Stratford-upon-Avon, there seems a probability that its price will be enhanced to such a degree, that the praiseworthy object of preserving it from the profane grasp of speculators will be defeated. There are already six parties in the field, determined to buy SHAKSPEARE'S house at any cost, and rescue it from the coarse clutch of competition; but they all seem to forget that the more anxiety they evince to procure the house, the more likely they are to run it up, and render it too high for their means to compass. With six Associations all snatching in the most affectionate spirit at SHAKSPEARE'S house, there is no knowing what the consequence may be to the delicately situated building.

An Oxford Squib.

INGLIS went up, up, up,
CARDWELL went down, down, down,
GLADSTONE went backwards and forwards,
ROUND went round, round, round.

GROSS CASE OF TREATING.

WE have authority for stating that LORD GEORGE BENTINCK, at the Lynn election, distributed to his constituents an enormous quantity of *gammon* from the hustings.

MOVING MUSIC.

VERDI'S new opera is so very noisy, that one of the conductors of the Omnibus Box calls every act a Riot Act; for it disperses every one till the ballet.

A HARD BARGAIN.

DANIEL WHITTLE HARVEY boasted, after the late ballot in Marylebone, that he had not corrupted the constituency, by even paying for a single cab for a single voter. It is perfectly true that he did not think of purchasing the constituency, but it is equally clear that he has regularly sold it.

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PENITENTS OF THE EXCHEQUER.

JUST now we stumbled over a paragraph in the *Times* that delighted us—a paragraph of penitence, inserted by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Somebody, in the course of his long and valuable life, has robbed the Government—and how the poor thing is often swindled and put upon, Chancellors of the Exchequer best know—of pounds or shillings, in earlier times; and "years that bring the philosophic mind," bring with it repentance. The defaulter—hiding his blushes under the veil of initials—sends in the money. As thus:—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has received from 'P. G.' the remaining halves of two 5*l.* notes, remitted on account of property-tax."

This appeared in the *Times* early last week; since when, much of the public conscience has worked like beer in a thunder-storm; for *Punch* has received at least twenty communications (we give a few) with post-office orders for HER MAJESTY'S Exchequer; all the offerings of remorse, and many of them evidently from very respectable people. We regret, however, to observe that the greater number of the communications are in a feminine hand; women—in their own arch way—seeming to take a peculiar pleasure in cheating the Government. And, after all, they are very right: seeing how—poor things!—the Government, which is nothing more than a body of unfeeling men, have always contrived to cheat them. However, to the penitential missives:—

"LADY ——, wife of JUDGE ——, begs that *Mr. Punch* will hand in, on her account, £2 conscience-money to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. LADY —— cannot think what tempted her, five-and-twenty years ago—when His Lordship was at the bar—to smuggle *that* beautiful lace veil. Her only excuse is, it was *such a love!*"

"JEMIMA P. sends £4 to *Mr. Punch*, for the Exchequer; being ten years' dog-tax for her precious 'PINK,' run over by a brute of a hackney-coachman last month. JEMIMA having always hidden the dog in the cupboard when the man called for the poor's-rates, feels that she has been punished for the crime by the untimely fate of the dearest of Skye terriers. The £4 is the only reparation she can make to the offended laws of her native country."

"MR. PUNCH—Being a giddy, artless thing—now some years ago—I did, on my voyage from Calais to Dover, smuggle about me three gallons of brandy (for my godfather, who has since died in the most heartless way, without leaving me so much as a shilling). Brought to a sense of the wickedness, by the thoughts of the uncertainty of life, I hand to you, for the use of HER MAJESTY—whom I hope I shall now be able to look in the face as an Englishwoman and a sister—the sum of £3 8*s.*, being, as I hear, the amount (am I right?) of the duty due upon my fault to the State. Please acknowledge the receipt, and believe me, *Mr. Punch*,

"Yours—CALISTA, OR THE FAIR PENITENT."

We shall be happy to hand over these sums to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, at any time that, passing through Fleet Street, it may be convenient for him to call for them.

PUNCH FOR PARLIAMENT.

WE have been honoured by several requisitions from various places, calling upon us to allow ourselves to be put in nomination; and we had prepared the following Address, which, however, on second thoughts, we declined to issue, as we feared the late hours and irregular habits of the House of Commons would not have agreed with us:—

TO THE ELECTORS OF SO-AND-SO.

GENTLEMEN,

In coming forward as a candidate for your suffrages, I think it right to state my opinions on one or two subjects of importance; though I fancy my sentiments must be already known to most of you.

Though strongly opposed to the present position of public affairs, and particularly that very public affair, the Wellington Statue, I shall not vote for its repeal, but shall submit to the infliction, rather than place myself in direct opposition to the party of which the Statue is the representative.

I shall not relax in my endeavours, from time to time, to wipe out the Trafalgar Fountains, which are only calculated to throw cold water on one of our finest prospects.

I shall not oppose a free trade in jokes, for I am sure that the unlimited importation of the poorest kind of wit is calculated to show, by comparison, the value of my own superior article.

My sentiments on the Exeter Arcade are well known. I shall continue to agitate for the total repeal or serious modification of that insignificant thoroughfare.

It will be my aim to demolish all pluralities, and I shall endeavour to limit the occupation of the Beadle of Golden Square to pure beadledom, by prohibiting him from waiting at the evening parties of the trustees, and beating the door-mats of the inhabitants.

I shall earnestly oppose the creation of any additional seats on the outside of any omnibus, and I shall insist on the property qualification of at least two pounds—of flesh—on every horse standing in a cab professing to be the vehicle of progress.

I shall move for a return of the dimensions of all meat-pies sold in the streets since the year 1840, with the view of proposing a considerable extension, and going back, as nearly as possible, to the old standard; and I shall be ready, every week, to meet my constituents, in print, upon my receiving the fee of three-pence, by way of indemnity.

(Signed) PUNCH.

PUNCH'S IMAGES.

"PRETTY IMAGE! BEAUTIFUL IMAGE!"

Hunting Extraordinary.

Two weeks ago there was a general Fox-hunting in the Tower Hamlets. The rendezvous was appointed to be at Stepney Green, and it was altogether expected that the old Fox would be found below the CLAY. He was quickly discovered in that identical position, was unearthed, and after a gallant chase was run down, at four o'clock on Friday—one GEORGE THOMPSON coming in at the death, and carrying away the brush.

PEEL AND THE *POST*.

"THE traitor of Tamworth" ought to find more mercy from his enemies; seeing that—according to the *Post*—he has already lost his head.

MINOR MEMOIRS.

It is a beautiful saying, that the history of a people will never be written in the lives of its giants, but is to be traced only in the biographies of those of moderate stature. This marvellous apopthegm may be as well applied to a class as to an entire nation; and we are of opinion that a true picture of the stage is to be looked for rather in the sketches of its supernumeraries, than in the copious memoirs of its heroes. If we have not exactly explained ourselves, we shall fully illustrate our meaning by the following sample biographies of two humble individuals, who, in their peculiar walks (as members of stage processions), are more closely connected with the dramatic history of their country than a prejudiced public—which looks only to high places for the objects of its admiration—might perhaps anticipate.

MEMOIR THE FIRST.—SLASHER OF THE VICTORIA.

Theophilus Slasher was born in the New Cut in the winter of 1801, and we lose sight of him till 1823, when we find him climbing up the outer hoarding to watch the building of the Coburg. Some years afterwards he was present at the taking of that establishment by Osbaldiston, and served under the banner of calico in most of the campaigns, till his promotion in the summer of '44 to the distinguished post of carrying off into the mountains the fainting form of Miss Vincent, the acknowledged victim of unmerited everything. Encouraged by this elevation, he aspired to the leadership of a discontented band of Roman citizens, engaged to lick the lictors in *Virginius*; and he acquitted himself so well, that he is now assigned a foremost rank in every murder that is perpetrated upon the ruddle-stained boards of the Victoria. In private life he enjoys a large family and a small salary—two extremes which are accustomed to meet in the minor dramatic world; and though he is, professionally, the most savage barbarian that ever cleaved a skull with a claymore, or laid low a traveller with a bludgeon, he is, in his domestic capacity, ever ready to run for the beer, or hold for any time any one or all of the three babies.

MEMOIR THE SECOND.—SKULKS OF SADLER'S WELLS.

Horatio Octavius Lucius Spartacus Junius Jones Brutus Burton Skulks has no regular age, birthplace, or parentage; but to every question asked him on any of these subjects, "A citizen of the world" is the only answer that can be elicited. It is supposed that he first came over from Birmingham when Bunn invaded Drury Lane, and having afterwards joined a desperate expedition to the Strand, was left alone upon that desert rock, where so many companies have gone to pieces. He was floated by the tide of circumstances towards the Olympic, and we find him high and dry, one Saturday night, throwing up signals of distress at the Treasury door, and finding nobody within hail, as usual. Still tossed about upon the sea of trouble in which he was embarked, he came into harbour at Sadler's Wells, where we meet with him on his knee serving up a death-warrant on a silver salver to "*Spalatro the Suspected*," in the palmy days of Almar.

We next encounter him as a knight of St. John, in a breast-plate of real door-leather, and his arms encased in mittens of red worsted, pledging himself, in the neighbourhood of Middleton Square, to the downfall of the Crescent. He has since given in his adherence to the milder dynasty of Phelps, and pays nightly allegiance for a weekly stipend, which is the appointed price of his vassalage.

THE HOUSE OF SHAKSPEARE AND THE HOUSE OF COBURG.

TO H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT.

Onoured Prince,—I have now and then been obliged, much against my inclination, to find fault with you, and sometimes even to give you a little rap over the knuckles, which, believe me, has pained me more than it has yourself; but then I have felt it my duty to do so, and all the while I have meant it for your good.

For instance, when you wasted your princely time in making a hat with which you were so cruel as to disfigure the head of the British soldier; and when, instead of applying yourself to your royal studies, you went popping and blazing about the country with a gun, killing tame pheasants and partridges, and shooting poor stags out of window, I was under the necessity of correcting you. You know, that if I had not tried to check you, I should have been blamed by my Public, which justly considers me responsible for your conduct. If I had spared the joke, I should have been accused of spoiling the Prince.

But how much more agreeable it is to me to praise my Prince than it is to censure him; and how happy I now feel, instead of being forced to scold you, to be enabled to express my approbation of your behaviour!

You cannot imagine what delight it has given me to read, in the newspapers, that you are at the head of a Committee established in order to raise a fund for the purchase of Shakspeare's house; and that you have yourself contributed £250 towards this most praiseworthy object. The House of Shakspeare will henceforth reflect honour on the House of Coburg.

I hope and trust you will go on as you have begun; and that, having helped to buy Shakspeare's house, you will also buy his book, which is a very good book, and just the one which I should like my Prince to read.

I was almost afraid that you did not care about your Shakspeare; because you never, or scarcely ever, went to see him. I now look forward to the pleasure of hearing that you have called upon him at an early opportunity, which I dare say will be afforded you at Mr. Webster's in the Haymarket. You know where it is, for you very often look in on the other side of the way.

In spending on such objects as the preservation of Shakspeare's house so much as £250 out of your pocket-money, you make a good use of what is given you. Continue thus to avail yourself of the advantages of your position, and then you will become the favourite of all who know you, and a pride and credit to your instructors; especially to

Your Royal Highness'
Ever affectionate Monitor,
PUNCH.

ELECTION INQUEST.

Last week, Mr. Payne held an inquest at the Goose and Gridiron, upon the late election of the City of London. The worthy coroner sat upon himself for two hours, and, after mature deliberation, returned a verdict of "Temporary Insanity."

SHAMEFUL CONDUCT OF AN EX-MINISTER.

"Mr. Goulburn is an elderly gentleman."—*Morning Post.*
Infamous!—*Punch.*

THE GREATEST ARCHITECT OF HIS FORTUNE.

Tom Thumb is building a handsome palace in America. When it is completed, never will an edifice have been raised upon so small a foundation!

AN AGREEABLE CHANGE.

Peel. "WELL, RUSSELL, THIS IS BETTER THAN THE HOT WATER OF WESTMINSTER."
Russell. "I BELIEVE YOU, MY BOY!"

TELLING HIS FORTUNE.

SCENE—*Richmond Park.*

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN, *with an election riband in his button-hole, and triumph in his countenance, is approaching the Lodge. He is met by a pretty woman in Gipsy attire, though not with Bohemian complexion and features.*

Gipsy. Shall I tell you your fortune, my little gentleman?

(*The* LITTLE GENTLEMAN, *with a jaunty air snaps his fingers, as though he knew his fortune, and was very well satisfied with it.*)

Gipsy. Cross my hand with a five-shilling piece—for I can't take anything under the crown from you—and I'll tell you your fortune. A five-shilling piece, my good little gentleman.

(*As if for the joke of the thing, the* LITTLE GENTLEMAN *crosses the Gipsy's palm with a dollar, and then spreads his hand.*)

Gipsy. Well, sir, I can see at once, that you've often played at cards; and though you've often held a good many trumps in your hand, yet you've as often been beat, by not knowing how to lead 'em! Is it not so, little gentleman?—

You've had a good deal of trouble of late; and all about aprons. They've led many a noble gentleman to ruin; and I can tell you, sir—if you will keep a playing with aprons—specially silk 'uns—and lawn sleeves, you're a lost little gentleman.—

In a few months you'll go to a certain house, where you'll find a good many friends, and a good many enemies. You've just lost three or four very dear friends. There's a friend lost in Edinburgh; and there's another gone in Surrey; and another and another beside, as sure as them's church rooks over our heads, a flying to Lambeth.—

I can see that when you get into good company—which isn't always—you are very loth to leave it. You sits up very late, little gentleman; and sometimes listens to a good deal of bad language; which you don't care for—because why?—you've heard so much of it.—

There's a dark man, with curly hair, and a narrow-rimmed hat, from Buckinghamshire, as means you no good. He'll be sticking his words into you—as if you was no more than a bran pincushion—but there's a good deal in truth when you can come at it, which isn't often, and isn't seldom, as the stars may be.—

You must be aware of another man from Lynn. He doesn't bear you no good mind, neither. He wishes above all things to get your place, little gentleman; but them as lives will see more than them that's called away; and it isn't everybody that's called to kiss the QUEEN's hand is a SOLOMON, as happened to SHEBA, as—in course as a Christian and a friend to the 'stablished Church, little gentleman, you knows.—

You've a sweet tooth in your head, little gentleman, that you have—and there's a line in your hand that tells me you'll have a good deal of trouble about sugar. But there's nothing so sweet as a good conscience, which is worth more than ninepence a pound, hard or soft; and you may go to sleep upon that, little gentleman, without a nightcap to cover you.—

I hope, little gentleman, you'll not be by any means angered at what I'm a going to say—but there's lines in your hand that tells me you're very fond of putting it in other people's pockets. You'll be trying this on again—I'm afeard you will—when I wouldn't give a brass farden for your sitivation. There's one bit of luck, however, to folks of your sort—you're never hanged for it.—

There's a good deal of trouble in store for you about brooms, and soap-and-water, and clean linen, and towels, and basins, and so forth. But what's a dirty face to a clean repitation? What is man but dirt? And puff up soap and water as you will, what is it but a bubble?—

You'll have a good many people, little gentleman, coming about you a begging and a praying and a threatening you to take the money off their windows. And perhaps you will, and perhaps you won't: but whatever money you take off people's windows, you'll more than put upon people's spectacles.—

As I said, where you're a going you'll meet with a good many enemies; but you'll also meet with one good friend; and a good friend is richer than goold, brighter than di'monds, and sweeter than honey. He's a friend, little gentleman, you may always trust. A fair man; getting raythor old; a stoutish man, with palish face and sandyish hair, and raythor likes a blue coat and canary-coloured waistcoat. You may trust that good cretur with anything, and the first letter of his name is a P.—

And now good-day; and as for luck, little gentleman, I wish you may get it. [*Exeunt at opposite sides.*

PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

PHIL. FOGARTY—A TALE OF THE FIGHTING ONETY-ONETH.

BY HARRY ROLLICKER.

"HUSH!" said a voice, which I recognised to be that of the MARQUIS DE MAHONY. "Heaven be praised, reason has returned to you. For six weeks those are the only sane words I have heard from you."

"Faix, and 'tis thrue for you, Colonel dear," cried another voice, with which I was even more familiar; 'twas that of my honest and gallant LANTY CLANCY, who was blubbering at my bedside, overjoyed at his master's recovery.

"O musha! MASTHER PHIL. Agrah! but this will be the great day intirely, when I send off the news, which I would, barrin' I can't write, to the lady, your mother, and your sisters, at Castle Fogarty; and 'tis his Riv'rence FATHER LUKE will jump for joy thin, when he reads the letthur! Six weeks ravin' and roarin' as bould as a lion, and as mad as MICK MALONY's pig, that mistuck MICK's wig for a cabbage, and died of atin' it!"

"And have I then lost my senses?" I exclaimed feebly.

"Sure, didn't ye call me your beautiful DONNA ANNA only yesterday, and catch hould of me whiskers as if they were the Signora's jet black ringlets?" LANTY cried.

At this moment, and blushing deeply, the most beautiful young creature I ever set my eyes upon, rose from a chair at the foot of the bed, and sailed out of the room.

"Confusion! you blundering rogue," I cried, "who is that lovely lady whom you frightened away by your impertinence. DONNA ANNA? Where am I?"

"You are in good hands, PHILIP," said the Colonel; "you are at my house in the Place Vendôme, at Paris, of which I am the Military Governor. You and LANTY were knocked down by the wind of the cannon-ball at Burgos. Do not be ashamed: 'twas the EMPEROR pointed the gun;" and the Colonel took off his hat as he mentioned the name darling to France. "When our troops returned from the sally in which your gallant storming party was driven back, you were found on the glacis, and I had you brought into the city. Your reason had left you, however, when you returned to life; but, unwilling to desert the son of my old friend, PHILIP FOGARTY, who saved my life in '98, I brought you in my carriage to Paris."

"And many's the time you tried to jump out of the windy, MASTHER PHIL," said CLANCY.

"Brought you to Paris," resumed the Colonel, smiling; "where, by the *soins* of my friends BROUSSAIS, ESQUIROL, and BARON LARREY, you have been restored to health, thank Heaven!"

"And that lovely angel who quitted the apartment?" I cried.

"That lovely angel is the LADY BLANCHE SARSFIELD, my ward, a descendant of the gallant LUCAN, and who may be, when she chooses, MADAME LA MARÉCHALE DE CAMBACÈRES, DUCHESS OF ILLYRIA."

"Why did you deliver the ruffian when he was in my grasp?" I cried.

"Why did LANTY deliver you when in mine?" the Colonel replied. "*C'est la fortune de la guerre, mon garçon;* but calm yourself, and take this potion which BLANCHE has prepared for you."

I drank the *tisane* eagerly when I heard whose fair hands had compounded it, and its effects were speedily beneficial to me, for I sank into a cool and refreshing slumber.

From that day I began to mend rapidly, with all the elasticity of youth's happy time. BLANCHE—the enchanting BLANCHE—ministered henceforth to me, for I would take no medicine but from her lily hand. And what were the effects? Faith, ere a month was past, the patient was over head and ears with the doctor; and as for BARON LARREY, and BROUSSAIS, and ESQUIROL, they were sent to the right-about. In a short time I was in a situation to do justice to the *gigot aux navets*, the *bœuf aux cornichons*, and the other delicious *entremets* of the Marquis's board, with an appetite that astonished some of the Frenchmen who frequented it.

"Wait till he's quite well, Miss," said LANTY, who waited always behind me. "Faith! when he's in health, I'd back him to ate a cow, barrin' the horns and teel." I sent a decanter at the rogue's head, by way of answer to his impertinence.

Although the disgusting CAMBACÈRES did his best to have my parole withdrawn from me, and to cause me to be sent to the English depôt of prisoners at Verdun, the Marquis's interest with the EMPEROR prevailed, and I was allowed to remain at Paris, the happiest of prisoners at the Colonel's hotel at the Place Vendôme. I here had the opportunity (an opportunity not lost, I flatter myself, on a young fellow with the accomplishments of PHILIP FOGARTY, ESQ.) of mixing with the *élite* of French society, and meeting with many of the great, the beautiful, and the brave. TALLEYRAND was a frequent guest of the Marquis's. His *bon-mots* used to keep the table in a roar. NEY frequently took his chop with us; MURAT, when in town, constantly dropt in for a cup of tea and friendly round game. Alas! who would have thought those two gallant heads would be so soon laid low? My wife has a pair of earrings which the latter, who always wore them, presented to her—but we are advancing matters. Anybody could see, "*avec un demi-œil*," as the PRINCE OF BENEVENT remarked, how affairs went between me and BLANCHE; but though she loathed him for his cruelties and the odiousness of his person, the brutal CAMBACÈRES still pursued his designs upon her.

I recollect, it was on ST. PATRICK's Day. My lovely friend had procured, from the gardens of the EMPRESS JOSEPHINE, at Malmaison, (whom we loved a thousand times more than her Austrian successor, a sandy-haired woman, between ourselves, with an odious squint,) a

quantity of shamrock wherewith to garnish the hotel, and all the Irish in Paris were invited to the national festival.

I and PRINCE TALLEYRAND danced a double hornpipe with PAULINE BONAPARTE and MADAME DE STAEL; MARSHAL SOULT went down a couple of sets with MADAME RECAMIER; and ROBESPIERRE'S widow—an excellent, gentle creature, quite unlike her husband—stood up with the AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR. Besides, the famous artists BARON GROS, DAVID and NICHOLAS POUSSIN, and CANOVA, who was in town making a statue of the Emperor, for LEO X., and in a word all the celebrities of Paris—as my gifted countrywoman, the wild Irish girl, calls them—were assembled in the Marquis's elegant receiving-rooms.

At last a great outcry was raised for *La Gigue Irlandaise! La Gigue Irlandaise!* a dance which had made *fureur* amongst the Parisians ever since the lovely BLANCHE SARSFIELD had danced it. She stepped forward and took me for a partner, and amidst the bravos of the crowd, in which stood NEY, MURAT, LANNES, the PRINCE OF WAGRAM, and the AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR, we showed to the *beau monde* of the French capital, I flatter myself, a not unfavourable specimen of the dance of our country.

As I was cutting the double-shuffle, and toe-and-heeling it in the "rail" style, BLANCHE danced up to me, smiling, and said, "Be on your guard; I see CAMBACÈRES talking to FOUCHÉ the Duke of Otranto about us—and when OTRANTO turns his eyes upon a man, they bode him no good."

"CAMBACÈRES is jealous," said I. "I have it," says she; "I'll make him dance a turn with me." So presently, as the music was going like mad all this time, I pretended fatigue from my late wounds, and sate down. The lovely BLANCHE went up smiling, and brought out CAMBACÈRES as a second partner.

The Marshal is a lusty man, who makes desperate efforts to give himself a waist, and the effect of the exercise upon him was speedily visible. He puffed and snorted like a walrus, drops trickled down his purple face, while my lovely mischief of a BLANCHE went on dancing at treble quick, till she fairly danced him down.

"Who 'll take the flure with me?" said the charming girl, animated by the sport.

"Faix, den, 'tis I, LANTY CLANCY!" cried my rascal, who had been mad with excitement at the scene; and, stepping in with a whoop and a hurroo, he began to dance with such a rapidity as made all present stare.

As the couple were footing it, the noise might be as of a rapid cavalcade traversing the Place Vendôme, and stopping at the Marquis's door. A crowd appeared to mount the stair; the great doors of the reception-room were flung open, and two pages announced their Majesties the Emperor and the Empress. So engaged were LANTY and BLANCHE, that they never heard the tumult occasioned by the august approach.

It was indeed the Emperor who, returning from the Théâtre Français, and seeing the Marquis's windows lighted up, proposed to the Empress to drop in on the party. He

made signs to the musicians to continue: and the conqueror of Marengo and Friedland watched with interest the simple evolutions of two happy Irish people. Even the Empress smiled; and, seeing this, all the courtiers, including NAPLES and TALLEYRAND, were delighted.

"Is not this a great day for Ireland?" said the Marquis, with a tear trickling down his noble face. "O Ireland! O my country! But no more of that. Go up, PHIL, you divole, and offer her Majesty the choice of punch or negus."

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION

OF

A GINGER-BEER TRUCK.

THE WARM WEATHER.

The Charter.

MR. WYLD, the Map-seller, is returned for Bodmin. We imagine there will be a great competition in the next Parliament between MR. FEARGUS O'CONNOR and MR. WYLD as to who shall be the Chartist on the largest scale. It will be difficult to call MR. WYLD to order, for it is evident that by his profession he is chartered to lay down what he pleases. One thing is certain, that if a public question wants to be fairly surveyed, there is no Member in the House so well qualified to do it as MR. WYLD, who has devoted years of his life to taking the most extensive views.

"KNOW THYSELF."

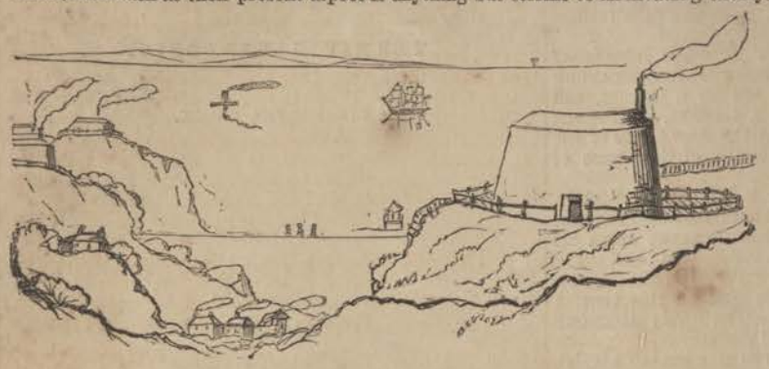
PETER BORTHWICK, in his speech at St. Ives, said he was a great physiognomist, and could tell a humbug at the very first glance. When PETER is shaving, this reflection must flash upon him almost in the light of a personal matter.

The Church in Danger.

THE BISHOP OF NORWICH has offered rooms in his palace to JENNY LIND. The *Standard* is in great alarm at this new instance of horrid liberalism. "It is very right, very proper that jackdaws should build in the church; they have vested interests there," says the *Standard*; "but farewell to the primitive purity of the Establishment, when it gives a roosting-place to nightingales!"

OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

THE present state of our defences opposite the French coast is not very satisfactory. The Pavilion Hotel at Folkstone is tolerably well fortified with ammunition in the shape of grape in the wine-cellar, and there are some effective shells on the beach; but altogether, the Pavilion Hotel is not remarkable for heavy charges. The martello towers along the shore might be made much more effective than they are, for the purposes of defence, inasmuch as their present aspect is anything but terrific to an invading enemy.



The scene, however, becomes wonderfully changed by the adoption of the proposition conveyed in the annexed engraving; for if a series of Wellington Statues were only

placed on the towers alternately with sixty-eight pounders, we are sure that the Iron Duke would be more formidable than all the wooden walls which are supposed to keep us within the pale of our Constitution.

It has been hinted to us, that if a sufficent number of Dukes could not be obtained, there is a glut of SIR HARRY SMITHS. The alternation of a WELLINGTON, a Great Gun, a SIR HARRY SMITH, and then a WELLINGTON again, would be found perfectly irresistible. The plan would certainly be preferable to that bathing-machine style of fortification, which is so common at most of our seaports. It is true that at every watering-place of consequence there is a Camera Obscura station to overlook and defend the bathing-machines; but, nevertheless, "our maritime defences" require something in the shape of what we have suggested.

A BACK VIEW OF A MARTELLO.

MARVELLOUS ACHIEVEMENT.

A CURIOUS calculation has been made of the labour performed by a parish clerk in the north, who winds up the clock daily for a guinea per annum. Our friend MR. BRIEFLESS has favoured us with a calculation of the prodigies performed by his own clerk, for a salary which, consisting of the half-crowns, fluctuates from seven-and-sixpence a year downwards to a third of that sum, and in case of a bad (legal) harvest, reaching as low as nothing. The failure of the Compute crop, for instance, last year, caused a thorough famine of fees, by which the clerk was the chief sufferer; and though the Special Pleas looked well at the beginning of the year, the County Courts blight withered them all before they arrived at maturity. For the amount of remuneration derivable from these sources—or rather absence of sources—the clerk of MR. BRIEFLESS walked up to the third pair, on an average, four times a day, making in all one hundred and fifty steps, or some millions of stairs in the year; fetched eighty-six mutton-pies and ten basins of mock-turtle; gave fifty-nine backs at leap-frog to the clerk in the opposite chambers; took in six hundred newspapers; fetched four thousand jugs of spring water from Pump Court; made eight balloons in the long vacation, of old circuit papers; dusted the one brief—a dummy—three hundred times; filled the inkstand with fresh ink eighty-six times, and upset it forty-three; laughed at one of MR. BRIEFLESS's jokes; attempted to perform the like operation with three others, and failed; entered eleven hundred names in the call-book; wrote out one hundred notices of "Return Immediately," for the door, when going out for the rest of the day; turned out two bluebottles who were disturbing the labours of his learned master; mended the string of the blind fifty times, and broke it fifty-one; whistled fourteen polkas; read fifty-two prize novels in penny numbers; and answered the door to sixty-eight "original dustmen" applying for Christmas-boxes.

We fancy this slight catalogue of the labours of the clerk of the East, throws the clock-winding of the clerk of the North completely into the shade; and we hope we shall hear no more idle boasting, after the above proof of what can be achieved by habits of industry.

THE BULLOCK, THE PIG, AND THE WETHER.

A Smithfield Fable.

THERE happen'd lately—so they say—
In Smithfield, on a market day,
That portent, long esteem'd a joke,
Loculus bos—a bullock spoke;
His speech addressing to a wether,
And pig, whose pens lay close together.
"Companions in misfortune,"—thus,
In accents most lugubrious,
Tears in his eyes, the beast began—
"How cruelly we're used by Man!
Consider how the tyrant breeds us,
He stuffs and crams, and over-feeds us;
And wherefore? The carnivorous glutton!
To make us pork, and beef, and mutton.
Fat as we are, and short of breath,
For miles he drives us to our death,
Upon our journey goads and beats us,
Here coops us up, then kills and eats us.
Alas! to-morrow we must die.
One consolation still have I;
Revenge, the proverb says, is sweet:
Drive oxen through a crowded street,
And, in their progress to the shambles,
The passengers will rue their gambols.
This morn, as up Snow Hill I rush'd,
A costermonger's toe I crush'd,
Knock'd an old apple-woman over,
Trampled a child, and toss'd a drover.
Such recollections oft impart
Balm to the dying bullock's heart."
Replied the sheep—"'Tis very true,
I can't avenge my wrongs like you;
Still, sheep 'twixt people's legs can get,
And thus pedestrians overset:
So that, at least, we leave behind
Some broken bones among mankind."
"Friends," quoth the pig, "there's one more way
Wherein our tyrants we repay:
We 'specially, my tribe and I,
Make Smithfield one enormous sty;
With filth and fevers we requite
The monster Man—and serve him right!
Thus—let the thought console us all—
The butchers by the butcher'd fall."
Exclaim'd the bullock—"Well, I trust,
Be sold and slaughter'd if we must,
That still will London's cattle mart
Be held, as now, in London's heart;
And, thanks unto the civic powers,
Revenge and Smithfield still be ours."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

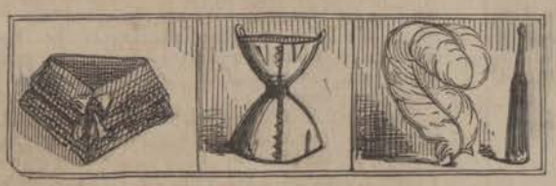
AT the Brighton races last week there was a horse—yes, a horse—named "SIR PETER LAURIE." We always imagined SIR PETER to be of another species.

Hints for the British Museum Commission.

It must of course be the wish of all connected with the Commission lately appointed to inquire into the British Museum, that the great national institution alluded to should be rendered as generally attractive as possible. One of the most useful objects that could be achieved would be the inducing of the softer sex to find attractions in the British Museum. We fear it is difficult to get them to rivet their attention on the most brilliant series of blue-bottles, however complete, or to open out a field of inquiry into oyster-shells, however curious. Fashion and dress always present points of interest to the sex we are desirous of enticing within the walls of the British Museum; and we propose, therefore, to invest the great national depository with attractions for the female visitor, by commencing a collection of the newest patterns in caps, shawls, bonnets, *visites*, and other articles of attire, which come home to us all—in band-boxes, with tolerably long bills tacked on to them.

We certainly do not see why the British Museum should confine its claims to copies of published books, engravings, and prints, when there is something quite as interesting, to half the population at least, in

book-muslins, prints in various patterns, and the thousand varieties of material and design which form the female wardrobe. Every artist in dress should be compelled to send in one copy at least of every new piece of attire that his ingenuity might devise, and the whole should be



arranged and catalogued under the superintendence of an official milliner, whose position should be equal to that of librarian or curator in the other departments of the Museum. The inventors who allow their fancy to revel in muslins, and twist the silks of France or India into a million shapes for the graceful cap or bonnet, would be delighted at a measure which would rescue from oblivion the result of their good taste, and preserve their inventions for the present generation to admire, and future ages to wonder at.

SIMPLE QUESTIONS.

A lady writes to inquire whether "M. Thiers' *History of the Counter-Revolution*" relates to the Early Closing Movement? We really must be excused answering such questions. We beg our correspondents will address their letters for the future to the Editor of the *Quarterly*.

NEW HOTEL AT PARIS.

Leopold is so constantly at Paris, that the Belgians call the Tuileries —"*Hotel du Roi des Belges.*"

WEST GLOUCESTERSHIRE ELECTION.

August 3rd.—This morning, the independent Candidates for this most independent county were duly nominated. The Most Noble the Earl of Fitzhardinge, so very much interested in the result, did not appear on the hustings; he nevertheless went through the ceremony of proposing *his* member. Attended by his valet, and butler, and two footmen, he appeared, at twelve o'clock, in the kitchen-garden of the Castle. The noble Earl, bringing himself up before a bed of Artichokes—and a very respectable and numerous meeting the Artichokes presented—thus eloquently addressed the vegetables:—

"Gentlemen Artichokes of West Gloucestershire,—We are met to-day for a most constitutional—nay, for a most solemn purpose. It is your duty to send to the House of Commons a member who shall duly represent you; a member who, unswayed, unbiassed by any sinister influence, shall vote according to his conscience for the furtherance of your interests, and for the interests of the country at large.

"Gentlemen Artichokes,—The law has many pleasant fictions. Most fortunate is it, that it is so: for without such pleasantries, how very dull the law would be.—But amongst the lighter fictions of the law, there is none more sportive than the fiction that the House of Peers has nothing to do with the election of the House of Commons. Why, we know, it is the practice of Peers to make Commoners, just as little girls make dirt-pies.

"It is to fulfil this duty, Gentlemen Artichokes, that I this day appear before you. I am about to make a dirt-pie for the division of West Gloucestershire.

"Gentlemen Artichokes,—Without any further trespass upon your valuable time, I beg to propose the Hon. Grenville Berkeley as your fit representative for the ensuing Parliament."

[As the noble Earl finished his speech, the wind played among the Artichokes, all of which bent and nodded their heads in the most flatteringly unanimous manner. The noble Earl then proceeded.]

"Gentlemen Artichokes,—Your conduct in this matter has been in every way worthy of your known intelligence. I hereby declare the Hon. Grenville Berkeley duly elected as your representative."

Whereupon, the member not being present, the Earl's valet kindly consented to be chaired for him. He was immediately lifted upon the shoulders of the footmen, and carried round the garden, very courteously acknowledging the many bows on the part of Asparagus, Onion-heads, and Artichokes.

The noble Earl retired to his library, and was in a few minutes absorbed in *De Lolme on the British Constitution*.

AN ABANDONED COUNTRY.

Never was there a kingdom so abandoned as Belgium. It is without a Monarch one half the year, and without a Ministry the other half. When the life of Leopold is written, the historian will have to search for information on the Railway from Brussels to Paris, or on board the Steamers from Ostend to London. The most important documents of his reign will be Railway Checks and Steam Navigation Company Tickets. Who knows, his Hume and Smollett may be a stoker and a steward? The former will be able to give an exact memoir of the different things that were carried by Leopold during his rapid life, and to inform the world how, on many an occasion, when the bell has been ringing for the train, His Majesty has nearly drooped under the weight of his carpet-bag, which contained his crown. The latter will probably inform us how Leopold stood his ground during the different storms which have made his career rougher than that of any other monarch; and we have no doubt that many an affecting passage will be introduced into this portion of the work, which will show how deeply moved His Belgian Majesty always was on these trying occasions.

Belgium never seems to fret much for the absence of its sovereign; and it is lucky it is not very susceptible on this point, for otherwise it would soon be flooded with its own tears, which would reduce it to its former level with Holland. We begin to imagine that directly a minister resigns, Leopold rushes out of the kingdom, and does not return till the ministry has accepted office again; and as there is a resignation of ministers published generally with the Magazines once a month, it stands to reason that he cannot be very much at home. His epitaph will be "He came and he went;" for his government really consists of very little more than arrivals and departures. The Belgians, however, take as little notice of the absence of their ministries as that of their monarch; and we really believe that if it were not for the foreign papers, they would not know when either of them had returned. But we advise Leopold not to repeat the trick too often, for if he is always stopping away, his subjects may not know him when he goes back, and we should be very sorry to hear that he had been taken up as an impostor, for daring to sit upon the throne at Lachen as the King of Belgium.

MELANCHOLY SCENE AT THE OPERA ON A JENNY LIND NIGHT.

Ether and Humming Bees.

THE *Globe* states that "some successful experiments have been recently made in France on the etherization of bees, so as to be able to take their honey whilst they are in a state of inaction, without the necessity of destroying their lives." It is much to be wished that some process could be invented for the etherization of the British Bee, which, in a state of industry, feels the subtraction of its honey most acutely. Would that a species of etherization could be devised which would render JOHN BULL insensible to the operation of the Income Tax!

SHABBY ELECTORS.

BATH has rejected ROEBUCK, Lambeth HAWES, and Edinburgh MACAULAY. The best that we can say of these several constituencies is, that they have each made a most discreditable turn-out.

Leeches and Lawyers.

THEY have discovered, it appears, at the Hotel Dieu, a process by which leeches may be made available a second time. It is "to promote dis*gorge*ment by rapid pressure between the fingers." We wonder if the same process would have the like happy effect on sharp attorneys. ("Take a rule to try," says —or should say—LORD DENMAN.)

CHEAP VOLCANOES.

WE see an announcement in the papers, that several scientific gentlemen have been commissioned to proceed to Mount Vesuvius, to watch the forthcoming eruption, which is expected to be on a much grander scale than usual. We suppose MR. TYLER will be one of those who will sit upon the volcano, with the view of receiving some new impressions from the crater, to keep by him for the next time the irritable Mount breaks out in one of his fuming passions at the Surrey Zoological. But we do not think there is any necessity to go as far as Naples to see an eruption of hot coals and smoking cinders. Let the enthusiast who has a burning ardour for lava in its most impetuous state, take a seat—that is to say, if he can find one—in one of the third-class carriages on any railway. He must select the one which is nearest to the engine. To strengthen the illusion of the representation, he had better choose one which bears the appropriate name of Etna, or Vesuvius, or Hecla—there generally is a locomotive with that baptismal name—and he will have as nice a little eruption as can be had for the money. If the train is two hours behind its time, the effect will be much grander. The coals will not be spared—the fire will burn its fiercest to gain the lost time—and the cinders will be distributed, beautifully hot, to all the passengers, without the slightest partiality.

The destruction of hats, coats, and boots will heighten the exhibition; sometimes an umbrella, which has been opened as a shield against the pelting storm of warm missiles, catches fire, and the flames dance and play round the whalebone in a manner which reminds one of some of the lively movements in *Les Elémens*. These are little *divertissements*, which are never included in the grand representation of Vesuvius. Why then go to Naples, when an eruption can be seen done so very much better on any of the English railways? The Croydon, for instance, has quite a metropolitan fame for its little volcanoes. Etna begins the first thing in the morning; he is followed with a rapid succession of fire by Vesuvius; and Hecla generally winds up the volcanic train with a display of glowing Wall's-end, which must be seen to be properly felt. There are twenty eruptions every day.

MAD DOG.

A DOG was taken up at Berne with the Cross of the Legion of Honour dangling from his neck. An order was issued the following day, that any one detected, in this warm weather, worrying a dog to the above degree, would be punished with the utmost severity of the law.

The Duke of Wellington's Relations.

JOURNEYMAN ELLAM—a whipper-snapper at MESSRS. SWAINE'S, the whip-makers in Piccadilly—has lately been claiming relationship to the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. There is something quite astonishing in the number of nephews, either real or counterfeit, that give themselves out as the "kith and kin" of the Hero of Waterloo. We are convinced that if a return of all the alleged connections of the Duke were to be ordered, the document comprising the names and occupations of the parties would be fearfully voluminous.

The young aristocrats behind the different counters in the metropolis must amount to some hundreds, if we are to credit the account they give of themselves after the hours of business. We wish the DUKE OF WELLINGTON would call in all the base nephews upon town after nine o'clock, P. M., as the number of light and counterfeit relatives in circulation from that hour till midnight, at saloons, cigar-shops, and elsewhere, must be found exceedingly embarrassing to tradespeople and others liable to be imposed upon by this imitation aristocracy.

It has been suggested to us that the establishment of MOSES & SON is responsible for a good deal of this Mosaic nobility, and that the Mart in the Minories is a sort of Mint, whence the counterfeit coinage is constantly issuing. We recommend the Duke, and other scions of the nobility, to confine themselves to their own legitimate tailors, and not to rush into those cheap paletots and registered or unregistered wrap-rascals which are so easily imitated by the counter-nobility, and render it difficult to discriminate between the base and the genuine article.

The fatal facility afforded by a free trade in moustachios, has contributed materially to the sort of imposition practised by ELLAM, the journeyman of MESSRS. SWAINE, the whip-makers. Though we are not Protectionists, we think a heavy duty should be put on beards, and that any one indulging in a quantity of tip amounting to imperial measure, should be compelled to tip up accordingly. The beard and moustachios would thus be *primâ facie* evidence of a certain stake in the country at least, and the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, as well as other nobles, would be released from the burden of some hundreds of pseudo-relatives.

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PETTY BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

CORRESPONDENTS are repeatedly sending us postage-stamps, in the mad hope of having articles inserted. A lady, for instance, with a coronet on her seal, sends us two-and-twopence in the shape of red and blue heads, inclosing a little bundle of delicate jokes about "A gentleman who will whistle at home," the said gentleman being, of course, her husband. It is never exactly stated in the letters we receive of this particular stamp, that the money is sent as a *douceur* for the insertion of the MS.; but there is always a mean attempt at bribery, which assumes the very worst form of huggery, in stating that the amount inclosed is for so many copies of the number of *Punch* in which the article appears. In this way we received the first act of a tragedy (the subject was *Boadicea*) and a crown's worth of stamps, with a sly intimation that another act would be forwarded, with a similar sum, as soon as the first was inserted. We took no notice of the tragedy, of course; when soon afterwards there came a second letter, threatening us with a summons to the County Court for detaining property under false pretences.

The fact of a man calling a tragedy "property" only shows the absurdity of the charge, and the insanity generally of the dense mass of correspondents we have to deal with. Some send us melancholy poetry; others statistical articles, filled with heaps of $\frac{7}{15}$ of $\frac{7}{15}$, and the most vulgar fractions; whilst one genius submitted to us the first part of a new tale (the scene was laid at the North Pole), to be completed in fifty numbers. Each of these contains petty bribes, ranging from sixpence to half-a-sovereign, and we have now such a collection of Queen's heads on our hands, that if old HENRY VIII. came to life again, he would cut off his own head from sheer despair of competition.

The amount is sufficient, we are sure, to frank the Wellington Statue to Botany Bay; and we do not mind devoting it to that patriotic purpose, if the Post-office will provide us with an envelope, and a good guarantee that the heavy missive shall be forwarded to its destination. If St. Martin's-le-Grand refuses our frank proposal, then we shall transmit our little fortune to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, for the purpose of increasing the beggarly fund allowed every year for the Literary Pension List. We shall send it under the head of "NONSENSE MONEY." Correspondents, therefore, who clamour after their lost heads, will find the value of them, for the future, under the cover of that title. We will not be bribed, excepting it is made well worth our while. Correspondents must send us their cheque-books, and ladies their portraits. We are always open to conviction, providing the thing is done handsomely.

GEOLOGY IN THE STRAND.

THE state of the Strand is becoming so alarming through the frequency of eruptions, that we have serious thoughts of sending for a geologist to ascertain the cause. We begin to fancy that there must be an exhausted volcano on the west side of Temple Bar, for we cannot believe that the continual outbreaks of flame and water can be the result of anything wrong in the gas-pipes or the river-main. There is at the moment of our writing an eruption, almost Vesuvian in its character, within a few hundred paces of St. Clement's Church. The bubbling up of water and the flaring of flame bespeak a disturbance of the elements in that quarter, which we cannot contemplate without alarm.

There is something terrible in the idea that we are walking over a volcano, or a series of volcanoes, every day of our lives. Even in the neighbourhood of our own office we may be on the very brink of an eruption, and we should not be surprised if our counter becomes, one day, another Torre del Greco, and our "boy" a second PLINY THE YOUNGER, as a sacrifice to the perpetual earthquakes which abound in the most thronged of metropolitan thoroughfares.

A ROYAL SUITE.

WE read in the papers, that "the *Queen of the French* arrived at Ramsgate from Ostend with 132 pigs and 25 firkins of butter." Not the pleasantest travelling in this warm weather—and for a queen too!

THE GREEN UNKNOWN.

THE contagiousness of folly is proverbial. It is sometimes evinced in a suicidal mania. One fool who leaps from Waterloo Bridge, or throws himself from the Monument, will cause many more to follow his example. Such is the force of a morbid love of notoriety. But one could hardly imagine this propensity to be so strong as to induce an individual, rather than not be conspicuous, to render himself a conspicuous ass. Things, however, happen that nobody could believe.

Our readers are acquainted with the romance of ELLAM, which lately transpired at the Marlborough Police Court. They will also remember that ELLAM consequently became, for several days, the one laughing-stock before the public.

It will, moreover, be in their recollection that LORD ELLAM had a certain companion in misfortune, whose Christian name was JULIUS or JULES. The surname of the youth did not appear; and LORD ELLAM, therefore, was the only acknowledged hero of the adventure. Nobody knew who JULIUS was; and the question, who could have been the other noodle? remained a mystery. But JULIUS was ambitious of sharing his friend's *éclat*. He himself volunteered to lift the mask which concealed the length of his ears. JULES *alias* JULIUS brought his wrongs also to Marlborough Street, and obliged the world with the information that the Green Unknown was CHACK. He summoned MADEMOISELLE ESTHER DE VILLARS, sister of LÉOLINE, before MR. BINGHAM, for detaining a volume of the *Memoirs of the Countess of Wolfenbuttel:* and, like a pigeon with the gift of speech, he related the whole history of his plucking; of the wines which he had paid for at a sovereign the bottle; of his lost walking-stick; and of the money he advanced, of which he was never to see the colour again; of his portrait, likewise, which he had sent the deceitful one—a valuable work of art, doubtless, and, like the original, something out of the common.

PORTRAIT OF THE FRIEND OF THE NEPHEW OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Notwithstanding that MR. BINGHAM dismissed MR. CHACK's application, it was perfectly successful in its object: CHACK has proved himself entitled to more than a moiety of the ridicule which had been monopolised by ELLAM, and satisfactorily established his claim to be considered the greater donkey of the two.

"EX QUOVIS LIGNO FIT MERCURIUS."

WHEN MR. OSBORNE began to head COLONEL WOOD on the poll for Middlesex, the most desperate efforts were made by the Colonel's Committee. A deputation actually waited on WOOD to beg him to let himself be split into faggot-voters, which we need scarcely say was firmly, though respectfully refused.

Homes and Haunts of the British Poets.

THE POET OF CREMORNE.

THE grounds of Cremorne are familiar to the travelled lounger by boat or bus, and it is therefore needless to describe them, though they were not always so accessible as they are at present. Many of our readers will be old enough to remember the year 1843, when Cremorne was a Baronial Hall, and was tenanted by a lineal descendant of BERENGARIA—the high and haughty BERENGER. The then LORD OF CREMORNE lived in feudal state, surrounded by vassals, or vessels, in the shape of tumblers, and quart pots, in which the scions of that noble house served grog, and still humbler liquids, to those who came to pay homage to the master of the domain or his lovely progeny. In those good old times there were jousts and swings, the quintain and the roundabout, the hockey-stick and the lance, the quarter-staff and the skittles, for those who delighted in such manly pastimes. Unhappily, the spirit of chivalry has long since disappeared, and those who expected to find it rusticating at Cremorne House were grievously mistaken. The swing dangled listlessly in the air, the roundabout never joined in the whirl of gaiety that had been expected to enliven Cremorne, the skittles stood neglected, and the Baron was ultimately bowled out by the Sheriff.

Since then Cremorne has passed into other hands, and the dulness of the old feudal system, which the BERENGERS had introduced, has been replaced by the lively entertainments of the nineteenth century. Oil lamps, canvas transparencies, an orchestra, supper-boxes, a dancing platform, ham sandwiches, and the other numerous accessories of Fairy Land, have been liberally introduced, while the brilliant evanescence of the whole is regularly typified, at half-past 11 P.M., by a splendid display of fireworks.

But let us steal away from all this excitement and gaiety, along the sequestered walk that leads to the home and haunt of the Cremorne Poet. A modest avenue of polyanthuses, here and there intersected with the leafy luxuriance of a clump of box, and gemmed at intervals by a laughing buttercup, takes us to the barrier of the Bard's abode, where the attention and the person are at once arrested by the interposition of a hand, and the ejaculation of a voice, exclaiming, "Owny tuppence — the Inwisable Poet." The demand being complied with, the stranger passes on, and finds himself in a canvas vestibule. The torn roof gives the only evidence of rent that the premises appear capable of yielding, and the absence of furniture is beautifully characteristic of the abode of genius. A solitary lamp throws a faint light upon an inscription to the following effect:—

"Those who would stir the bright poetic flame,
Must drop into the letter-box a name,
And from the opening, in language terse,
Will issue rapidly four lines of verse."

Notwithstanding the Herculean task sometimes imposed upon him, the Poet is as good as his word, and no name ever yet offered to him has been left without the promised quatrain. His eye has sometimes been sent into "a fine frenzy rolling," when SMITH, or JONES, or the still less harmonious BUGGINS, has been handed in; but the Poet has always passed triumphantly through the difficult ordeal. One of his magnificent masteries of a difficulty in the pursuit of poetry, under apparent impossibilities, is still upon record; and, having entered it on the waste-book of our memory, we proceed to post it up in our public ledger, for the benefit of our readers. Thus, then, it ran—and oh! when we say it ran, we cannot help thinking how, in any hands but those of the Poet of Cremorne, it would have hobbled:—

"BUGGINS! alas, I fear 'twill take some time
To find to such a name a pleasing rhyme.
Yes, at the brain 'twill need some awful tuggins;
But no, the thing 's achieved—a rhyme with BUGGINS."

As a specimen of the Poet's powers in a different style, we may subjoin the following touching stanza, elicited by the old familiar name of JONES, which has given rise to, perhaps, one of the sweetest and at the same time most mournful gushes of heart-churning sentiment to be found in the English language:—

"Stranger!—for such thou art to me—how blest
To bear thy name—so redolent of rest!
Glory in camps, and gewgawed state on thrones,
I hate ye! let me have repose with JONES."

The sensitive lover of the Muses could linger for a week—if he might have his dinner and tea sent in to him—at the home of the Cremorne Poet. To say that he is altogether invisible, is a fiction; for though he is unseen by the vulgar crowd, the searching glance of sympathy, looking upwards through the letter-box, will get a glimpse of the Bard, with his dome-like forehead enveloped in a fourpenny Glengarry; his flashing eye, flashing none the less brightly for the spectacles, that add to its force without impairing its lustre. Yes! we saw the Poet of Cremorne enveloped in the summer blouse so well adapted to the perpetual sunshine of his imagination, while ever and anon he dipped his pen into a wine-glass half filled with cerulean ink, and refreshed his heated brain with a cup of Mocha, which he occasionally pushed from him as if he were mentally ejaculating "All, all—is mochary!" Readily would we have fraternised with the man of genius, but for the barrier of canvas that stood between us; and we left him to make way for the gay and thoughtless crowd that kept pouring in a rapid succession of JOHNS and JANES, LIZAS and EBENEZERS, ARTHURS and MARTHAS, into his letter-box, regardless of the fact that every one of these common *cognomina* would require the distillation of drops of genius from the burning brain of the Poet. The Bard was not, however, to be beaten by any of these apparently unrhymable and unpoetical appellations, for, as we quitted his home, we heard the faint echo of the word "teaser" coming forth as a response to "Ebenezer," which had been the last trial to which he had been exposed, before we wended our way back through the daisy-draped avenues of box and buttercups towards the platforms of pleasure, and the parterre of a thousand Polkas.

THE GREAT PALETOT CASE.

THE tremendous struggle that a certain tailor is engaging in for the defence of what he calls his "Registered Paletot," bids fair to rival in interest the great case of SMALL *v.* ATWOOD, or the twenty years of Chancery about the property of our old friend, JEMMY WOOD. Every term is taken advantage of by the tailor to revive his paletot, under the pretext of reviving his suit. The paletot has been before the Chancellor four times, the three Vices once each, and gets referred to the Master at least once a week. KNIGHT BRUCE always laughs in the sleeve of the paletot, whenever the knowing tailor comes to try it on; and His Honour has once wittily observed, that it ought to be made of pretty strong materials, to stand the wear and tear of all the Chancery it has gone through.

We hope the paletot's pockets are lined with Bank notes, or it will ruin itself in costs. Should it ever become seedy, it may be allowed to sue *in formâ pauperis;* but it has always one advantage, for as long as it continues to be a paletot, it cannot be without a coat to its back.

Very Curious.

THERE has been no report of the sale of the "Royal Property" this year. We never recollect such a season for Vauxhall, since the veneering of ham sandwiches was first invented there. It used to be put up every twelvemonth, and sold six times over long before May; and yet here we are in the middle of August, and it has not been knocked down once. It really seems as if the place had made, out of its fireworks, a good stand against the numerous blows of the auctioneer's hammer, and as if the "ten thousand additional lamps" were beginning to trim themselves rightly, after having been so repeatedly snuffed out by old St. Swithin, and other extinguishers, and wet blankets. Long may the "vaulted *ilex*" throw their religious Simpsonian light about Vauxhall!

ASYLUMS FOR DECAYED MONARCHS.

So many of the kings are about to resign, that we propose a series of "ALMS-HOUSES FOR OLD SOVEREIGNS" should be erected for their accommodation in their declining years. There might be the Russian Ward for the EMPEROR NICHOLAS; the Spanish Ward for QUEEN ISABELLA; and the Belgic Ward for KING LEOPOLD. The CONDE DE MONTEMOLINmight be appointed Royal Guardian, or Porter to the royal establishment; for although he has not been exactly a king, yet he has proved himself a first-rate waiter upon royalty, having lived almost all his life upon the steps of a throne.

A corner might be found also for QUEEN CHRISTINA, who is at present without a Royal home, only the difficulty would be to find a place large enough, and to ventilate it properly, if she and ISABELLA lived together; for the same temperature would never do for the explosive mother and daughter, and two kings so remarkably cool as LEOPOLD and NICHOLAS. We believe a Committee is in treaty for the purchase of the "Royal Property," as the best spot for the Alms-houses. If so, the Exhibition of Vauxhall will be more followed than ever. Where is the Englishman who would begrudge half-a-crown to see "Two Live Kings!"

RAILWAY CLERKS.

ONE of these functionaries has written to protest against our having charged them with laziness in a recent article, and he gives us pretty strong proof that a Railway Clerk must of necessity "look alive." He furnishes us with a long and tedious correspondence, commenced by an old lady, who, expecting to arrive at Hull from the Continent with her cat, writes to a clerk in the railway office, intimating to him her situation, and requesting him to "think it over" and "let her know." She requires to be informed whether her cat must go among the cattle, or can be accommodated with a seat in the carriage with herself. She also begs, that if the railway company, whose clerk she is addressing, will not accede to her wishes, she may be informed of some other railway that will, if there happens to be any other railway going the same road.

We hear from our Correspondent that he has at least twenty such letters every day, if not to answer, at least to read; and he justly asks us whether we were not a little too hard in attributing idleness to a Railway Clerk. With that graceful sense of fairness that has characterised us from our cradle, we admit that "perhaps we were."

Literary Intelligence.

WE perceive that a MR. LUKE BURKE (no relation to the Sublime and Beautiful, we believe) has been lecturing on the science of Human Races. He touched, no doubt, upon the race in which the Regent Street Stag raced the Bermondsey Buffalo for a baked potato and "trimmings;" nor did he forget that remarkable race which was run in sacks by the Eel-pie Islander and the Dulwich Dromedary.

A SOBER REFLECTION.

THE reason wine and spirits are not sold at the Surrey Zoological Gardens is, because MR. TYLER is afraid that the visitors might make beasts of themselves.

An Election Lyric.

THE TRIUMPH OF PROTECTION.

(AFTER BEN JONSON.)

SEE the chariot, at hand here, of brass,
Wherein Protection rideth;
Each that draws is an ox or an ass,
And the car LORD GEORGE he guideth.
The County members bow subjection
To Protection,
And do wish, if but Might,
As of old, would make Right
Into Power, at her side,
Over figures and facts, law and reason, to ride.

Have you marked a dull boy in the throe
Of a sum in compound addition?
Or six raw recruits in a row
At drill with the awkward division?
Have you marked a parish "BUMBLE,"
Or any thing equally humble?
Have you analysed London fog, or
The mud of an Irish bog, or
Whatever still denser may be?—
Oh so dull, oh so proud, oh so dense is she!

PEEL'S IMPROVED HAND.

THE efficacy of the plan of binding the hand for the purpose of effecting improvement in penmanship has lately been tested in reference to politics, and the result has been everything that could be desired. It is notorious that SIR ROBERT PEEL had long been afflicted with a cramped and crooked style of writing, which considerably interfered with the breadth and boldness which ought to have characterised the method of one from whom so many were in the habit of taking their copy. A master of the name of CORDEN at length undertook to give PEEL a few lessons, and began by tying up the hands of the latter with a good strong band, under the name of the Anti-Corn-Law League.

PEEL at first cried out against the pressure, but finding it hopeless to resist it, he resigned his hand entirely to CORDEN'S guidance.

A very few lessons made an alteration in the style of the pupil, though there was an awkwardness and stiffness in the sudden change of character which ensued. Those who remember the PEEL caligraphy, or rather his kakography, of 1840, must have been very much astonished at the change it underwent in the winter of 1845. At the first of these epochs the style was small, cramped, and insignificant, evincing a sort of slipperiness, arising from his hand being guided by a sliding scale. After CORDEN'S lessons, the style became bold, open, and intelligible, when it was at length found practicable to remove the bandage by which the movements of PEEL were restricted, and he now writes a Free Trade hand as naturally as if he had been brought up in the CORDEN School from the first, instead of having entered as a pupil at a late period of life.

THE LEGAL HARVEST.

THE greater part of the legal harvest is now safely housed. Most of the reaping has been done, not with the scythe, but that much sharper instrument, a bill. The cold water that has fallen from the roofs of the County Courts has done considerable damage. The crops have been very scanty, and there has been a great mixture of mere chaff.

BRIBERY IS DETESTABLE; BUT POLITENESS COSTS NOTHING.

Canvasser. "PRAY, GENTLEMEN, DON'T THINK OF WALKING TO THE POLLING BOOTH; I AM SURE YOUR TIME MUST BE VALUABLE, AND HERE'S A CARRIAGE QUITE AT YOUR SERVICE."

A FAST MAN'S OPINIONS ON SHAKSPEARE.

To Mr. Punch.

"PUNCH, MY BRICK!

"I WRITE to you in confidence, which you may respect, if you will; but which you are quite at liberty to violate, if you think fit. Between you and me, *Punch*, as sharp men, as fellows who are up to the mark of the day, you sometimes take a line that I can't make out. For instance, I don't understand your joining in the fuss which is now making about SHAKSPEARE'S house. It isn't downy of you, nor crafty, nor wide awake. The subject isn't funny. There is no rollick in it. You can't be going in for the laughs. Perhaps you think you are taking up a popular cry. If you do, you are mistaken. The dodge won't answer. You have missed your tip. We don't care about SHAKSPEARE, or his house either. As to the latter, it may be worth seeing, with the addition of fireworks at the Surrey Zoo.; but the former won't go down at any price. No rational being ever goes to see SHAKSPEARE now, except at MADAME TUSSAUD'S, where he is supported by the benevolent POPE PIUS and GEORGE IV. There he appears in his true character—the dummy. He is dummy. He is slow. He doesn't go. He won't act. He doesn't draw. He is a bad egg. Count the rounds of applause that MACREADY gets in *Othello*, and compare them with those obtained by LEMAITRE in *Le Docteur Noir*.

That is the way to judge of the merits of a drama. Stow your criticism. People talk of SHAKSPEARE'S profound thought. Rubbish! Who wants profound thought at a play, to which you go to be amused? It is heavy. Then they prate about his wondrous imagination. Stuff! Give us realities. Sublimity isn't lively. Beauty 's not sharp. Don't tell us of the elevating tendency of SHAKSPEARE'S writings. Our minds don't want elevating. We had rather not have them screwed up; it 's uncomfortable. Let authors come down to our comprehension. We go to a theatre for excitement and fun only. SHAKSPEARE affords neither. His villains are beaten out and out by O. SMITH; and as to his clowns, not one of them comes up to BARRY. Shakspearian wit is dreary. To me it reads like so much philosophy. But suppose that SHAKSPEARE'S works are calculated to improve our taste—which I deny—What is that to you? Your object is to profit by our taste—not to improve it. You go in, of course, for the threepences. We don't care twopence for SHAKSPEARE.

"No, no, *Punch*. Cut him, and all the Elizabethan gammon. We see nothing in it but queer English. It may be quaint, but it isn't spicy. 'Tis like the costume of the period—out of date. We don't dress in doublets and trunk hose now. We swear by paletots and Tweeds. Never mind the snail, nor his shell. Let the sticks be sold off at Stratford-on-Avon; it will be prime fun. If BARNUM buys the house, and takes it to America, it will be a great lark. It is high time SHAKSPEARE had the sack. Give it him; drop him; choke him off—and, *Punch*, you will be voted a jolly trump, by myself and every one else who pretends to be

"A FAST MAN."

"P S. What do you think of the above article? I believe you would find this style of thing a novelty. I should be happy to furnish you with my opinion on affairs in general—or anything else in my line. What say you?"

*** We say that our Correspondent, who signs himself "A Fast Man," writes very much in the manner of a perfect snob. Nevertheless, we may occasionally avail ourselves of his services. We should like to keep a monkey capable of expressing his sentiments, and it is possible that we may establish a Fast Man.

A PEER OF THE COUNTER.

THE nephew of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON has had a title conferred upon him by his fellow shop-boys. He takes his seat and the oaths every morning under the title of "THE RANK IMPOSTOR."

RECREATION.

PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

PHIL. FOGARTY—A TALE OF THE FIGHTING ONETY-ONETH.

BY HARRY ROLLICKER.

AMONG the young fellows with whom I was most intimate in Paris, was EUGÈNE BEAUHARNAIS, the son of the ill-used and unhappy JOSEPHINE by her former marriage with a French gentleman of good family. Having a smack of the old blood in him, EUGÈNE's manners were much more refined than those of the new-fangled dignitaries of the EMPEROR's Court; where (for my knife and fork was regularly laid at the Tuileries) I have seen my poor friend MURAT repeatedly mistake a fork for a tooth-pick, and the gallant MASSENA devour peas by means of his knife, in a way more innocent than graceful. TALLEYRAND, EUGÈNE, and I, used often to laugh at these eccentricities of our brave friends, who certainly did not shine in the drawing-room, however brilliant they were in the field of battle. The EMPEROR always asked me to take wine with him, and was full of kindness and attention. "I like EUGÈNE" (he would say to me, pinching my ear confidentially, as his way was,)—"I like EUGÈNE to keep company with such young fellows as you; you have manners; you have principles; my rogues from the camp have none. And I like you, PHILIP my boy," he added, "for being so attentive to my poor wife—the EMPRESS JOSEPHINE, I mean." All these honours made my friends at the Marquis's very proud, and my enemies at Court *crever* with envy. Among these, the atrocious CAMBACÈRES was not the least active and envenomed.

The cause of the many attentions which were paid to me, and which, like a vain coxcomb, I had chosen to attribute to my own personal amiability, soon was apparent. Having formed a good opinion of my gallantry from my conduct in various actions and forlorn hopes during the war, the EMPEROR was most anxious to attach me to his service. The grand Cross of St. Louis, the title of Count, the command of a crack cavalry regiment, the 14me Chevaux Marins, were the bribes that were actually offered to me; and, must I say it! BLANCHE, the lovely, the perfidious BLANCHE, was one of the agents employed to tempt me to commit this act of treason.

"Object to enter a foreign service!" she said, in reply to my refusal. "It is you, PHILIP, who are in a foreign service. The Irish nation is in exile, and in the territories of its French allies. Irish traitors are not here; they march alone under the accursed flag of the Saxon, whom the great NAPOLEON would have swept from the face of the earth, but for the fatal valour of Irish mercenaries! Accept this offer, and my heart, my hand, my all are yours. Refuse it, PHILIP, and we part."

"To wed the abominable CAMBACÈRES!" I cried, stung with rage. "To wear a duchess's coronet, BLANCHE! Ha, ha! Mushrooms, instead of strawberry-leaves, should decorate the brows of the upstart French nobility. I shall withdraw my parole. I demand to be sent to prison—to be exchanged—to die—anything rather than be a traitor, and the tool of a traitress!" Taking up my hat, I left the room in a fury; and flinging open the door, tumbled over CAMBACÈRES, who was listening at the key-hole, and must have overheard every word of our conversation.

We tumbled over each other, as BLANCHE was shrieking with laughter at our mutual discomfiture. Her scorn only made me more mad; and, having spurs on, I began digging them into CAMBACÈRES' fat sides as we rolled on the carpet, until the Marshal howled with rage and anger.

"This insult must be avenged with blood!" roared the DUKE OF ILLYRIA.

"I have already drawn it," says I, "with my spurs."

"*Malheur et malédiction!*" roared the Marshal.

"Hadn't you better settle your wig?" says I, offering it to him on the tip of my cane, "and we'll arrange time and place when you have put your jasey in order." I shall never forget the look of revenge which he cast at me, as I was thus turning him into ridicule before his mistress.

"LADY BLANCHE," I continued bitterly, "as you look to share the Duke's coronet, hadn't you better see to his wig?" and so saying, I cocked my hat, and walked out of the Marquis's place, whistling "Garryowen."

I knew my man would not be long in following me, and waited for him in the Place Vendôme, where I luckily met EUGÈNE too, who was looking at the picture-shop in the corner. I explained to him my affair in a twinkling. He at once agreed to go with me to the ground, and commended me, rather than otherwise, for refusing the offer which had been made to me. "I knew it would be so," he said, kindly; "I told my father you wouldn't. A man with the blood of the FOGARTIES, PHIL, my boy, doesn't wheel about like these fellows of yesterday." So, when CAMBACÈRES came out, which he did presently, with a more furious air than before, I handed him at once over to EUGÈNE, who begged him to name a friend, and an early hour for the meeting to take place.

"Can you make it before eleven, PHIL?" said BEAUHARNAIS. "The EMPEROR reviews the troops in the Bois de Boulogne at that hour, and we might fight there handy before the review."

"Done!" said I. "I want, of all things, to see the newly arrived Saxon Cavalry manœuvre:" on which CAMBACÈRES, giving me a look, as much as to say, "See Sights! Watch Cavalry manœuvres! Make your soul, and take measure for a coffin, my boy!" walked away, naming our mutual acquaintance, MARSHAL NEY, to EUGÈNE as his second in the business.

I had purchased from MURAT a very fine Irish horse, *Bugaboo*, out of *Smithereens*, by *Fadladeen*, which ran into the French ranks at Salamanca, with poor JACK CLONAKILTY, of the 13th, dead, on the top of him. *Bugaboo* was too much, and too ugly an animal for the KING OF NAPLES, who, though a showy horseman, was a bad rider across country; and I got the horse for a song. A wickeder and uglier brute never wore pig-skin; and I never put my leg over such a timber-jumper in my life. I rode the horse down to the Bois de Boulogne on the morning that the affair with CAMBACÈRES was to come off, and LANTY held him as I went in, "sure to win," as they say in the ring.

CAMBACÈRES was known to be the best shot in the French army; but I, who am a pretty good hand at a snipe, thought a man was bigger, and that I could wing him if I had a mind. As soon as NEY gave the word, we both fired: I felt a whizz past my left ear, and putting up my hand there, found a large piece of my whiskers gone; whereas at the same moment, and shrieking a horrible malediction, my adversary reeled and fell.

"*Mon Dieu, il est mort!*" cried NEY.

"*Pas du tout,*" said BEAUHARNAIS. "*Ecoute; il jure toujours.*"

And such, indeed, was the fact: the supposed dead man lay on the ground cursing most frightfully. We went up to him: he was blind with the loss of blood, and my ball had carried off the bridge of his nose. He recovered; but he was always called the Prince of Ponterotto in the French army, afterwards. The surgeon in attendance having taken charge of this unfortunate warrior, we rode off to the review, where NEY and EUGÈNE were on duty at the head of their respective divisions, and (where, by the way, CAMBACÈRES, as the French say, "*se faisait désirer.*"

It was arranged that CAMBACÈRES' division of six battalions and nine-and-twenty squadrons should execute a *ricochet* movement, supported by artillery in the intervals, and converging by different *épaulements* on the light infantry, that formed, as usual, the centre of the line. It was by this famous manœuvre that at Arcola, at Montenotte, at Friedland, and subsequently at Mazagran, SUWAROFF, PRINCE CHARLES, and GENERAL CASTANOS were defeated with such victorious slaughter: but it is a movement which, I need not tell every military man, requires the greatest delicacy of execution, and which, if it fails, plunges an army into confusion.

"Where is the DUKE OF ILLYRIA?" NAPOLEON asked. "At the head of his division, no doubt," said MURAT: at which EUGÈNE, giving me an arch look, put his hand to his nose, and caused me almost to fall off my horse with laughter. NAPOLEON looked sternly at me; but at this moment the troops getting in motion, the celebrated manœuvre began, and His Majesty's attention was taken off from my impudence.

MELHAUD's Dragoons, their bands playing *Vive Henri Quatre*, their cuirasses gleaming in the sunshine, moved upon their own centre from the left flank in the most brilliant order, while the Carabineers of FOY, and the Grenadiers of the Guard under DROUST D'ERLON, executed a carambolade on the right, with the precision which became those veteran troops; but the Chasseurs of the young guard, marching by twos instead of threes, bore consequently upon the Bavarian Uhlans (an ill-disciplined and ill-affected body), and then, falling back in disorder, became entangled with the artillery and the left centre of the line, and in one instant thirty thousand men were in inextricable confusion.

"Clubbed, by Jabers!" roared out LANTY CLANCY. "I wish we could show 'em the Fighting Onety-oneth, Captain, darling."

"Silence, fellow!" I exclaimed. I never saw the face of man express passion so vividly as now did the livid countenance of NAPOLEON. He tore off GENERAL MELHAUD's epaulettes, which he flung into FOY's face. He glared about him wildly like a demon, and shouted hoarsely for the DUKE OF ILLYRIA. "He is wounded, Sire," said GENERAL FOY, wiping a tear from his eye, which was blackened by the force of the blow; "he was wounded an hour hence in a duel, Sire, by a young English prisoner, MONSIEUR DE FOGARTY."

"Wounded! a Marshal of France wounded! Where is the Englishman? Bring him out, and let a file of grenadiers"—

"Sire!" interposed EUGÈNE.

"Let him be shot!" shrieked the EMPEROR, shaking his spy-glass at me with the fury of a fiend.

This was too much. "Here goes!" said I, and rode slap at him.
There was a shriek of terror from the whole of the French army, and I should

think at least forty thousand guns were levelled at me in an instant. But as the muskets were not loaded, and the cannon had only wadding in them, these facts, I presume, saved the life of PHIL. FOGARTY from this discharge.

Knowing my horse, I put him at the EMPEROR's head, and *Bugaboo* went at it like a shot. He was riding his famous white Arab, and turned quite pale as I came up and went over the horse and the EMPEROR, scarcely brushing the cockade which he wore.

"Bravo!" said MURAT, bursting into enthusiasm at the leap.

"Cut him down!" said SIEYÈS, once an Abbé, but now a gigantic Cuirassier; and he made a pass at me with his sword. But he little knew an Irishman on an Irish horse. *Bugaboo* cleared SIEYÈS, and fetched the monster a slap with his near hind hoof which sent him reeling from his saddle,—and away I went, with an army of a hundred-and-seventy-three thousand eight hundred men at my heels.

A LIVELY REGATTA.

THE "stable mind" which presides over the Parliamentary representation of King's Lynn, has shown itself in a placard which "Our Own Correspondent" has sent up to us. The document is *apropos* of a Regatta, which promises to be a most lugubriously lively affair, for the Mayor "desires to express a hope that the shops in the town will be closed." His Worship wishes, in fact, the place to assume the aspect of a funeral, by way of promoting the gaiety of the scene.

The Committee go beyond even the Mayor in absurdity, for they "request that all BOATS may remain *stationary* during the RACE."!!! What an exciting affair a Regatta consisting of a race by stationary boats must prove! We presume the contest will be left to the decision of the tide and wind, for the boats cannot be utterly stationary, notwithstanding the request of the Committee for "promoting the Regatta," that the craft should be as motionless as our friend BRIEFLESS on the eve of St. Hilary.

An Unknown Friend.

AN advertisement in the *Times* of Saturday announces that "a gentleman wishes to acknowledge the receipt of two hundred and twenty pounds, with sincere thanks to his Unknown Friend." Such a friend as this ought to be at once dragged from his incognito, in order that he may become generally known. He must be "A Great Unknown" indeed, who can have a heart and pocket open from ten till dusk, with a stream of benevolence gushing from the one, and a cataract of sovereigns flowing from the other in a currency of gold. We say to the gentleman who acknowledges the receipt of the two hundred and twenty pounds, "We should like to know your friend."

PUNCH'S REPORT ON THE DECORATIONS OF THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

OUR opinion upon the recommendations of the Commissioners, as contained in their seventh Report, is so very unsatisfactory, that we beg to furnish a few suggestions of our own. As we find that the subjects are not necessarily limited by the restrictions of historical accuracy, we beg to propose, as a grand series of *tableaux*, the magnificent incidents in the domestic life of anonymous royalty described by the nursery poet.

The King counting his money in the counting-house would furnish an opportunity for the introduction of the coins of the period, with a degree of finish and elaboration which would blend roundness of outline with minuteness of detail. *The Queen in the parlour, eating bread and honey*, would give scope for the talents of TURNER, whose dabs of honey on bread would form fit companions for the lobster salads in which he will go down to posterity. *The Maid in the garden, hanging out the clothes*, might be taken advantage of to perpetuate the memory of some of the costumes of our ancestors; including the famous surcoat, pierrepoint, and gauntlets, of which RICHARD CŒUR DE LION always had one or more specimens in the wash.

These are the subjects we should like to see decorating the walls of Parliament, side by side with RALEIGH filling up a puddle with his paletot, of which paletot, by the way, MACINTOSH does not say a word.

A SKETCH NEAR BURTON CRESCENT.

"OH! WOT A SHAME! THEY 'VE BEEN AND SPIKED ALL THE POSTES."

CRACKED VOICES.

THERE have been "Voices from the Crowd," and "Voices from the Mountains," and voices from Echo, the Counter, the Cellar, the Kitchen; in fact, voices from everything. Now, we should like to see "Voices from the Elections." We can imagine nothing would be more hollow than these voices, particularly those from Bath and Edinburgh. If they could be published, what a tremendous demand there would be for foolscap!

EXTENSION OF THE SUFFRAGE.

COLONEL SIBTHORPE informs us, that one of the first propositions to be made in the new Parliament by one of the out-and-out radicals who have got in, will be a motion to extend the Membership for the Tower Hamlets, by allowing a representative of the Tower Richard the Thirds.

WHO WANTS A CROWN?

REALLY the market will be over-stocked shortly with Crowns. A throne must be a very hard seat, stuffed, probably, with thorns, for no less than four Royal bodies are anxious to exchange it for the easy chair of private life. The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA wishes to become a plain subject, and intends putting in an advertisement in the Royal Gazette of St. Petersburgh, that the Imperial Diadem is to be let by the day, month, or year; LEOPOLD, also, is burning to throw off the ermine and to assume the Registered Paletot. The QUEEN OF SPAIN likewise has had enough of the bitters of Royalty, and wishes to taste a few of the sweets of domestic bliss. There is a report, too, that the POPE is tired of wearing the three tiaras, and that his head aches to put on again the Cardinal's hat.

This universal throwing-up of crowns, diadems, and tiaras, proves that there is something in the wind, or that such cumbrous ornaments are not the best adapted for keeping the head cool. The warm weather may have something to do with it. We only know we would not carry on our forehead an immense machine which the diamonds alone must make heavier than a porter's knot, and we are not donkey enough to carry two or three hundred carats as long as we can get for seventeen and sixpence a ventilating GIBUS, that is as light as one of the sovereigns you get in change at the Bank, and all for the sake of being called King, and having Lord Mayors read interminable addresses to you, beginning with the absurd question of—"May it please your Majesty?" when the trumpery adulation is sure to have the contrary effect. No, the beaver is our diadem, and when we are tired of that, we can exchange it at any time for the wreath of laurels we have received as a present from the hands of POSTERITY; for, as we live in advance of our age, we have often communed with that discerning individual, and have no hesitation in stating that we are her favourite child, notwithstanding the claims of TOM THUMB and SIR ROBERT PEEL.

By-the-bye, the last time we saw POSTERITY, she was preparing a wreath for him—we mean SIR ROBERT PEEL—only we promised not to say anything about it, for he might neglect the laurels he has been growing all his life for the marble bust he has lately finished of himself for the picture gallery at Tamworth. But, to return to small subjects, we cannot help thinking how difficult the change will be at first from Royalty to a respectable life. It will take some time for a king to contract the habits of social intercourse; and even the common act of speaking to a servant as a human being will require no little practice. We are anxious to see how those who have done nothing from their royal paphood but command others, can command themselves. If NICHOLAS cannot acquire this difficult art, we tell him candidly he will be subject to innumerable annoyances. His servants will be continually giving him warning—his friends will be cutting him—and his acquaintances, if he provokes them too much with an assumed air of superiority, which would be overlooked if he were a sovereign, but which will assuredly be resented if he is merely a private individual, like NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, will be giving him into charge as disorderly, or something worse; and he will experience, for the first time of his life, the unpleasantness of sending for a householder at twelve o'clock at night to come and bail him out.

However, if, in his new career, he should be visiting London, we shall be very happy to teach him the courtesies of private life, and to show him what it is to live like a gentleman. We will forget past grievances, NICHOLAS—rub Poland out of our recollection—forgive you our petty banishment from your kingdom—and shall be happy to see you, in Fleet Street, to a quiet chop, any day you like; and we think we can promise you as nice a glass of port wine as can be got in England, or anywhere else.—Our dinner-hour is six. We mention this, so that LEOPOLD may know where to call should he ever want a dinner; and that ISABELLA may know where there is always a knife and fork for her, and no fear of meeting ASSIS; and that our noble friend the POPE may know where there is a kindred spirit, who, at that hour, will feel the greatest pleasure, seven days a week, in drinking as many toasts as he chooses, in the depth of his generous heart, to propose "to the Regeneration of Italy." We do not pretend to take in LOUIS-PHILIPPE in the list of our invitations, for we do not think there is much chance of his resigning his crown. But, really, we should like to make our little place a "House of Call for Sovereigns," if it is only to let them learn, from example, the happy secret of being contented; for we shrewdly suspect it is only for the want of that dear jewel, that a bunch of so many crowns is likely to be flung into the street as rubbish.

SONG OF THE ELECTION HARVEST HOME.

AIR—"*Here's to the Maiden,*" *&c.*

Now the elections are over, mine host,
Meetings, and speeches, and dinners,
Pass me the bottle—I'll give you a toast,
The health of both losers and winners.
Canvass and feast,
Now they have ceased,
Leave lawyers and publicans gainers at least.

Here's to the Member who's pledged to Free Trade,
Here's to the friend of Protection!
What does it matter, so long as we're paid,
Who loses or gains his election?
Canvass, &c.

Never mind who may be out or be in,
Whose the defeat or the glory;
Here's to them all—whilst we pocket their tin—
To Liberal, and Peelite, and Tory.
Canvass, &c.

Drink we to PEARSON, and drink we to HAWES,
Drink we to JOHNSON and RUSSELL!
Hey for a contest!—a fig for the cause—
We gain by the scramble and bustle.
Canvass, &c.

Confound their politics; leave them, good friends,
Leave them to wrangle and bicker:
Plenty of money so long as they spend
On legal assistance and liquor.
Canvass, &c.

Here is the health, then, of all who have stood;
Ours is the fructification:
Us the election, at least, has done good,
Whate'er it has done for the nation.
Canvass, &c.

Each of us nicely has feather'd his nest,
Each made his hay in fine weather;
Therefore, mine host, in a glass of the best,
Toast we their honours together.
Canvass, &c.

INTERNATIONAL COMMUNICATION.

THE present summer has been one of incessant interchange of that communication which links mankind in brotherhood. A rapid succession of busses keeps up a constant stream of fraternity between Brompton and the Bank, while the denizen of Cheapside is no longer a stranger on the shores of Chelsea. Father Thames makes us all children of the same family, by harbouring in his bosom the twopenny, the penny, and the halfpenny boats; while the Wandsworth savage, once limited to his native wilds, may in a few minutes walk in the haunts of civilised man in the horse-chestnut groves of Chelsea. The little halfpenny boat the *Cricket* should indeed be called "*The Cricket on the Hearth*," for every cargo is full of "home voices;" and the *Bee* goes about gathering honey every day from pier to pier, if not from flower to flower. Battersea bows to Cremorne; Lambeth leers at Milbank; Hungerford hugs Pedlar's Acre; and all this delightful approximation of feelings and interests, arises from the means of communication which steam-boat and bus afford. We never see a loaded vehicle bound for Chelsea, and bounding over the stones, without the squint of sentiment twinkling in the eye, and the sneeze of emotion trembling in the nose. Where is the heart——But "the boy" is waiting for "copy," and our sentiment must be cut short.

AN UNGRATEFUL RETURN.

THE reason why Members have been elected in preference to MACAULAY, BULWER, and ROEBUCK is easily accounted for by the old proverb, "Small *prophets*, and quick *returns*."

THE ENGAGED ONES.

"LAW! CHARLES! ISN'T THERE A GREAT BLACK ON MY NOSE?"

COMING EVENTS.—A RUSSELLITE RELIC.

LITTLE wot ye what 's coming,
(If hustings' promise be not humming):
Sanitary Rule 's coming,
Gaol and Workhouse School 's coming,
Railway Legislation 's coming,
Prison Regulation 's coming,
Poor man's Church Extension 's coming,
City Graves Prevention 's coming,
Window Tax Reduction 's coming,
Popular Instruction 's coming,
Soldiers' Education 's coming,
Unfettered Navigation 's coming,
Repeal of Scotch Entail 's coming,
Irish Lands' quick sale 's coming,
Peace is coming, Plenty 's coming,
Foreign Kine in twenties coming,
Wealth is coming, Health is coming—
Strange that so, by stealth, they 're coming;
From the hustings members see 'em,
And call on us to sing "*Te Deum.*"
Huzza, Huzza! for Whig profession!
The Land of Promise is "next Session!"

Royal Birth-days.

THE joyous celebration of the birth-days of the juvenile members of the Royal Family cannot be too much praised; and if the custom continues, there is little doubt that in the course of events—we mean peculiarly "happy events"—the Royal residence will exhibit an uninterrupted succession of merriment. The frequent auspicious additions to the Royal circle will render it at last one unbroken round of gaiety, and the judicious distribution of legs of mutton, which is now scarcely more than quarterly, will speedily assume a monthly, and we hope, ultimately, a fortnightly form. The more birth-days the better, when they can be observed in the style of which HER MAJESTY has set an example at Osborne House.

CATCHING.—It is no wonder that the elector who was brought over from France at a tremendous expense by GENERAL CAULFIELD should have voted for the opposite side, for it must be recollected that he had just arrived from Paris, the place, *par excellence*, at that moment, of corruption.

DIPLOMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

ONSIDERABLE excitement has been occasioned in the diplomatic world in consequence of the visit to this country of the reigning DUKE OF NASSAU. Some say he is over here for the purpose of restoring to his family the throne of Nassau Street, Soho, which was once a dependency of the parent state; but we are happy to be able, from authentic sources, to intimate, that the reigning DUKE OF NASSAU is in England merely on business connected with the great Nassau Balloon. This will account for the inflated style of some of our contemporaries on this subject; but what we have intimated will at once reduce all their surmises into thin air.

The Greeks are watching the movements of COLETTI in this country with the most curious jealousy. A rumour had reached Athens that he had had an audience of HER MAJESTY, but the vast audiences of Her Majesty's Theatre, with which COLETTI and his colleagues have been honoured, are doubtless the audiences to which the Greek journals allude.

VERY BAD! NONE WORSE!!

SOME people are rather surprised that the juvenile snob called JULES CHACK should have gone to the police-office to publish the story of his own viridity. An old French proverb accounts for this self-assertion of his own snobbishness by CHACK—"*Chack un a son goût.*"

COSTUMES OF THE ROYAL CHILDREN.

AT the celebration of a birth-day of one of the Royal Family, the two little Princes were dressed in the costume of true British sailors, after a well-known design in a former number of *Punch*. We perfectly approve of HER MAJESTY'S desire to keep up in her own family the naval glories of England, by making hearts of oak out of those interesting little acorns already to be found in the Royal abode. We have heard, however, that other classes object to the preference given to the navy by HER MAJESTY'S choice; and the poor Protectionists are crying out for the adoption of their costume, by the conversion of one at least of the little Princes into a diminutive "one of spades." The complaint of exclusiveness might be carried to a considerable length, for there is no profession that would not have a right to cry out against the adoption of the navy to the prejudice of all the rest. The civil engineer might solicit the dressing up of one at least of the young Princes in the costume of the craft, with a theodolite for a walking-stick, a "dumpy level" for an eye-glass, and a few of the other symbolical badges of the profession about him, to render the making up complete.

CUTTING OUT AMERICA.

A YANKEE visitor declares, that not even in his own country is there a cooler case of *Whittling* on record than occurred lately at Marylebone, where a gentleman, finding a respectable constituency vacant, walked into it, chiselled all he found there, and then cut his stick.

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A CHANCE THAT DOES NOT OCCUR EVERY DAY.

In the event of Holland, or Belgium, or Russia sending over to England for a king, the question is, Whom can we send? There is old KING COLE, but he is a merry old soul, and would almost die of *ennui* in such low countries. His pipers would have nothing to pipe but their eyes, and his fiddlers would find it rather hard work playing with the fear of the bowstring before them. There is also KING DEATH. We could well spare him; but we imagine he is too busy on the railways, to seek for any other line just at present for the exercise of his peculiar talents. What other kings are there?—not one, excepting the Railway King, and he is wanted to open the Railway Parliament next year. We are afraid the only representatives left for the kingless countries above mentioned, will be the kings of the drama. There is DIDDEAR, who has long played the *King* in *Hamlet*, and he is very perfect in the words; and there is GEORGE BENNETT, also, who has never played *Duncan* without getting three rounds of applause; and there is CHARLES KEAN, whose *Richard* would do admirably for Russia, where his great point of "Off with his head," would be taken as a proof of his great natural ability for the part of Emperor.

These new kings could be imported at a very trifling cost, for they have each got a good stock of royal robes, with ermine collars, which would only require looking up a bit, just to clear them of the moths, and they would be ready to start to-morrow. They could find their own crowns also, and would have the advantage over a Coburg, of knowing how to start, and frown, and command, and "blessing the people," exactly like a real sovereign. We really do not see where better kings can be got for the money, and we do not think that England would cry her eyes out at parting with any one of them.

Supposing these talented gentlemen, however, do not accept the above engagements, there are the three ex-kings of Somerset House, who might find the offer a tempting one for carrying out in foreign countries the beautiful supremacy of the Poor Law, which they failed to establish in England. Siberia is just the sphere for royalty so cold-blooded as theirs.

STRANGE SYMPATHY.

THE Mayor of Yarmouth has announced to the Town Council the melancholy and astounding fact that the Nelson Monument in that city is falling into dilapidation so rapidly, that its dissolution must be looked for, if some measures are not speedily taken to avert the threatened result. We see in this strange story a most wonderful instance of sympathy; for, after the wretchedness the Nelson Monument in London has gone through, its Yarmouth relative must be, as the poet says,

"Lost! quite lost to sentiment, indeed,"

if it did not evince a fellow-feeling for the melancholy reverses that have attended the career of its metropolitan connection. We always thought the sufferings of the Nelson Monument, at Trafalgar Square, enough to melt a heart of stone; and the dilapidated feelings of the lapidary specimen at Yarmouth, all brought on, no doubt, by extreme sympathy for its kindred in town, will completely justify the view we have taken. It is useless to apply mortar poultices, or a series of coatings of plaster of Paris, for if the canker is at the core the disease is incurable. "Patience on a Monument" may afford to "smile at grief;" but when the Monument is itself the most hopeless of patients, its griefs are no laughing matter at all.

A Prolific Contributor.

WHAT would the newspapers do if Rumour was to strike, and declare she would not write another line? Take away Rumour, and scarcely a newspaper would live. The fashionable papers, especially, would be left without a paragraph. What would become, too, of "Our London Correspondent?" He would not have a thing to write about. As it is, with Rumour to back him, he writes as with a hundred pens. By-the-bye, if Rumour was paid for everything that appeared in her name, what a deal of money she would make at penny-a-lining!

GOING INTO THE SAME BUSINESS.

THERE is a talk of turning the Fleet Prison into Baths and Washhouses. There could not be a building in London better adapted for this purpose, the Prison having been so many years a *sponging-house* on the very largest scale.

PUNCH'S FAREWELL TO JENNY LIND.

ALL know that the Opera season is over. The Stars no longer shine. The band of BALFE, which had become far better disciplined than the band of ORION, is dispersed, to be united, we hope, again next year, under the magic influence of his presiding *bâton*. That orchestra which began by having several discordant strings to each bow, had been brought to sound as if all its bows had but one string; and a chorus whose voices were once as divided as on a nomination-day at an election, had acquired that unanimity which, in chorus singers, when they do agree, is indeed most wonderful.

But our emotions at the loss, temporary though it may be, of JENNY LIND, will not allow us to think of any other bereavement we are about to sustain. We must therefore request GARDONI, LABLACHE, COLETTI, CASTELLAN, CERITO, ROSATI, TAGLIONI, and the rest, to imagine a complimentary stanza to each on the close of the season; for our feelings will take, at this moment, no other palpable form than the following

ADIEU TO JENNY LIND.

Adieu! Adieu! my JENNY LIND,
Farewell those eyes of blue!
Poor *Judy* sighs, *Punch* weeps him blind,
And howls dog *Toby* too.
Yon Star, that sings right up to C,
We follow in her flight;
Farewell awhile to BALFE* and thee—
My JENNY LIND—good night!

A few short hours the drop will rise,
To air the stage with wind,
And I shall see the wings, the flies,
But not my JENNY LIND.
Deserted is my opera box,
My stall is desolate;
Wild boys give at the stage-door knocks,
Toby howls at the gate.

And now I'm in the pit alone,
With LIND no more to see—
But why should I for JENNY groan,
Who p'rhaps don't care for me?
Perchance, my verses may be vain;
For, cheered by stranger hands,
JENNY may ne'er come back again,
But stay in foreign lands.

With thee, my LIND, I'd gladly go
Athwart the foaming brine,
Nor care how hard the wind may blow,
To hear those airs of thine.
Farewell those locks, whose gentle waves
Adorn that brow so bright;
Farewell those crotchets and those staves,
My JENNY LIND—good night!

Cheap Painting.

A WONDERFUL discovery in the art of Painting has lately been made by the musical critic of the *Boulogne Gazette*, who has found out an easy way of performing the hitherto considered impossible task of "painting the lily." After speaking of a wonderful performance on the piano, by Miss BLAHETKA—the local MADAME PLEYEL—THALBERG, LISTZ, and HERTZ combined, the Boulogne critic observes naturally enough, "all who heard her were delighted." This is all very well and very probable; but now comes the great artistical secret, which we give word for word and letter for letter: "To say more would be to paint the lily." When the lily is so easily painted by simply saying "more," we hope we shall never again hear of the difficulties of imparting pictorial embellishment to that most delicate of FLORA's productions.

* BALFE has the happiness of accompanying her on a London piano and a country tour.

The Death of the Duel.

Some people a clause
Would insert in our laws,
Which already quite amply absurd are:
These good people are willing,
In a duel, that killing
Should be reckon'd as "Killing no Murder."

They say, that in vain
Has the capital pain
Been against the offender enacted,
When we know very well,
As it lately befel,
That it ne'er, by a chance, is exacted.

In law, as in fact,
Let the duellist's act
As a species of murder be reckoned;
Let the principals 'scape,
But hang up by the nape,
Without mercy, each knave of a second.

Such being the rule,
Let fool fight with fool;
For—like innocent crackers exploding—
We may prophesy this,
That the pistols will miss,
Whilst the seconds take care of the loading.

To learn the "gun-trick"
Will seconds be quick,
And the duels that any one's shot on
Will but rarely befal,
Whilst a "friend" adds the ball
(If he dares) to gunpowder or cotton.

PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

CRINOLINE.

BY JE—MES PL—SH, ESQ.

I'm not at libbaty to divulj the reel names of the 2 Eroes of the igstrawny Tail which I am abowt to relait to those unlightnd paytrons of letarature and true connyshures of merrit—the great Brittish public—But I pledj my varacity that this singlar story of rewmantic love, absobbing pashn, and likewise of *genteel life*, is, in the main fax, *trew*. The suckmstanzas I elude to, ocurd in the rain of our presnt Gratious Madjisty and her beluvd and roil Concert Prince Halbert.

Welthen. Some time in the seazen of 18—(mor I dar not rewheel) there arrived in this metropulus, per seknd class of the London and Dover Railway, an ellygant young foring gentleman, whom I shall danomminate Munseer Jools De Chacabac.

Having read through the *Vicker of Wackfield* in the same oridganal English tung, in which this very harticle I write is wrote too, and halways been remarkyble, both at collidge and in the estamminy, for his aytred and orror of perfidgus Halbion, Munseer Jools was considered by the prapriretors of the newspaper in which he wrote, at Parris, the very man to come to this country, igsamin its manners and customs, cast an i upon the polititicle and finanshle stat of the Hempire, and igspose the mackynations of the infymus Palmerston, and the ebomminable Sir Pill—both enemies of France, as is every other Britten of that great, gloarus, libberal, and peasable country. In one word, Jools de Chacabac was a penny-a-liner.

"I will go see with my own I's," he said, "that infimus hiland of which the innabitants are shop-keepers, gorged with roast beef and treason. I will go and see the murderers of the Hirish, the pisoners of the Chynese, the villians who put the Hemperor to death in Saintyleany, the artful dodges who wish to smother Europe with their cotton, and can't sleep or rest heasy for henvy and hatred of the great inwinsable French nation. I will igsammin, face to face, these hotty insularies; I will penitytrate into the secrets of their Jessywhittickle cabinet, and beard Palmerston in his denn." When he jumpt on shor at Foaxton (after having been tremenguously sick in the four-cabbing), he exclaimed, "*Enfin je te tiens, Ile maudite! je te crache à la figure, vieille Angleterre! Je te foule à mes pieds au nom du monde outragé*," and so proseaded to inwade the metropulus.

As he wisht to micks with the very chicest sosiaty, and git the best of infmation about this country, Munseer Jools of coarse went and lodgd in Lester Squarc—Lester Squarr, as he calls it—which, as he was infommed in the printed suckular presented to him by a very greasy but polite comishner at the Custumus Stares, was in the seenter of the town, contiggus to the Ouses of Parlyment, the prinsple Theayters, the Parx, St. Jams Pallice, and the Corts of Lor. "I can surwhey them all at one cut of the eye," Jools thought; "the Sovring, the infamus Ministers plotting the destruction of my immortial country; the business and pleasure of these pusproud Londoners and aristoxy; I can look round and see all." So he took a three-pair back in a French hotel, the Hotel de l'Ail, kep by Monsieur Gigotot, Cranbourne Street, Lester Squarr, London.

In this Otell there's a billiard room on the first floor, and a tabbledoat at eighteenpence peredd at 5 o'clock; and the landlord, who kem into Jools's room smoakin a segar, told the young gent that the house was friquented by all the Brittish nobillaty, who reglar took their dinners there. "They can't ebide their own *quiseen*," he said. "You'll see what a dinner we'll serve you to-day." Jools wrote off to his paper—

"The members of the haughty and luxurious English aristocracy, like all the rest of the world, are obliged to fly to France for the indulgence of their luxuries. The nobles of England, quitting their homes, their wives, *miladies* and *mistriss*, so fair but so cold, dine universally at the tavern. That from which I write is frequented by Peel and Palmerston. I *frémis* to think that I may meet them at the board to day."

Singlar to say, Peel and Palmerston didn't dine at the Hotel de l'Ail on that evening. "Its quite igstronnary they don't come," said Munseer de l'Ail."

"Peraps they're ingaged at some boxing match, or some *combaw de cock*," Munseer Jools sejested; and the landlord egreed that was very likely.

Instedd of English there was, however, plenty of foring sociaty, of every nation under the sun. Most of the noblemen were great hamatures of hale and porter. The tablecloth was marked over with brown suckles, made by the pewter pots on that and the privious days.

"It is the usage here," wrote Jools to his newspaper, "among the Anglais of the *fashonne* to absorb immense quantities of ale and porter during their meals. These stupefying, but cheap, and not unpalatable liquors are served in shining pewter vessels. A mug of foaming *hafanaf* (so a certain sort of beer is called), was placed by the side of most of the *convives*. I was disappointed of seeing Sir Peel: he was engaged to a combat of cocks which occurs at Windsor."

Not one word of English was spoke during this dinner, exep when the gentlemen said "Garsong de *l'afanaf*," but Jool was very much pleased to meet the *eleet* of the foringers in town, and ask their opinion about the reel state of thinx. Was it likely that the Bishops were to be turned out of the Chambre des Communes? Was it true that Lor Palmerston had boxéd with Lor Broghamm in the House of Lords, until they were sepparayted by the Lor Maire? Who was the Lor Maire? Wasn't he Premier Minister? and wasn't the Archevêque de Cantorbéry a Quaker? He got answers to these questions from the various gents round about during the dinner—which, he remarked, was very much like a French dinner, only dirtier. And he wrote off all the infamation he got to his newspaper.

"The Lord Maire, Lord Lansdowne, is Premier Ministre. His Grace has his dwelling in the City. The Archbishop of Cantabery is not turned Quaker, as some people stated. Quakers may not marry nor sit in the Chamber of Peers. The minor Bishops have seats in the House of Commons, where they are attacked by the bitter pleasantries of Lord Brougham. A boxer is in the House; he taught Palmerston the science of the pugilate, who conferred upon him the seat," &c. &c.

His writing hover, Jools came down and ad a gaym at pool with two Poles, a Bulgian, and 2 of his own countrymen. This being done amidst more hafanaf, without which nothink is done in England, and as there was no French play that night, he & the two French gents walked round and round Lester Squar smoking segaws in the faces of other French gents who were smoaking 2. And they talked about the granjer of France and the perfidgusness of England, and looked at the aluminated pictur of Madame Wharton as *Haryadney*, till bed-time.

But befor he slep, he finished his letter you may be sure, and called it his "Fust Impresstuns of Anglyterre."

"Mind and wake me early," he said to Boots, the ony Brittish subject in the Hotel de l'Ail, and who therefore didn't understand him. "I wish to be at Smithfield at 6 hours to see *the men sell their wives.*"

And the young roag fell asleep, thinking what sort of a one he'd buy.

This was the way JOOLS passed his days, and got infamation about Hengland and the Henglish—walking round and round Lester Squarr all day, and every day with the same company, occasionally dewussified by an Oprer Chorus-singer or a Jew or two, and every afternoon in the Quaddrant admiring the genteal sosiaty there. MUNSEER JOOLS was not over well funnisht with pocket money, and so his pleasure was of the gratis sort cheafly.

Well, one day as he and a friend was taking their turn among the aristoxy under the Quadrant—they were struck all of a heap by seeing—

But, stop! who *was* JOOLS's friend? Here you have pictures of both—but the Istory of JOOLS's friend must be kep for another innings.

Beauties of Periodical Literature.

ONE of our hebdomadal contemporaries, in giving an account of O'CONNELL's funeral, is so completely carried away by his subject, that he soars into the following rhapsody:—"Amongst the crowd in the chapel were to be seen the maim, the halt, and the blind, all eager to obtain the earliest glance of the coffin that contained the remains of O'CONNELL." They were no doubt Irishmen who came to catch the "earliest" glance at the very last place where the coffin was visible; and the "blind" portion of the spectators, if we may use the term "spectators" in reference to those unfortunately deprived of sight, must indeed have been under the influence of a truly national feeling, when coming forward for the purpose our weekly contemporary alleges.

SHAKSPEARE'S HOUSE.

THE day is fast approaching when the auctioneer's hammer must reduce the home of SHAKSPEARE to a level, unless something is done to rescue it from what may be justly called the common lot. We sincerely hope that no speculating exhibitor of curiosities will become the purchaser of the property, and thus turn the cherished *chaumière* into a *mere show!*

Her Majesty's Marine Excursion.

FROM a multitude of dinner-parties, *Punch* being unable to accompany his Queen on her marine excursion, like a faithful subject as he is, has established a telescope through which his "mind's eye" is perpetually peering. The following are a few notes from his land log-book.

Thursday.—By 5 o'clock the squadron was threading the Needles, and came gloriously round the point till the *Victoria and Albert* cast anchor in Alum Bay. At 8 o'clock in the morning, the sun, in its capacity of servant of all-work, began to clear away, and the fog was bundled out of sight in less than half-an-hour. The squadron having got as far as Dartmouth, darted unexpectedly into the mouth of the bay, where MR. J. B. SMITH, an old inhabitant—the oldest, no doubt—happened to be at his dessert, and, snatching off the table a plate of mulberries, ran alongside the royal yacht with his luscious burden.

There was something so novel in the congratulations of a town like Dartmouth being presented in a plate of mulberries, that the compliment was graciously received, and the mulberries went down much better than the dry addresses which are usually forthcoming on these occasions. The old inhabitant, who had brought such an odd emblem of a nation's love, was asked up on to the quarter-deck, and each member of the Royal Family, pressing simultaneously a mulberry to the lip, acknowledged the refreshing proofs of the gracious satisfaction derived from such a singular sign of affectionate loyalty. When the Mayor and Corporation heard of the incident, they came running to the side of the yacht, with more mulberries, in the hope of being honoured by an equally gracious reception; but the QUEEN, good-humouredly, remarked that the children had had quite as many mulberries as would do them good, and, thanking the Mayor and Corporation all the same, declined seeing them.

Poor EARL GREY, who, from the first of the voyage, has looked very blue, being anything but a nautical character, in spite of six lessons from T. P. COOKE before starting, took the opportunity of running on shore, and walked about the town all day, rather than remain on board longer than was absolutely required.

Friday.—The Royal party got as far as Scilly, the name of which furnished the topic of the PRINCE OF WALES's first joke; for just as MR. AUGUSTUS SMITH, the head man of the place, made his appearance, the little Prince quaintly inquired "if they were not at Scilly?" and "whether the people were all Scilly people who lived there?"

Saturday.—Milford Haven having been reached, the Royal party, in compliment to the Welsh, put a leek into the stern of the Royal yacht, and PRINCE ALBERT went on shore, with his gun, to shoot some Welsh rabbits.

Sunday.—On this day Caernarvon was reached, and MR. TURNER, the Mayor, came on board just as the QUEEN was expressing her Royal admiration of a venerable pile. The veteran official bowed humbly, having taken to himself the allusion to the "venerable pile," when the QUEEN laughingly observed, "Oh, dear no, Mr. Mayor; I don't mean you; you are not exactly a venerable pile just yet. I was looking at Caernarvon Castle."

The Corporation of Bangor, who had come to Caernarvon in a post-chaise, and must therefore have been, probably, a "Corporation sole," pulled alongside the yacht in a gig, and requested to have the PRINCE OF WALES held up, in order that the Corporation might get a look at him. LORD ADOLPHUS FITZCLARENCE instantly promoted the little Prince to a higher station, by putting him on a camp-stool, and the youthful tar, waving his glazed hat, acknowledged the cheers of the spectators in true naval style, without the slightest hitch—excepting the hitch of the trousers, that is quite in character.

In passing through the Menai Straits, the PRINCESS ROYAL sent forth her first joke, by observing to her Mamma, that "they ought not to be called Menai Straits, for they were dreadfully crooked."

Monday.—The squadron came to the Isle of Man, but everything looked so lugubrious and dismal, that all on board the Royal yacht, agreed that the inhabitants might well be called the Sons of Mona, for nothing could be voted more monotonous, and the Isle of Man was cut accordingly. The idea of Mona's melancholy has such an effect on our spirits, that we can proceed no further this week with the description of HER MAJESTY'S voyage.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.—MR. GRANTLEY BERKELEY has proved his fitness, for once, to administer his universal remedy, the "punch on the head," for he has been returned for Cheltenham simply by beating his opponent on the poll.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

Edwin. "Now, upon my life, Angelina, this is too bad—no buttons again."

Angelina. "Well, my dear, it's of no use fidgetting me about it. You must speak to Ann. You can't expect me to do everything."

A WIND-FALL FOR THE PENNY-A-LINERS.

The public has recently been amused and flabbergasted by an account of a tremendous fall of Lady-birds at Margate, where the little animals were said to have lain an inch thick on the Pier. Though we attribute the alleged density to the penny-a-liners, who will go through thick and thin for the sake of a paragraph, we may, however, congratulate the craft on an accession of new materials, for the Lady-birds certainly present a wind-fall that will make an agreeable change from the showers of Frogs, early Gooseberries, and monster Cabbages, that the genius of the penny-a-liner has hitherto been obliged exclusively to cultivate. The Lady-birds will, of course, go the round of the public prints, two or three times a year, and the paragraphist, will henceforth be enabled to get an occasional crust from the crustaceous little creatures who have lately landed at the Piers of Margate and Ramsgate.

A Literary Hash.

One of our contemporaries, in a musical criticism full of the rhapsodies so common in these days, speaks of the gentle languor of "*Poggi Amor.*" Of course, any *amor* that happens to be *poggi* must be in a somewhat languid state, for briskness and poggineess are quite incompatible. This comes of the dreadful hodge-podge that the musical critics have lately been making of it.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

It has been urged, in defence of our public monuments, that, bad as they are, they will eventually pave the way to something better. For our own parts, we should be very glad to see them paving the way to anything, for at present the stone of which they are constructed is completely wasted.

AN ABSURD QUESTION.

We have been asked whether *Grantley Manor*, which will be found mentioned in several advertisements, is any relation to Grantley Berkeley? Certainly not. The latter is Grantley, with an utter absence of every description of Manners.

VERY APPROPRIATE.

Some of the tradesmen of Manchester have had songs printed on the papers in which they distribute their goods; and we beg leave to offer the following hints, for furnishing fitting ballads to the various articles:—

For a quarter of a pound of good family tea, at 3*s.* and 9*d.*	*Sloe Broke the Morn.*
For an ounce of snuff	*Jolly Nose.*
For a bottle of British Brandy	*King Death.*
For a dress of washing silk	*All that's bright must fade.*
For a pound of moist sugar	*Sandy M'Gilpin.*
For a bottle of best gin	*Flow on, thou Shining River.*
For a quart of vinegar	*Turn on, old Time.*
For a ha'porth of cheese	*My beautiful Rhine(d).*
For a lady's collar	*That's the way the Money goes.*
For a pound of rushlights	*Meet me by Moonlight alone.*
For a latch key	*Home, Sweet Home.*
For a volume of Punch	*Friend of my Soul.*

Extraordinary Bequest.

An eccentric gentleman has left a legacy of £500 to Sir Peter Laurie, in admiration of his conduct as a magistrate. The same odd character has left other legacies as extraordinary, viz.:—

A legacy of £500 to Col. Sibthorpe, in admiration of his conduct as a member of Parliament.

A legacy of £500 to the Common Sergeant, in admiration of his conduct as a judge.

A legacy of £500 to Lord George Bentinck, in admiration of his powers of mental arithmetic.

And lastly, a legacy of £500 to Sir Frederick Trench, in admiration of his conduct as the defender of the Wellington Statue.

Foreign Intelligence.

It is whispered that the Peruvian President has sent a hostile message to a neighbouring potentate. Our Correspondent in that quarter intimates that even if the Peruvian dogs of war were let loose, it would end in Peruvian bark, for there would be no biting.

The Papal Government loses 250,000 dollars by the reduction of the duty on salt; but it is said, in well informed circles, that if the revenue will no longer be in salt, it will somehow or other be muster'd.

The Americans have sent into Mexico, to carry on the campaign, an officer named General Pillow. It is said in quarters that may—or may not—be relied upon, that the selection of General Pillow shows how much the American cause stands in need of bolstering. If Pillow is one of the right sort, he may put a feather in the cap of all his followers.

A CLEVER LITTLE DRAMATIC ANECDOTE.

There is a poor actor on the Norwich Circuit who squints most dreadfully: he was put up a week ago for *Lear*. "We must succeed," said the manager, "for there never was a *Lear* with so strong a *cast*."

Competition.—There having been a report circulated for some time that Nicholas is about to resign, no less than six-and-thirty Coburgs have sent in tenders.

DOMBEY AND SON.

"Mr. Dombey was in a difficulty. He would have liked to give him (the boy) some explanation involving the terms circulating-medium, currency, depreciation of currency, paper, bullion, rates of exchange, value of precious metals in the market, and so forth."

PARLIAMENTARY FAGS.

DURING the last week or two a schoolmaster has been advocating the blessings of fagging in public schools. It makes the child, he says, a good and kind-hearted man. What is good for the child, therefore, must be good for the Member of Parliament. We think some of the old Members might take some of the young ones as their fags. They might keep their seats for them when they wanted to run to BELLAMY'S for a chop, and hunt up cases, and invent figures, and prepare occasionally an effective little speech for them upon the relative consumption of kitchen pokers and sherry-cobblers in Kamschatka, whenever that subject comes before the House, which it is sure to do some day. They would instruct them, also, to cheer very loudly when they addressed the House, and how to laugh in the proper places. They would give them lessons as to the most parliamentary way of receiving a deputation, and how to crow and bark, and sneeze and cough, and bray at the right moment. The fags, in fact, would relieve the old Members of the most arduous part of their duties, and the Members, in return, would do their utmost to teach them all the arts of legislature, so that in time they might become good and useful Members of Parliament. We think the fag system would answer much better in St. Stephen's than at Winchester; though this belief, we are aware, lays us open to a long letter from the Head Master of that establishment, in which he will endeavour to prove, of course, that boys are naturally fond of bullying, and that tyranny is the very best school for youthful morals.

COBDEN and MORPETH might send round circulars to the juvenile M.P.'s, that they have a vacancy for a good active young fag, but that, considering the opportunities of distinguishing himself, a small premium would be required. There is a N.B., however, which they had better be rather particular about. We mean the time-honoured exception, "No Irishman need apply;" for a fag like MR. SMITH O'BRIEN would be rather an awkward customer to deal with. SPOONER, HUME, and NEWDEGATE might take articled fags for nothing, and be glad to get them.

Old Bailey Dramas.

WE understand that it is in contemplation, by the speculators who farm the privilege of admitting the public to the Old Bailey—facetiously termed an open Court—to appoint agents among the librarians and music-sellers at the West End of the Town. A few advertisements in the following style might be circulated by way of experiment.

ATTRACTIVE SESSION! GRAND CONCENTRATION OF CRIME!! A few Stalls for these delightful criminal *réunions* can be had by an early application to Messrs. So-and-So, New Bond Street.

RICH TREAT.—The celebrated judicial *buffo*, MR. BARON ALDERSON, in Four Cases. A reserved seat immediately opposite this unrivalled humourist being still vacant, applications should be addressed at once to Messrs. Suchanone.

UNUSUAL COMBINATION.—The Attorney-General in Two Trials. MR. CLARKSON, the celebrated heavy man, in his favourite character. BODKIN in a new Case; MESSRS. HORRID and FLORID, SMOUCH and CROUCH, all at half price. No fees to clerks. Considerable discount allowed to agents and others. Apply to MESSRS. FOGG, PETTY, and FOGG, in the Court-yard of the Old Bailey.

BUSSES GOING FOR NOTHING.

THERE is a tightness at present in the Omnibus Market. The large holders of omnibusses have been endeavouring for a long time to maintain the high prices, but the new tariff has been too much, or rather too little, for them, and there has been, for the last month, a growing tendency, all the way from the York and Albany to the Bank, for the busses to go down; and it is expected they will fall even lower, as it is impossible to keep them up at the present prices. If this is the case, passengers will be able soon to ride for nothing; and we should not wonder, if the competition runs at all strong, that persons, instead of paying a fare, will receive one for riding in particular omnibusses; and gentlemen who live on their wits, that is to say, have accustomed themselves to live on nothing, will be able to derive a very good living by riding about continually all day long. The drivers are the great sufferers by the present tightness; for, as they are allowed one outside every journey, it makes a heavy deduction from their income at the end of the week, if that outside only brings in twopence instead of a shilling.

The outsiders, however, hold on firm, and will buy in none but the cheapest busses. The panic in the mean time is gaining ground in over the suburbs, and the proprietors are dreadfully alarmed, for they cannot tell where it will end. JOHNNY WHEELER, who was a pupil of SHILLIBEER'S, and knows every public-house within ten miles of the Post Office, declares he "will sooner sell his horses for cat's meat, and end his days in the Police, than drive a buss from Richmond to Blackwall for a halfpenny—He'll go into Parliament first!" We hope the poor fellow, who is evidently desperate, will never be driven to that shocking extremity.

INTENTIONS OF A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

OUR old friend FEARGUS O'CONNOR has announced his intention not to accept any place under Government, nor receive any pension, or emolument of any description whatever. This reminds us of our friend BRIEFLESS, who, on the last change of Ministry, plainly intimated that he did not intend to take the Great Seal, and that he hoped no delicacy towards him would prevent the offer of the Attorney-Generalship to SIR JOHN JERVIS. FEARGUS further announces that on the Charter becoming the law of the land, he shall follow the example of that respectable person to whom we were so much indebted in our school-boy days for assistance in our themes—we mean CINCINNATUS—and return to his plough. We think FEARGUS may as well sell his plough at once, for he has cut off all hope of a renewal of his acquaintance with it, by the remote contingency he has determined upon. The five points will, of course, be brought before the House of Commons once or twice a week during the Session. We don't exactly know what the five points are, but the Comma, the Semicolon, the Colon, the Period, and the Note of Exclamation, used to be the five points which, in our scholastic experience, we became acquainted with. If we were Prime Minister we would allow FEARGUS to carry the fourth point at once, and thus supersede the necessity of considering any of the others.

WHAT TO AVOID.

A LOCAL paper informs us that "there is not a single public monument in New York." Why, of course, the Yankees have not seen the shameful ways of London without learning how to profit by them!

ALL OWING TO JENNY LIND.

Old Gentleman.—"Why, Frederick, what a disgraceful state you 're in, Sir!—Where have you been?"—

Frederick.—"Could'nt—get a seat—so—I've been—to—th'—Club"—

A TALK WITH THE FINE ARTS COMMISSIONERS.

Mr. Punch (*to him the Commissioners*). Sit down, my Lords and Gentlemen; I am glad to see you.—

[*The Commissioners respectfully seat themselves.*

I am very well satisfied, on the whole, with your scheme for the decoration of the new Houses. You have displayed much impartiality in your selection of subjects, and more taste than I had expected from persons—

A Noble Commissioner. Please, *Mr. Punch*—

Mr. Punch (*severely*). Silence, my Lord.—From persons, I say, who have sanctioned the ruin of Trafalgar Square, and approved or allowed of the artistic abominations which the last five years have seen erected in different parts of this city. At the same time, there are two or three points in your Report which I am anxious to have explained. You will be good enough to turn to page 11 of your last Blue-book.

[*The Commissioners turn up their Blue-books.*

I see there that, for the decoration of the Peers' Robing-room, you propose, among other subjects, *The Fall of Man*; his *Condemnation to Labour*; *The Judgment of Solomon*; *The Visit of the Queen of Sheba*; and *Daniel in the Lion's Den*. As you say the decorations of each apartment are chosen with reference to its peculiar purposes, I wish to be informed how these subjects come to be *à propos* of the Peers putting on their robes? How, for example, is the Peerage connected with *The Fall of Man?*

1*st Commissioner.* Because, if it had not been for that event, there probably would have been no Peers at all, *Mr. Punch.*

Mr. Punch. And *The Condemnation of Man to Labour?*

2*nd Com.* Was intended to reconcile the working classes to their lot, and keep them from agitating against an upper House.

Mr. Punch. And *The Judgment of Solomon?*

3*rd Com.* A delicate compliment to their Lordships.

Mr. Punch. And *The Queen of Sheba?*

4*th Com.* The earliest precedent for admitting ladies into the ventilator.

Mr. Punch. And *Daniel in the Lion's Den?*

5*th Com.* Several noble Lords, who had been in Lord Brougham's clutches, insisted on it.

Mr. Punch. I am glad to find you *had* reasons for your choice, Gentlemen, whatever I may think of their value. Now turn, if you please, to page 12; you will there see a list of portraits for the Royal Ante-chamber. (*To* 1*st Commissioner*). Who was Katherine Parr?—And why is she there?

1*st Com.* (*very much flustered.*) Catherine Parr, wife of Old Parr—eh? Oh yes, I remember; fell from a cherry-tree at a great age—

2*nd Com.* (*sotto voce*). Wife of Henry VIII., you nood—

1*st Com.* And was afterwards wife to Henry VIII.

Mr. Punch. Hum! And pray who was Louis XII.? Don't *you* answer, Mr. Hallam.

1*st Com.* Successor to Louis XI., who was "celebrated for his cruelty and piety (*quoting from one of our "Illustrious Characters" in a back number of* Punch), and was always accompanied by Tristan L'Hermite, who had a drop in his eye and a halter in his pocket." (*Aside.* I remember *that* was the pun).

Mr. Punch. You may stand down, sir. (*To* 3*rd Commissioner*). And pray, what business has *Brian Boroihme and the Battle of Clontarf* in the Royal Gallery?

3*rd Com.* A very capital suggestion of Lord Monteagle's; an ingenious way of conciliating the Irish.

Mr. Punch. Oh, indeed! By the way, I am delighted to see my very old friends, *Raleigh spreading the Cloak*, *Eleanor sucking the Poison*, *Edith finding the Body*, and *Canute reproving the Courtiers*. But (*with great sternness*) how can you answer to your consciences and the country for the absence of *Alfred burning the Cakes*, and *Margaret of Anjou and the Robber?*

5*th Com.* Please, sir, it was all Mr. Macaulay, sir.

Mr. Punch. Silence! You may retire, gentlemen. On the whole, I repeat that your general selection is praiseworthy, though your answering has been far from satisfactory.—Good morning.

[*Exeunt Commissioners, bowing respectfully.*

DREADFUL SCARCITY OF KINGS.

KINGS are as little given to resignation generally, as a Whig Minister; but somehow, the fancy is seizing, at the present moment, all the monarchs to resign. In addition to the list we gave last week, there is now the King of Holland, who is dying to be a plain Mr., and we expect hourly to receive the news of the resignation of the Emperor of China. If this rage for private life continues, it will be necessary to start a Society, to provide monarchs with substitutes. The throne will be as much dreaded as the conscription, and we shall not be astonished to see a crown dangling out of the window of a palace with the following inscription:—"*Ici on demande un remplaçant.*" We wonder what the particular blight is this year, that there threatens to be such a scarcity of kings. However, we are happy to state that there is very little fear of the crop in England failing. Our Royal "Champions" are in the very finest condition, and the nursery at Buckingham Palace is planted full of them.

How to get an Invitation from the Queen.

Herr Andersen, the Danish poet has, it is said, been very properly honoured by an invitation from Her Majesty, or Prince Albert, during the royal progress in Scotland. If we, as a poet, wished to dine with our sovereign—which candidly we had a good deal rather not—we should just throw off our allegiance, which we could not very cheerfully do, and take out letters of naturalization in some dirty little duchy on the Continent. Coming home again as the subject of some petty little potentate, with our genius, which is not transferable, to back us, we should no doubt get invited to Buckingham Palace at least once in the course of the year, to say nothing of an occasional trip to Windsor or Osborne.

A Bumper at Parting.

It is reported in dramatic circles (Astley's is the only dramatic circle we know) that the manager of the Victoria is in treaty with Mrs. Armytage to appear for one evening, as he thinks she is the most likely person to fill the theatre. If she succeeds he intends having an after-season of two nights, in order to advertise the immense novelty. But if Mrs. Armytage has to take the round of her characters, the season must be prolonged to Christmas.

A SPORTING NATION.

We are decidedly a sporting nation, for when we cannot enjoy the sport we wear the costume appropriate thereto, as the boy stood over the cook's-shop window to inhale the steam when he could not afford to pay for the dinner. Every tailor in the Strand has in his window, or at his door, a quantity of "Gent's Shooting-coats," from 8*s.* 6*d.*, and nearly every attorney's clerk in London wears one of those shooting-coats, though he never handled a gun in his life, or ever was further from London than Greenwich. To see the number of fishing-jackets exposed for sale near Chancery Lane, one would imagine that there was a trout stream in the vicinity of the Judges' Chambers, or that there was capital angling at the back of the masters' offices. The demand for shooting-coats in the Temple must be extensive indeed, if we are to judge by the supply; and we sometimes think that the barristers are under the delusion that the famous hare which gives its name to Hare Court may be still lurking about the legal precincts. We should be glad to know where some of the game is to be found, whose abundance is made manifest by the tremendous sale of sporting costume that appears to take place in the Temple, Chancery Lane, and parts adjacent. Enter whatever chambers you may, you will ten to one find the learned occupant in a shooting, fishing, or hunting-jacket. We recommend the establishment of a meet in Pump Court; or perhaps some spirited Queen's Counsel will either start a pack of Paper Buildings' hounds, or get up a few Fig-tree beagles. Mr. Briefless will, we are sure, officiate as whipper-in, if properly solicited.

MUSICAL NOVELTY.

The spread of music in the metropolitan thoroughfares has become so general, that a company is, we believe, on the point of formation, with the view of affording a regular supply of harmony to all the streets, squares, and crescents, in London and the suburbs.

The company is to start with a capital of one thousand organs; so that the organisation will be at once tolerably complete; and there will be a reserve fund of five hundred guitars, which will be available for special purposes. The shares may be paid for either in money or instruments—not legal instruments, such as bills, which suggest only promissory notes—but instruments of a metallic currency, such as trombones, French horns, trumpets, and cymbals, which are in fact symbolical of harmony. Any person may pay his deposit either in gold, silver, or brass, and the contributor of two *cornets à piston* will stand in the same position as a subscriber of one sovereign.

The source from which the shareholders will derive their profit will be a rate levied on all householders, in the style of the paving, lighting, or police rate; and in consideration of this payment every inhabitant will have a supply of music regularly laid on, before his door, either once, twice, or thrice a week, according to the wealth and respectability of the neighbourhood. A numerous staff of itinerant musicians will be employed, and will be taken on duty to their respective districts by a regular superintendent, from a sort of central barrack in the neighbourhood. Every square of consequence will be entitled to a troubadour, on alternate evenings with the nearest crescent, and by an arrangement with the Company, on payment of an increased rate, two troubadours, or double service, may be laid on during the height of the season.

By private agreement a troubadour can be introduced on to the premises, for a limited period, once in each week; but, for this, the charge will, of course, be proportionate. In the more humble neighbourhoods it is proposed that a lower class of Professors shall do the musical duty; and for this purpose the staff of itinerant organists must be exceedingly large, as the demand is very extensive in the less wealthy localities.

Arrangements have already been made to adapt "Marble Halls" to one hundred instruments, so that the inmates of two, three, or even four-pair backs or fronts, may have an opportunity of at once dreaming that they "dwell in marble halls," and are loved "all the same," notwithstanding the dinginess of their apartments, and the diminutiveness of their incomes. Should the scheme succeed, as far as we are justified in announcing it at present, a vocal concert will be added for laying on a continued series of popular songs throughout the entire metropolis. The Poet of Cremorne will be placed at the head of the lyrical department, *vice* Bunn extinguished.

THE FATALITY OF FAGGING.

It is all very well to talk of our bloodless revolutions; but the truth is, that they are not bloodless. We never think about reforming any of our glorious institutions till they have killed somebody, and never actually reform them till they have killed several people. We are just beginning to abuse our Smithfield and our sewerage, and when they shall have occasioned a sufficiency of deaths, we shall perhaps rectify the one and remove the other. It is rumoured that a boy has nearly lost his life in consequence of having been over-fagged at Winchester College; and should a large number of young gentlemen in a short time be actually fagged to death, the system of fagging at public schools may be abolished. But first, we must have an abundance of inquests. Masters who deny the possibility of putting down fagging, will discover it by the help of coroners' juries.

Fagging, in the meantime, as well as Smithfield and the sinks, has its apologists. The alleged occurrence at Winchester College has brought Dr. Moberly, Head Master of the School, into the lists; that is to say, into the columns of the *Times*, to break a pen with "Humanitas et Veritas." The Doctor, however, has not only broken a pen, but various rules of logic—the head of Aristotle, if not that of Priscian. One of his arguments in defence of fagging is thus stated:—

"Where a large number of boys, from 10 to 18 years old, are assembled together, there is, independently of all institutions, a great danger that strength will often overrule and tyrannise over weakness."

The wrong, then, according to Dr. Moberly, that cannot be prevented, should be legalised. Let us give his argument a corollary:—

"Where a large number of people, from years of discretion upwards, coexist, there is, independently of all institutions, great danger that ruffianism and dishonesty will commit outrages and crimes."

Murder and theft are inevitable; therefore allow assault, battery, and swindling. "What can't be cured," says the proverb, "must be endured." Dr. Moberly goes beyond the adage; his maxim is, that what can't be checked should, to a certain extent, be encouraged.

With these remarks we dismiss, for the present, the subject of fagging; a practice of which, we hope, we have arrived at the fag-end.

A SITE TO MAKE ANGELS WEEP.

Trafalgar Square, which could boast, some five years ago, of having "the finest site in Europe," is so ashamed now of having its site disfigured, and being a public eyesore, that it intends to petition Parliament to put it out of its misery at once, and to make it a blind alley.

OUR FLIGHT WITH RUSSELL.

Up, up, my Lord John Russell—'tis a fair night for a fly—
Be thou a new Cleophas—a new Asmodeus I!
Come, clutch my cloak—and thro' the smoke together let us mark
The life of London, huddled 'neath the blanket of the dark.

The moon-light falls on fair St. Paul's, on the Abbey, grim and grey;
Lo! the lamps, like fiery serpents, go winding far away;
Or, like glow-worms, scattered, twinkle and wink up from below—
But 'tis not to gaze on this fair sight that thro' the night we go.

Not a builded brick, or stone, or stick, on those wide acres thrown,
But bears a tongue within it—hath a language of its own;
In street, and square, and alley bare, with its growth of human seed,
Is a great book spread beneath us—Look down, my Lord, and read!

In Steeples upward springing read prayer, struck into stone;
In Prisons barred and bastioned read crime, and curse, and groan;
In lighted West-End houses read mirth, and warmth, and show;
In foul St. Giles's hovels read squalor, want and woe.

There 's a homily—hark to it! 'Tis the Voice of Saffron Hill:
"I suffer, how I suffer from my freight of human ill!
All is filthiness without me; all is ignorance within; [gin!"
I ache with cramps—I shake with damps—Oh, the warmth of glorious

And now for proof—off goes a roof—Is that a house or hive?
Each bed 's a room, each room a town, so packed and yet alive!
Lo, the maggot life of London! And that hopeless, hapless horde,
In foulness bred, in foulness fed, is work for you, my Lord!

Another and another, and the sight is still the same;
Suffering that knows no solace, and sin that knows no shame.
Hunger by thousand tables; savage life 'mid thousand schools;
Here are human hearts to frame anew—Bethink you of the tools.

But hark! another Voice is up, and pompously it booms
From well-spread tables, easy beds, and trimly furnished rooms.
"I am Respectability: things must not go on so;
There 's nowhere I can drive my gig, but something calls out woe.

"Then your sanitary meddlers, all agog for drain and sewer—
For my part, all I know is, I wish the drains were fewer;
Poor folks *will* throw things down 'em—as for unwholesome air,
I know our street 's extremely sweet, and that 's all my affair."

Whereon chimes in big Bumbledom, "You're right, my worthy friend;
'Tis time this stuff and nonsense were brought unto an end.
There 's the Union Workhouse for the poor—you should see how we
have broke 'em
Into temperance by short diet, into industry by oakum."

But hark! that hoarse and hollow Voice—'tis from a Newgate cell—
"Be silent, heartless blind-worms!—a different tale I tell;
I 've wrestled crime for centuries, and feeble all I feel,
Tho' my bones are bones of granite, and my sinews hammered steel.

"Ye little wot how hard and hot the tide of crime flows ever;
How it laughs my Canute talk to scorn, and mocks my stern endeavour;
How Law aghast aside is cast before that fearful sea
Which makes a plaything of the scourge, and a toy of the gallows-tree.

"Call Mother Church to help me; let Saint School do all she can;
Give them Child Crime to fight with, and leave me the full-grown man,
Or soon the evil saps my walls, and down forthwith ye fall,
Master Bumble, Sir Respectable, gig, mace, cocked-hat, and all!"

The stern sounds cease, the stars look peace on the streets so still and
grey—
And now to Downing Street, my Lord, with what appetite you may;
And bethink you of the lesson of London, read aright,
When, with *Punch* for guide, you listened to the Voices of the Night.

RATHER TOO NICE.

Our old friend, the *Herald*, commenced one of its leading articles the other morning with the words, "We are not very fond of interfering with other people's affairs." Surely our respectable contemporary does not mean to say that its own affairs are the only subjects it delights to write upon. A journalist who is averse to interfering with other people's affairs, had better retire from business at once, for he cannot expect that his prattle about himself would prove a source of interest to the community.

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HALF AN HOUR IN THE ISLE OF THANET.

MARGATE AND ITS TELESCOPES.

TAKING advantage of the rapidity of steam communication, which enables one to go to Margate and back on the same day, and, landing on the end of the jetty, walk to the top and return in time for the starting of the steamer on its voyage home, we threw our sandwich-box—our only luggage—into the hold, and were soon steaming it in the *Red Rover*, CAPTAIN LARGE—Larger than ever, by the bye—past the Bay of old Herne, till we arrived at Margate.

The landlords' party must be regarded as being in the ascendant throughout Margate, and nearly every one is interested as a landlord, either in four stories or two, which are divided into separate holdings, for terms varying from a week, or even a day, to a month or season. The relations between a landlord and his tenantry are thus by no means permanent. The whole place may, in fact, be said to derive its entire population from a system of temporary emigration, which lasts during a short portion of the year, and at its conclusion the landlords are left to their own resources, which are limited in the extreme. Many of the landlord party prefer wintering in a large building called the Union, and leave their own domains perfectly uninhabited until the return of their tenantry is expected. To tempt this class, a few beds are cultivated, but beyond this the native industry of the Margatonians does not extend. These beds are the chief sources from which the landlords raise their means of support. The anxiety to draw attention to these beds is so excessive, that their

existence is notified at every turn to the stranger; and even the buoys in the sea are adorned with announcements of "Beds," "Beds," "Beds." This practice is by no means so ridiculous as it may at first appear, for the buoys are most appropriately used to call attention to those beds which enable the inhabitants to keep themselves above water. A couple of beds form, in fact, a sort of life-buoy for the summer season, preventing the unhappy native from being completely swamped.

From the aspect of Margate in the height of the season it might be imagined that an invasion was expected, and that the inhabitants were prepared for the reception of some foreign enemy, by making a port-hole of every window, and defending it with a huge gun. The different directions in which these massive machines appear to be aiming would seem to indicate that Margate was determined to be prepared for invasion at all points. It is only on a very close inspection that the truth can be ascertained, that these extraordinary engines, with which Margate seems to bristle in the summer or autumn sun, are not cannons at all, but telescopes, through which the inhabitants are keeping a constant look-out, to count the passengers on the steam-boats, and calculate the amount of bed-letting on which the hungry natives may depend.

Sometimes the real nature of the instrument is ascertained in a rather disagreeable manner, by a closeness of contact which it is desirable to avoid. The stranger sauntering along the cliff hears a sort of rushing or sliding sound, and before he has time to look about him, there issues from a window on the basement floor, a huge telescope of ninety spectacle power, which, in being pushed out to its

proper focus, brings an object much nearer than the object itself approves. We must not, however, blame the Margate landlords, who rush naturally enough to the most gigantic telescopes, or to anything else, indeed, that may improve their somewhat wretched look-out. It is understood that they use the wrong end of the telescope to look at pieces of butter, remains of cold meat, and other articles belonging to their tenants, which articles are of course reduced to mere mouthfuls, too insignificant to be accounted for, by the peculiar manner in which they are viewed. Thus the telescope serves a double purpose in the hand of the ingenious native of Margate.

MARGATE.—THE ARRIVAL OF THE LONDON BOAT.

INDEBTEDNESS EXTRAORDINARY.

SPEAKING of Ardverikie Forest, the *Morning Post* says:—"Within the last five years, however, it has been completely altered by the MARQUIS OF ABERCORN, to whom the neighbourhood is much indebted." How different is the MARQUIS OF ABERCORN from many other noblemen, who are much indebted to the neighbourhood!

Popular Blinds.

A HOUSE at Berlin has proposed to all the railway companies of Germany to supply their carriages with silk blinds, for nothing. The secret of this generous proposal is in order to cover the blinds with advertisements. This idea must have been borrowed from England, where the advertisements for a long time past have been the most decided blinds. What is a pill which professes to cure everything, but a most perfect blind? What is an ointment, though it has an earl's signature to it, but a decided blind, when it warrants to put together broken limbs, and to heal everything down to the dissensions in Walbrook Church? What are the advertisements which offer £5 a-year to a governess, and "the comforts of a home," but the most hideous blinds? What is the snuff, which vouches almost to give eyes to those who have lost them, but a most egregious blind? What are the challenges of the mesmeric professors to make you read through mill-stones, or to decipher objects a hundred miles off, but the most transparent blinds? Our advertisement pages are literally smothered with these blinds, which are drawn purposely to keep the public in the dark, as the Professor of every infallible Panacea very well knows that Quackery never could flourish but in obscurity.

But what a company offers to do in Germany, is done in England by the government, which derives a profit of one shilling and three halfpence for every blind it allows to be put before the eyes of the British public to keep the light from it. In 1846 it derived a profit of £34,544 12*s.* 11*d.*, which was paid as duty on patent medicines, and £4,487, which was paid for licenses to sell the same. We doubt if the Berlin company will get so much from their disposal of blinds. It had better start a Society for a new Life Pill. Germany has not been worked yet with pills. What does it say to a Prussian Constitution Life Pill, prepared upon the homœopathic system, with a testimonial from KING WILLIAM as to its infallibility. We pledge the amount we pay every year for income tax (which, by the bye, was one of PEEL's blinds), that it could not hit upon a more profitable blind; the eyes of Faderland are so closed with Canaster and Portorico, that they could not possibly see through it!

PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

CRINOLINE.

BY JE—MES PL—SH, ESQ.

NOT fur from that knowble and cheerfle Squear which MUNSEER JOOLS DE CHACABAC had selacted for his cboad in London—not fur, I say, from Lester Squarr, is a rainje of bildings called Pipping's Row, leading to Blue Lion Court, leading to St. Martin's Lane. You know Pipping's Buildings by its greatest ornament, an am and beefonce (where JOOLS has often stood admiring the degstaraty of the carver a cuttin the varous jints), and by the little fish-mungur's, where you remark the mouldy lobsters, the fly-blown picklesammon, the playbills, and the gingybear bottles in the window—above all, by the Constantinople Divan, kep by the MISSES MORDEKY, and well known to every lover of "a prime sigaw and an exlent cup of reel Moky Coffy for 6*d.*"

The Constantinople Divann is greatly used by the foring gents of Lester Squar. I never ad the good fortn to pass down Pipping's Buildings without seeing a haf-a-duzen of 'em on the threshole of the extablishment, giving the street an oppertunity of testing the odar of the MISSES MORDEKY'S prime Avannas. Two or three mor may be visable inside, settn on the counter or the chestis, indulging in their fav'rit whead, the rich and spisy Pickwhick, the ripe Manilly, or the flagrant and arhgumatic Qby.

"These Divanns are, as is very well known, the knightly resott of the young Henglish nobillaty. It is car a young Pier, after an arjus day at the House of Commons, solazes himself with a glas of gin-and-water (the national beveridge), with cheerful conversation on the ewents of the day, or with an armless gaym of baggytell in the back-parlor."

So wrote at least our friend JOOLS to his newspaper, the *Horriflam;* and of this back-parlor and baggytell bord, of this counter, of this Constantanople Divan, he became almost as reglar a frequenter as the plaster of Parish Turk who sits smoking a hookey between the two blue coffee cups in the winder.

I have oftin, smokin my own shroot in silents in a corner of the Diwann, listened to JOOLS and his friends inwaying aginst Hingland, and boastin of their own immortial country. How they did go on about WELLINTUN, and what an arty contamp they ad for him!—how they used to prove that France was the Light, the Scenter-pint, the Igsample and Hadmiration of the whole world! And though I scarcely take a French paper now-a-days (I lived in early days as groom in a French famly three years, and therefore knows the languidg), though, I say, you can't take up JOOLS's paper, the *Orriflam*, without readin that a minister has committed bribery and perjury, or that a littery man has committed perjury and murder, or that a Duke has stabbed his wife in fifty places, or some story equally horrable; yet for all that it 's admiral to see how the French gents will swagger—how they will be the scenters of civilisation—how they will be the Igsamples of Europ, and nothink shall prevent 'em—knowing they will have it, I say I listen, smokin my pip in silence. But to our tail.

Reglar every evening there came to the Constantanople a young gent etired in the igth of fashn; and indead presenting by the cleanlyness of his appearants and limning (which was generally a pink or blew shurt, with a cricketer or a dansuse pattern) rayther a contrast to the dinjy and wistkeard sosiaty of the Diwann. As for wiskars, this young mann had none beyond a little yallow tought to his chin, which you woodn notas, only he was always pulling at it. His statue was diminnative, but his coschume supubb, for he had the tippiest Jane boots, the ivoryheadest canes, the most gawjus scarlick Jonville ties, and the most Scotch-plaidest trowseys, of any customer of that establishment. He was univusaly called Milord.

"*Qui est ce jeune seigneur?* Who is this young hurl who comes knightly to the Constantanople, who is so proddigl of his gold, (for indeed the young gent would frequinly propoase gininwater to the company), and who drinks so much gin?" asked MUNSEER CHACABAC of a friend from the Hotel de l'Ail.

"His name is LORD YARDHAM," answered that friend. "He never comes here but at night—and why?"

"Y?" igsclaimed JOOLS, istonisht.

"Why? because he is engaygd all day—and do you know where he is engaygd all day?"

"Where?" asked JOOLS.

"At the Foring Office—*now* do you beginn to understand?"—JOOLS trembled.

He speaks of his uncle, the head of that office.—"Who *is* the head of that offis?—PALMERSTON."

"The nephew of PALMERSTON!" said JOOLS, almost in a fit.

"LOR YARDHAM pretends not to speak French," the other went on. "He pretends he can only say *wee* and *commong porty voo*. Shallow humbug!—I have marked him during our conversations.—When we have spoken of the glory of France among the nations, I have seen his eye kindle, and his perfidious lip curl with rage. When they have discussed before him, the Imprudents! the affairs of Europe, and RAGGYBRITCHOVICH has shown us the next Circassian Campaign, or SAPOUSNE has laid bare the plan of the Calabrian patriots for the next insurrection, I have marked this stranger—this LOR YARDHAM. He smokes, 'tis to conceal his countenance; he drinks gin, 'tis to hide his face in the goblet.—And be sure, he carries every word of our conversation to the perfidious PALMERSTON, his uncle."

"I will beard him in his den," thought JOOLS. "I will meet him *corps-a-corps*—the tyrant of Europe shall suffer through his nephew, and I will shoot him as dead as DUJARRIER."

When LOR YARDHAM came to the Constantanople that night, JOOLS i'd him savidgely from edd to foot, while LORD YARDHAM replied the same. It wasn't much for either to do—neyther being more than 4 foot ten hi—JOOLS was a grannydear in his company of the Nashnal Gard, and was as brayv as a lion.

"*Ah, l'Angleterre, l'Angleterre, tu nous dois une revanche,*" said JOOLES, crossing his arms and grinding his teeth at LORD YARDHAM.

"*Wee,*" said LORD YARDHAM; "*wee.*"

"*Delenda est Carthago!*" howled out JOOLS.

"*O, wee,*" said the ERL OF YARDHAM, and at the same momint his glas of ginawater coming in, he took a drink, saying, "*A voter santy, Munseer:*" and then he offered it like a man of fashn to JOOLS.

A light broak on JOOLS's mind as he igsepted the refreshmint. "Sapoase," he said, "instedd of slaughtering this nephew of the infamous PALMERSTON, I extract his secrets from him; suppose I pump him—suppose I unveil his schemes and send them to my paper? *La France* may hear the name of JOOLS DE CHACABAC, and the star of honour may glitter on my bosom."

So, axepting LORD YARDHAM'S cortasy, he returned it by ordering

another glass of gin at his own expense, and they both drank it on the counter, where JOOLS talked of the affaers of Europ all night. To everything he said, the EARL OF YARDHAM answered "*Wee, wee;*" except at the end of the evening, when he squeeged his & and said "*Bong swore.*"

"There 's nothing like goin amongst 'em to cquire the reel pronounciation," his Lordship said, as he let himself into his lodgings with his latch-key. "That was a very eloquent young gent at the Constantinople, and I 'll patronise him."

"*Ah, perfide, je te démasquerai!*" JOOLS remarked to himself as he went to bed in his Hotel de l'Ail. And they met the next night, and from that heavning the young men were continyonally together.

Well, one day, as they were walking in the Quadrant, JOOLS talking, and LORD YARDHAM saying "*Wee, wee,*" they were struck all of a heap by seeing—

But my paper is igshosted, and I must dixcribe what they sor in the nex numb er.

A SOUNDING HERO.

JOINVILLE has been busy taking soundings off Malta, and the authorities of the island have ordered two sentinels to keep their eyes constantly upon him. His sounding-lead, we have been told, is his famous pamphlet "*Sur l'Etat des Forces Navales;*" and it is astonishing how quickly it goes to the bottom. However, he has not taken the island yet, and has no intention. He is only occupying himself at present in sounding the Mediterranean, for the purpose of ascertaining how far it is agreeable to be turned into a French lake. As soon as he sees his way clearly in this, Malta will stand no more chance than Gibraltar, but both will be swept out of the Mediterranean as clean as a French street after a good shower.

Directly this is done, JOINVILLE will steer for the British Channel, and will begin sounding it, with a view of finding out whether it will bear him as the NELSON of France. However, the ladies who bathe at Ramsgate and Brighton need not be alarmed just for the present, as the broom has not been made yet which JOINVILLE is to hoist at the mast-head of his Admiral's ship. In the meantime the Chops of the Channel are filled with shouts of laughter; the only soundings off England which are likely to be of service to JOINVILLE.

PUNCH ON PRICES.

IT is greatly to oe regretted that England has not another TOOKE to write another *History of Prices*, for the fluctuations now occurring, demand a practised hand to deal with them, and seize their numerous varieties. The greatest and most sudden changes exist at the present moment in omnibus fares, which alter at the discretion of the cad; and though you may see a quotation of twopence when you enter a bus, it is ten to one that you will find yourself done at sixpence when you are descending from the vehicle.

An omnibus with a twopenny quotation at the beginning of your journey, increases its rate—not in speed, but in charge—as you proceed; and the shorter the distance, the more you have to pay for it. The beautiful system of jugglery pursued in reference to the geographical position of Charing Cross, renders it a convenient land-mark for warranting a double charge; so that whether the bus is entered at the Bank or Hyde Park Corner, there is always an excuse, by murmuring out something about Charing Cross, for making a demand of sixpence. In these hard times of competition, when omnibuses are cutting each other's throats, and splitting each others panels, it is difficult to be strictly honest; but the cad of Chelsea, like the wife of CÆSAR, should not even be suspected.

Hollo, Governor.

CONSIDERABLE misapprehension seems to exist as to the effect of a failure of the Governor of the Bank of England. Some people imagine that bank notes have suddenly become mere waste paper, and that the Bank parlour has been of course stript of its sideboard of plate in order to meet the defalcations of the Governor. This is not true, and the business of the concern is conducted just as usual. The number of omnibuses continually conveying passengers to the Bank has not been reduced; and, if we are to judge by the number of persons going thither, confidence in its stability remains unabated. There is no truth in the rumour that the threepenny omnibuses running to the Bank are in connection with the concern, and that the reduced fares are typical of its reduced circumstances.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE POST-OFFICE.

WE are informed that, by an Act which came into force on the first of last month, all post letters addressed to a bankrupt, within three months after a fiat, are to be forwarded by the POSTMASTER-GENERAL to the assignees. Can this be true? If so, the POSTMASTER-GENERAL will have enough to do to store his head with the names of every bankrupt and his assignees. He will have to make himself master of all the mercantile distresses of the country, and every time a new Gazette is published, he will have to shut himself up till he is able to recite the mass of "broken English" with the fluency of MADAME CELESTE. It strikes us as a strange arrangement; but we suppose it is founded on the strict rules of justice, for there is the old Latin extenuation, "*Fiat justitia.*" The next act, perhaps, will be, that all letters addressed to a dead man, within three months after his death, are to be forwarded to his executors; and if that answers, the succeeding act probable may be, that all *billets-doux* sent to a young lady, three weeks after her marriage, must be sent to her newly-acquired husband; and so on with widows when they re-marry, and servants and clerks when they obtain a new situation. With five acts of the above agreeable nature, the post of POSTMASTER-GENERAL will be as much run after as a Syncretic tragedy in the dog-days. By the bye, the recent corn failures will be likely to test the MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE'S memory to no slight extent! He will be resigning in favour of MAJOR BENIOUSKI, or the City Remembrancer.

HEALTH AND TEMPERANCE.

IT is reported by the newspapers, that at a temperance *soirée* lately held at Londonderry in honour of FATHER MATHEW, the Mayor of Derry in the chair, "after the usual loyal toasts, the chairman gave FATHER MATHEW." Toasts at a Temperance Meeting! If these toasts were not dry toasts, what were they? A temperance toast, one would think, must be either toast and tea, or toast and water.

THE ONLY THING TO SAVE FRANCE.

SOCIETY in France is in a very bad state—none worse. The only thing to regenerate it is to throw open all the ports, and admit *Punch*.

DOMESTIC BLISS.—Time, half-past 3; Thermometer, 30 deg.

William. "What a violent ringing there is at the street-door Bell!"

Maria. "Oh! I know what it is, dear. It 's the Sweeps; and I dare say the girls don't hear. Just run up, and knock at their room door."

VESUVIUS IN THE STRAND.

There is something in the Strand, between St. Clement's Church and Temple Bar, which reminds us strongly of Italy and Vesuvius. In the street, there is always an eruption of the pavement, while the smoking cauldron of the gasman gives a continual representation of an ever-burning crater. To add to the illusion, the workmen—if we may be allowed the term, in reference to those who do scarcely any work—are under the influence of a *dolce far niente* which is truly Neapolitan in its aspect. They sit for hours, lounging at the side of the eruption, like the very laziest of *lazzaroni*, or playing those Ethiopian airs on the bones and slates, which remind one forcibly of the accompanied Tarantella of sunny Napoli. *Vedi the Strand e poi mori*, may soon become a proverb; for really, to see the indolence of the St. Clement's gas or water-pipe repairers is enough to be the death of us. Such complete *otium sine dig.* —for they seldom put a spade or pickaxe into the ground for days after the first eruption—is, we are sure, unparalleled everywhere. The earth is allowed to break up, and then to have a holiday for an indefinite period. We are sure that the chasms of Fleet Street, the Strand, and other places, will never be permanently filled up, until some citizen has tumbled into them. Would that Sir Peter Laurie would make himself a Curtius, and jump into the midst of it; which, as some ill-natured people say—we, of course, being excused from all suspicion,—would be too much of a good thing, for it would be getting rid at once of two nuisances.

Magnetic Mud.

Sir A. Mackenzie tells us, that in certain parts of the Rose Lake the mud is so magnetic, that the boatmen have the greatest difficulty in rowing over it. This is not the only place where the mud is in the way of progress. We think that in the City of London the same attraction is displayed. The aldermen have the greatest difficulty in passing it, for they dwell over it, and cling to it with peculiar fondness, as if there were a secret sympathy existing between them. If Lord John does not make a strong pull next session, he may depend upon it that the mud of the City, as with the boats on the above lake, will drag him, and all his nervous crew, to the bottom; and that would be a mud-lark with a vengeance!

SHAKSPEARE AND MR. GEORGE JONES.

The proposed sale of Shakspeare's house at Stratford is obviously becoming a popular topic. There are all the signs of it. Mr. Robins is puffing the property; the Surrey Zoological Gardens exhibit a model of the house; the Poet of Moses heads his effusions with "Shakspeare's Birth-place;" and lastly, Mr. George Jones has come out as the originator and founder of "The People's Central Committee of the Shakspeare Memorial Fund!"

There is a sort of Human Blue-Bottle, that buzzes about, and fly-blows great memories. Mr. George Jones is such a blue-bottle, one of the noisiest and most offensive sort.

Punch is the guardian of honest enthusiasms. He cannot allow burrs like Mr. George Jones to stick in their skirts, without plucking them out and trampling them under his feet.

This person, who is not unfamiliar with our *bâton*, once wrote, and spoke, and published an inflated and ungrammatical, and utterly absurd and intolerable, "oration" on Shakspeare. Unluckily, he was, in evil hour, permitted to deliver it at Stratford-on-Avon—to awaken the echoes of the Poet's tomb, with his scrannel penny-trumpet! And now he has the impudence to come forward, and constitute himself author and originator and chairman of a "People's Central Committee of the Shakspeare Memorial Fund."

Mr. George Jones originates the Meeting.

Mr. George Jones calls the Meeting.

Mr. George Jones suggests that he be put into the chair at the Meeting.

Mr. George Jones gets himself appointed Chairman of the Committee appointed at the Meeting.

Mr. George Jones reads his oration to the Meeting.

Mr. George Jones invites branch Committees to communicate with him as Chairman of the Meeting.

Mr. George Jones, Mr. George Jones, Mr. George Jones. It is all Mr. George Jones. One halfpennyworth of Shakspeare to an intolerable quantity of Mr. George Jones.

Unhappily, all the world does not know Mr. George Jones as well as *Punch*.

Mr. George Jones had better not provoke us too far—we can't say where we might stop. *We might be roused to review his oration!* This is not a common occasion. Let Mr. George Jones confine himself to suitable topics—let him make himself Laureate of the ruling humbug of the hour, and welcome. Let him go on writing "Tecumsehs" and "Histories of Ancient America" *ad infinitum*. We shall leave him uncorrected, uncriticised, unrebuked.

But he must not be allowed to paw the revered head of the Poet—to bring his pinchbeck near the touch-stone of Shakspeare's truth. There is a desecration in it that makes *Punch* perfectly savage.

Once more, let Mr. George Jones beware—or *Punch* will throw all human pity to the four winds, and review his oration. We are serious. We feel quite capable of it.

Rowlando Furioso.

We understand that a celebrated nobleman, of sporting notoriety, has caused several gallons of Rowland's Macassar to be scattered over his estates, for the purpose of preserving the hares. The experiment has proved quite successful; and some hundreds of hares, lying curled up in various portions of the grounds, have been discovered wherever the Macassar was used.

FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.—PUNCH SHOOTING FOLLY AS IT FLIES.

A NEW CHAPTER FOR

"THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS OF CHRISTENDOM."

How ST. GEORGE *and* ST. ANDREW *in Holborn encountered and slew the great Dragon* CLEANLINESS, *that would have drawn them into a certain bath, wherein he sojourned.*

FORTHWITH ST. GEORGE and ST. ANDREW, leaving their five brethren, journeyed till they came to a fair place, called Holborn, where they sat them down. And while they so abided, there came running unto them a rout of folk, very ragged and sore befouled and begrimed. And when they saw the Knights, they cried aloud to them, "Save us, noble Knights, from the great dragon, CLEANLINESS! He liveth hard by, in a bath, whereto he hath of late resorted, from a terrible hill called Sanitary Law, whence come many other monsters that waste us, the people of Bumble-land. But this dragon is worst of all, for he haleth us into the water, and anon maketh onslaught upon our dung-heaps, and drieth up our cesspools, and hideth him in our drains and our sewers, so that we may not wallow therein as we were wont; for, ever in stinks and foulness we were well pleased, and of such enjoyment may we none more have for this dragon. And our KING BUMBLE is armed against him, and hath called forth all his champions. Go ye with them!"

Then ST. GEORGE and ST. ANDREW said, "Truly we will go forth against this dragon." And ST. GEORGE put on his helmet and armed him, and took his sword of selfishness; and ST. ANDREW went before, armed at point, playing on his fiddle, with his stout lance, which he called "Vested Right," borne in front of him; and anon they came to where KING BUMBLE was with his array, seated in his high Hall of the Vestry, and he courteously saluted the Knights. And there came in a very foul stinkard, crying, "The Dragon is upon us! He hath yesternight drawn into his bath the people of a neighbouring kingdom." Then ST. GEORGE and ST. ANDREW said to KING BUMBLE, "Stay here, and we will encounter him." And they went forth, and found the great dragon, who had that morning eaten up five dunghills and thrown down seven slaughter-houses, as he came through the perilous pass of the Smith's field, where were many such places on which he was wont to make attack.

And the dragon reared up, and strove to drag ST. GEORGE and ST. ANDREW into the bath; but they would not—and ST. GEORGE smote him with a sore buffet from his sword, and ST. ANDREW pierced him through a soft place in his belly with his lance, and the dragon fell down, and his body covered up the bath, wherein he was wont to wash himself, and to draw the folk thereinto, so that none might come to it ever after. And when the people saw the dragon was slain, they came forth and scattered dirt before the valiant Knights, as incense; and KING BUMBLE honoured the stout Champions greatly, for that the fell dragon, CLEANLINESS, should no more come among them.

And the people abode in their filth, as they loved to do; and their dung-heaps waxed larger than before. And they gave crowns of mud to ST. GEORGE and ST. ANDREW; and on the crowns was written—

"ST. GEORGE and ST. ANDREW, who the Dragon fierce did slay,
That would have eat our dirt up, and our dung-hills swept away."

And from that time forth none in that land hath ever washed him in fair water, for fear of the brood of that dragon. And their dirt is a token thereof unto this day.

Our Fast Man's Sentiments on Jenny Lind.

"PUNCH, YOU OLD MUFF!

"SINCE you have hinted that you are open to an occasional contribution from me, here goes. I don't mind your calling me a snob and a monkey. I ain't proud. As to being a snob, I am not a counter-jumper, if you mean that. Neither my friends nor myself are in trade. I employ as good a tailor as you do, and I'll show boots with you any day. I've learnt my manners, and flatter myself that I can behave in a drawing-room as well as you can. If I am a monkey, no matter. So long as I am an amusing one; that's quite enough for your look-out. Abuse me if you will, provided you print what I send you—and pay me for it.

"I have had one bone to pick with you about SHAKSPEARE. I'll now discuss another with you, if you please, on the subject of JENNY LIND. All of us expected that you would have laughed her down: whereas, the whole season, you have been crying her up. I want to know why? It is very true that she has drawn good houses. Of course she has, with the fuss that has been made about her. As it was with the Singing Mouse, so it is has been with the Swedish Nightingale. Now we have seen both, and are tired of the one and the other. She has created a *fureur*, but it has fizzed out. The novelty has worn away. The cream is off the Champagne, and it turns out Gooseberry. We have had enough of JENNY LIND. She don't suit us; that's the fact. Her singing may be good, but it's severe. It may please your high-art men. They may like to hear *Susanna's* part in *Figaro* sung according to the score. We don't. We had rather not hear *Figaro* at all; but if we must listen to such dreary stuff, let us have it made as lively as we can. It wants embellishment to make it go down. We like the meretricious ornaments. Make the silk purse out of the sow's ear, if possible.

"Then, as to JENNY LIND'S acting. It's very chaste and simple, I dare say. We think it mild. She don't make points enough. What we call points, you may call clap-trap. Never mind. The trap that catches applause is well baited. JENNY LIND'S admirers praise her for being so quiet. That is just why we find fault with her. We may like a quiet style of sister, but we admire an actress who comes out, and is jolly. JENNY LIND does the gentle, and the interesting, and the angelic. So do young people in a consumption. We call that sort of thing spoony. Then JENNY LIND is supposed to be such a good girl. What has that to do with the merits of a singer or actress? We pay our money to hear *Alice* or *Norma*—we go to see them acted. We don't care how the performer acts in private life. It is the character on the stage, not off it, that concerns us. When VAN AMBURGH puts his head into the lion's mouth, we don't think about his personal qualities. MR. WIDDICOMB is nothing to us in the social sphere, so long as he acquits himself well in the ring. We regard the terrific descent of JOEL IL DIAVOLO without any reference to his domestic virtues. JENNY LIND may be a good girl; but good girls, like good boys, are often slow.

"Take my advice, therefore, *Punch*, and drop JENNY LIND, unless you can give us something funny about her; as, for instance, a caricature of her eating a sandwich behind the scenes. She is a very fit and proper person, no doubt, to sing at a bishop's evening party, or the sleepy old Ancient Concerts. But to us she is a bore, as you will be too, if you don't cut her. When she has done singing, the *ballet* is a relief to us. Bear that in mind, *Punch*; sink your Swedish Nightingale, and make your jokes. That's the way to prosper, and to grow in the graces of every

"FAST MAN."

*** Our fast friend evidently does not think himself a snob. On this point we still differ with him in opinion. He rests on his station, connections, and clothes, and stands upon his boots. We give him the benefit of his denial, and ourselves that of his self-assertion.

GOOD NEWS FOR NEWSPAPERS.

THE enormous tax upon paper is likely to be taken off, and we are sure the Press universally will feel the benefits of the change. We are sure not one of our clever contemporaries will doubt this, when we inform them, to their joy, that the brothers BERKELEY have promised not to write any more letters.

THE REVOLT OF THE DRAPERS.

PUNCH has sympathised, to a certain extent, with the early-closing movement, and would be rejoiced to see the linendrapers' assistants released from attendance at the counter by a reasonable hour in the evening; though it has been urged by some, that it would only be to substitute the billiard-cue for the yard measure, the penny cheroot for the pencil, and the cigar divan for the shop. We have, however, more faith in the fraternity than to believe them capable of raising a cry for intellectual improvement merely as a pretext for smoking unsavoury Pickwicks, and going to places of doubtful respectability, after the shop is closed. Notwithstanding our desire to aid the assistant drapers in any reasonable movement, we cannot encourage them in the foolery which, according to a prospectus of the Metropolitan Assistant Drapers' Company, they seem to contemplate. They are coolly asking the public for £150,000, in 15,000 shares of ten pounds each, to start a model establishment, in which the assistants shall be their own masters, choose their own work, take their own time, and seize "every opportunity for indulging in all healthy pursuits and reasonable enjoyments." The prospectus then goes on to state, that the assistants will become "free and happy, as they should be." If a linendraper's shop is to be turned into a state of "happiness and freedom" all day long, it may suit the shop-boys well enough, but it will not be quite so agreeable to the customers.

In conjunction with this "free and happy" project, there is to be an underselling of the trade, so that the assistants, when they go into business for themselves, are to do less then their masters, and yet can afford to sell for less money; so that they will make a better thing of it, with less trouble. Notwithstanding this liberality towards purchasers, the "free and happy" assistants expect to be able to return to the shareholders of the concern a profit of from ten to fifteen per cent., after paying all expenses. This they say they will do, though they profess to be content with one tithe of the profits now made in the business, which are said to vary from 20 to 100 per cent.; and, consequently, a tithe of the former would be only two per cent., while a tithe of the latter would be but ten per cent., out of which the shareholders are to receive from ten to fifteen per cent., being more than the maximum of the whole profit the concern can realise.

We beg pardon of our readers for being led into statistics, which we hate as much as SIBTHORPE does railway steam, but we think it our duty to smash humbug of every description; and the "free and happy" linendrapers' assistants have been guilty of some very gross humbug, in putting forward the prospectus we have been speaking of.

MORE FREE THAN WELCOME.

THE Liberty of the Press in France seems to exist all upon the side of the government, and it exercises it in the freest manner. Liberties are exchanged in the most unceremonious style. If a paper takes the liberty to express an opinion, then LOUIS-PHILIPPE takes the liberty to suppress it. Sometimes it is suppressed without any opinion at all; for instance, our contemporary, the *Charivari*, was seized, literally, "all of a heap" last week, and it cannot possibly, for the fun of it, find out "the why or the wherefore." We think, however, our Parisian brother is rather hard to please; he cannot expect a seizure, and to have a reason for it into the bargain. The two things are as difficult to find as an article in a French newspaper on England, and not a word of abuse in it! Why, if LOUIS-PHILIPPE had to give reasons for everything he did, there would be an end at once to his liberal government! He would have to barricade the entire French language, for he never could allow communications to be constantly put to him which would leave him without a word to say for himself. How could any French ministry answer under such a questionable system? It would even make THIERS speechless, and he is the LORD BROUGHAM of France.

PUNCH'S TEA-SERVICE.

PUNCH is a devoted lover of Tea—and within this past week only have the Gods rewarded him for the virtue. And wherefore? Because the *Dii Majores* knew that whatever they bestowed upon *Punch*, he would immediately make known to all the world. The Gods, then, in their own peculiar manner, have presented *Punch* with a splendid Tea-Service; exquisite in its loveliness of proportion, in its harmony of form. There is no trumpery gilding about the matter: no, its beauty is as the beauty of a silver cloud or starry field-flower, vouchsafed by the liberal Gods for the delight and enjoyment of all.

The Barberini Vase—everybody knows the fact, which is the reason that *Punch* repeats it—was discovered in a marble sarcophagus, two miles and a half from the first turnpike gate of Rome, as you go to Frascati. Our fictile treasure—made of English earth—was manifested to us in our own vineyard; and, of course, in a dream!

Reading *The History of England*, we fell into a profound sleep. We had just entered upon the account of the Druids, and, doubtless, ere we had snored thrice, we found ourselves an admitted member of the tribe, and had a very handsome dragon with two tails emblazoned upon us, each tail twisting round either of our legs, and ending on either foot. And then we drank the mead, and got wickedly drunk therewith.

And then, we thought, we rose into the fourteenth century, and found ourselves taking a cool tankard of ale with that renowned wight, SIR JOHN BARLEY DE CORN; and again we were very drunk.

And then, we were changed to a coal-black negro, and having stolen a bottle of new rum, heroically swigged it, defying—as drunkenness will defy even the thunder—the morning cartwhip.

And then, a Portuguese, we swallowed purple, fruity wine, as thick as oozing gum.

And next, a Frenchman, we danced the *Minuet de la Cour*, valiantly carrying a case of champagne in our head.

And the time and place shifted; and, seated on the quay of Rotterdam, clothed in a pair of world-wide breeches, we drank Hollands, and were more drunk than ever.

And then, we were a Spaniard, and having danced one *bolero*, we emptied a beker of Xeres, while the world, like a reeling star, danced round us: and with this, and all of these, we were drunk—drunk—drunk—and ever *more* drunk.

And then—in rags and tatters—we thought ourselves an English mechanic, as, with the air of a duke, and threepence in our pocket, we flung open the folding-doors of *Il Palazzo di Ginevro*, and called for another half-quartern. It was the tenth that very day; and the wife of our bosom, as we dreamt, with our three pledges of love (the only pledges left us we could make nothing of)—stood outside the door, as we thought, begging and whimpering for us to go home—Home! and then we thought of the empty grate, like the eye-hole of a giant's skull; of the empty cupboard, empty as the jaws of Death. And then, we thought it would only be doing what manly dignity required, to go into the street, knock down that complaining wife, and throw the three shrieking brats under the cart-wheels! And we felt proudly heroical as the thought grew within us. But first, we would essay a little score—we had been trusted a groat at the same *palazzo* ere then—and have a bold threepennyworth more of gin! And then—with the glass at our lip, as we thought—we slept.

And then came the purgatory of thirst. And no wonder! Had we not drunk, a thousand years and more ago, with the ancient Druids? Had we not taken a Tippling Tour round the whole world, and still with growing drunkenness, still with increasing thirst?

And our tongue burnt like a flag of asphalt—and down—down our throat was a brimstone walk—passing by a piece of expiring cinder (it was once our liver) that still weakly tinkled, tinkled with the fire of gin! And for our heart,—it was, we thought, as hard as a pebble, here and there veined with a dirty, muddy red. And at last—it was an odd

dream—our eyes seemed to descend into our stomach, but for a time were blinded by the spirituous fumes. At length the internal ruin in all its devastation was revealed. And (we had thought enough) to wish that now and then the eyes of a drunkard could only sink into his stomach, and take a peep at what gin was doing there.

And the thirst grew intolerable; and—still in our dream—we yelled for a cooling draught. And suddenly, we thought the God MERCURY—only that he wore a pigtail, and had a sort of Chinese look—came and beckoned to us. And we rose, and following him, went into our vineyard. It was the season of the grape; but we turned from the green and purple bunches, as from the poison-bags of serpents. And then, the Chinese MERCURY giving us a silver spade, told us to dig.

And as we dug, we thought all the vineyard changed. The vines dwarfed into small shrubs. And still we dug: at length, we heard the silver shovel strike against some sounding substance; and working with a more delicate hand, round and round, we discovered a set of earthen vessels—the true designs on some of which are, oh, reader! presented to thee.

And then we thought a fairy—with odours dropping from her hair—rose before us. And, waving a little moonshiny wand, a boiling spring bubbled from the earth; at this spring the fairy rinsed the pot, and warmed the tea-cups. And then—music breaking from her silver feet—she went from shrub to shrub, gathering, and casting what she gathered into the vessel. And then she filled it with boiling water, and poured it into a cup, and gave us to drink.

And as we drank, our tongue dissolved, our throat was comforted, our liver (we are sure of it) was as large and as oily as a whale's, and our heart as large and swelling as any bagpipe, squeezed by Highlander.

And we asked—"Oh, Goddess! What is this sovereign beverage?"

And a clap of thunder answered "Tea!"

"What are you doing with the fire-irons?" asked the lady of the house; for, falling asleep, with our sinister leg upon the fender, as we thought the thunder broke, we knocked down poker, tongs, and shovel.

Well,—the wine had been good; the grog excellent. Nevertheless, drawing up to the table, we acknowledged to the lady fairy of the house that there was nothing like tea. In token of our sincerity we caused a tea-service to be made after the pattern of the crockery of our dream, which we presented to the most amiable of women. If the reader be blest with a like acquaintance, we advise him to follow *Punch's* example.

HINTS FOR CALLING A SPADE A SPADE.

WE perceive from the last report of the Inspectors of Prisons for Scotland, that it is the practice in Edinburgh to commit girls to prison for beating carpets at wrong hours, and boys for playing at marbles, boxing each other's ears, or plucking a few pods of beans.

Now, such cases ought to be peculiarly entered on the prison registers. The mere announcement of ten days' or a fortnight's imprisonment conveys no adequate notion of the way these heinous offences are really visited in Scotland, that eminently virtuous and pious country. The entry should be made after some such fashion as the following:—

Name and Description.	*Offence.*	*Punishment.*
John M'K., a dirty little boy, aged 11.	Fighting with another dirty little boy.	To be taught to lie, steal, and swear.
Mary M'C., little girl, aged 12.	Throwing a pail of water into the street, and wetting a policeman's boots.	To be contaminated by street walkers, and taught to pick pockets.
John M'F., aged 9.	Stealing a turnip.	To be made a finished area-sneak.

And so on, specifying the punishment, not by its duration but its effects. People would then see the admirable effects of our present prison arrangements.

MUMMY WHEAT.

A GRAIN of wheat taken from one of our friends the mummies, has, it seems, produced no less than sixty-six ears. SIBTHORPE says, the number of years may be easily accounted for by the great antiquity of the mummy.

HER MAJESTY'S TOUR.

WE have nothing to record of HER MAJESTY'S Tour, for the Royal cruising party has come to an anchor, or rather, to a dead lock, at Loch Laggan; and we will leave the QUEEN and family to the enjoyment of what is called the fastness of Ardverikie, though, like Scotch fastness of every description, it is slowness in the extreme. We shall not issue a Court Circular of the same round of walking, shooting, and dining which is being pursued daily by the Royal couple, and the details of which, by arriving at no useful end, would deserve the name of circular indeed.

CLUNY MACPHERSON has been amiably officious in offering permission to the Royal party to fish in his trout stream; and the PRINCE OF LEININGEN, with LORD GREY and MR. ANSON, tried to angle—or rather, formed a tri-angle to take advantage of CLUNY'S liberality. There have been one or two days of drizzling rain, when MACKINTOSH of Mackintosh placed himself at the service of PRINCE ALBERT; but the Mackintosh of MACKINTOSH was a great deal too large for His Royal Highness, who preferred the paletot of Llama to protect him against the rain.

REGISTER YOUR JOKES.

AN ironmonger had to send in an account lately, for a new register stove, to an author, and thought that he must necessarily be facetious; so he headed the bill, "A memorial of the departed grate."

PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENT.

FLEET STREET is now open for a limited period, after which it will again be closed on account of other engagements.—N.B. A grand representation of the barricades until further notice. Blockading time, four o'clock.

THE DEFORMITO-MANIA.

THE taste for the Monstrous seems, at last, to have reached its climax. The walls of the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly are placarded from top to bottom with bills announcing the exhibition of some frightful object within, and the building itself will soon be known as the Hall of Ugliness. We cannot understand the cause of the now prevailing taste for deformity, which seems to grow by what it feeds upon. The first dose administered to this morbid appetite was somewhat homœopathic, being comprised in the diminutive form of TOM THUMB; but the eagerness with which this little humbug was devoured—at least by female kisses—has caused the importation, on a much larger scale, of all sorts of *lusus naturæ* and specimens of animated ugliness, which form a source of attraction to the public, and are exhibited with success in the very building where HAYDON in vain invited attention to the creations of his genius.

If *Beauty and the Beast* should be brought into competition in London, at the present day, *Beauty* would stand no chance against the *Beast* in the race for popularity. We understand that an exhibition consisting of the most frightful objects in nature is about to be formed at the Egyptian Hall, under the now taking title of the Hideorama. Poor MADAME TUSSAUD, with her Chamber of Horrors, is quite thrown into the shade by the number of real enormities and deformities that are now to be seen, as the showmen say, "Alive! alive!" Her wax is snuffed out, or extinguished, by the new lights now shining in Piccadilly, where a sort of Reign of Terror just now prevails.

There seems to be a sort of fascination in the horrible; and we can only hope, as the mania has now reached its extreme, a healthy admiration for the "true and the beautiful," as the novelists call it, will immediately begin to show itself.

PORTABLE CANNON.

AMONGST the wonderful inventions of the day, are portable cannon. This promises to be a portable age, which, however, is much better than an insupportable one. We have already portable soup, a gallon of which you can carry in your waistcoat pocket; and there are also portable houses, which a traveller can take about with him in his carpet bag; but a portable cannon is a thing which would have made NAPOLEON fonder than ever of his favourite maxim, that there was no such word as "impossible." The great advantage of this portable cannon is, we suppose, that it will carry all the better for it; for as it can be taken to pieces and put together again like a puzzle, it can go to any extent, providing the weight of it does not bring its man down; for the *calibre* of a cannon's metal and a man's, are two very different things. If the cannon, however, is so easy to handle, it will be giving the cold shoulder to the musket, and we shall be having *battues* with a pocket ten-pounder instead of a MANTON. Duelling, too, will have to be remodelled according to this improved plan of civilisation; and the celebrated triangular duel may

be fought over again with cannon instead of pistols.

The impetus, also, it will give to the art of smuggling will have the effect of making fortified towns extremely cautious, and we should not wonder that LOUIS-PHILIPPE will be issuing directions to have every one with a long beard and a pointed hat most rigidly searched at the *barrières* of Paris, for fear any red hot, ready-primed and charged republican, should be introducing a whole park of artillery in his coat-tail pockets.

Portraits of Field-Marshals, too, will have to be painted in a very different style. Instead of the sword in the right hand, cheering on an invisible battalion to attack a very impregnable fortress in the background, we shall have a portable cannon introduced, for the future, in military pictures, as the instrument to point the way to glory.

This improved weapon will be opening quite a new field in the science of killing: and the more weapons there are the merrier; for at last killing will be such an easy matter, reduced to such positive rules of murder, that persons will be ashamed to lend their hands to it. We beg to express our thanks, therefore, to the author of this latest improvement in the ingenious art of slaying, for the pains he has successfully taken "to seek the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth."

GOOD NEWS FOR OLD MAIDS.—There are "busses" to be had in the streets of London almost for nothing.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th, 1847.

THE SAILORS' SERENADE.

The crew of Her Majesty's yacht appears to have been selected, not only on account of its nautical qualifications, but for the vocal talents possessed by the men, who all passed a musical examination before they were appointed to the favoured vessel. The common seamen were called upon to go through "Blow high, blow low," in chorus; the midshipmen were desired to execute "Cease, rude Boreas," as a quartette; and our "Fast Man," who is privileged to use jokes that have hitherto appeared in *Punch*, declares that every officer was obliged to go through a most difficult movement in C (sea) before he was commissioned to the craft that has the honour of carrying the Queen and Prince Albert. It has been thought, naturally enough, that music, having "charms to soothe the savage breast," may also possess the faculty of pacifying, occasionally, the ire of old Neptune; and hence the happy idea of a "musical crew" for the royal yacht, which has been found to answer amazingly. The signals have all been set to music by a popular composer, and the "Ease her," as a cannon for three voices, beginning with the high note of the Captain on the paddle-box, modulating into a *mezzo-soprano* for the boy on deck, and terminating in a low bass note for the engineer in the engine-room, has a magnificent effect. The duet between the Captain and the steersman, commencing with a delicious *scherzo* of "Hard a-port," with the beautiful *tremolo* accompaniment furnished by the vibration of the engine, may be heard and felt, but cannot be described.

The musical capacities of the crew of the royal yacht were, however, put to a most pleasing use on the morning of Prince Albert's birth-day, when, at the good-natured instigation of Her Majesty, the sailors commenced at six o'clock, under the bed-room window, a serenade for which the Prince had not been prepared. His Royal Highness, who was asleep, began dreaming he was at Her Majesty's Theatre, until the continuance of the harmony awakened him, and, jumping out of bed, he threw open the casement to ascertain the cause of the sounds. As he peeped out from the aperture, a burst of "Hail, smiling morn!" greeted the tassel of his illustrious nightcap, and as he popped his head in again, the delicious *refrain* of "Flies away," in all the varieties of bass, very bass, tenor, alto, and altissimo, struck on his astonished but gratified ear. Having learned from Her Majesty the cause of this pleasing touch of loyalty, his Royal Highness, throwing on a dressing-gown, thanked the musical mariners for their serenade, and invited them all to breakfast at the Lodge. Grog and good humour prevailed for the remainder of the day, which was enlivened by throwing the hammer, and other sports.

THE PRICE OF BREAD.

We don't wonder at Prices being such a science as to demand for the subject an entire work, since we are, every day, puzzled in the extreme by the mysteries to which prices are liable. The other day we saw several inviting tickets announcing 6*d.*, in a large figure, as the price of the quartern loaf, whilst, in the household ledger, 9*d.* was found to be the cost, at home. We were, of course, astonished at this awful discrepancy between facts and figures, and started off to our baker's to know what it meant. We indignantly demanded the reason of our being charged 9*d.*; when the tradesman, turning round the 6*d.*, observed that it had slipped: but that, if we would have the goodness to take another view of it, we should find 9*d.* to be the price marked. "Nothing under that price, sir," said he, "except Seconds, and *Seconds*, you know, never give satisfaction."

More Fools They.

An extraordinary number of Mackarel have just visited the Downs, though they must have heard people crying out "Yer, her, mackarel, six a shilling!" on the beach, and should have avoided the neighbourhood. They have attracted a number of sharks, and the whole proceeding reminds us of the flocking of suitors to a court of law, only to be hooked or hemmed in by attornies on the moment of their arrival. Supply will always create demand; and we are quite certain that if another elephant were to die, there would be another medical man found to eat him, as Dr. Brooks, the anatomist, devoured every mouthful of the last, except the tusks, which he reserved for tooth-picks at the conclusion of the meal.

A Real Blessing to Spaniards.—A large quantity of the "Disinfecting Fluid" has been ordered off to Madrid, for the purpose of testing its efficacy upon the rumours that are circulating about the neighbourhood of the Palace. The air Spanish courtiers breathe is so vitiated, that it is said, if the "Disinfecting Fluid" clears it in any measure of its foul particles, that it will purify anything.

Punch's Harvest Home.

Now, Hullah, now's your time;
In one harmonious chime
Now teach the million, if you can, to sing.
The Harvest of our hope
Hath quite outgone the scope;
Summer hath kept the promise of the Spring.

Chorus.
With corn-flowers of blue, and with poppies of red,
Trim bonnet and button-hole, hat-band and head;
Sing bread and potatoes, sing barley and beer—
Was there e'er such a harvest as that of this year?

From utterance we refrain
Of a more solemn strain:
Ill blends the organ with the pipe of mirth;
But, in our joy of soul,
A Harvest-Home we 'll troll,
For the abundance of the fruits of Earth.
Chorus.—With corn-flowers, &c

Hurrah, then, for the Sun!
Long may his chariot run;
The Sun, Prime Minister of Nature, who,
Whilst Russell, back'd by Peel,
Was powerless for our weal,
Our troubles gloriously hath brought us through.
Chorus.—With corn-flowers, &c.

Hurrah, too, for the Showers,
Those ministerial powers,
Working as colleagues with their mighty Chief.
When statesmen strove in vain,
The Sunshine and the Rain
Combined to legislate for our relief.
Chorus.—With corn-flowers, &c.

Autumnal leaves will be
Soon dropping from the tree:
The creeper soon will redden on the wall.
A dolt is he who grieves
Over the falling leaves,
With which the quartern-loaf will also fall.
Chorus.—With corn-flowers, &c.

Now, Famine's grisly hand
Is lifted from the land,
And none need starve on British ground who tread.
Remember that, John Bull,
And, now your barns are full,
Let not the reaper ask in vain for bread.

Chorus.
With corn-flowers of blue, and with poppies of red,
Trim bonnet and button-hole, hat-band and head;
Sing bread and potatoes, sing barley and beer—
Was there e'er such a harvest as that of this year?

COLD COMFORT FOR CREDITORS.

An Advertisement in the *Times* of September 1st, announced—

To TEA-DEALERS AND OTHERS, a quantity of Rough Ice, the property of a Bankrupt, to be sold.

There are several puzzling points about this advertisement—at least, puzzling to us, however the initiated may be capable of explaining them. In the first place, why address "tea-dealers" in particular? What do they want with rough ice? Is it to impart the "roughish flavour," said to be characteristic of the three-and-eightpenny Congou? In the second place, how comes a bankrupt to be in possession of a quantity of rough ice? We should have thought that if anything could have kept him out of hot water, that would. Perhaps he was trying the experiment, and was left with all the ice upon his hands. It is just possible that he was performing a series of scientific operations to ascertain how, by adopting the properties of ice, in the absence of all his other property, he could restore himself into a solvent state. It is to be hoped that a customer will be found for the rough ice before it turns itself into floating capital on its own account; which is not unlikely, when we remember that it has all its own liability to liquidate.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S "BOTTLE."

THE above individual, in the name of all the publicans and gin-palace proprietors of the United Kingdom, is on the point of offering a large reward for a set of etchings, to counteract the great movement just made in favour of Temperance, by the issue of eight etchings from the pencil of GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. The artist has, indeed, shown "vice its own image;" and he will do as much good as five hundred pledges, or five thousand Temperance Meetings ever achieved. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK has exhibited the fatal power of the Bottle-imp; and if FATHER MATHEW deserves a pension of three hundred a year, the artist ought to have at least a thousand for the many benefits he has conferred on the community.

THE CLASSICO-MANIA.

WE have been requested to enter our protest against a practice that now prevails of affixing classical inscriptions to modern English buildings. A sort of compromise is usually attempted by resorting to bad Latin, for the accommodation of those who can only read the mother-tongue, as the individual thrown into the company of a Frenchman, and not being able to say a word in French, met his companion half-way by talking broken English. A rich specimen has been furnished to us of an inscription on a Wesleyan Chapel, commencing "HUJUS WESLEYANI sacelli fundamenta posita sunt a GEORGIO GREEN, Armigero, de *Nigro Muro*." WESLEYANI and GREEN are certainly not remarkable for the purity or elegance of their Latinity, and the attempt to elevate Blackwall, by turning it into *Niger Murus*, is as bad as the effort to give a lift to Turnham Green, by calling it *Verte eos Viridos*. We might as well call Fleet Street the *Via Rapida*, Houndsditch the *Fossa Canum*, and dignify our old friend Upper John Street with the magnificent sounding title of *Via Superioris Johannis!* No! No!—Let us call English things by English names; and if the dictionary is not comprehensive enough to accommodate all our countrymen, we will undertake to lengthen the language, at a half-penny for every Substantive, a penny for a Verb, and the rest of the parts of speech at sixpence a dozen, all round!

THE RULING PASSION.

OUR contemporary, the *Morning Post*, spoils a really good article on the Praslin tragedy, by a Jenkinsism that we cannot excuse. He talks of the letters of the unhappy Duchess to her husband as being full of "perfumed affection." Does our contemporary mean to say that they were written on scented paper? The only perfume we are aware of that is said to have an affectionate odour, is *parfait amour*. It is a pity that our contemporary should have spoiled a piece of writing, otherwise excellent, by the admission of one or two Jenkinsisms of a most deplorable description.

PROTECTIONIST ESSEX CALVES.

THE *Times* lately reported a grand Protectionist Demonstration which took place at Colchester, and which was highly calculated to astonish the Colchester natives. This grand turn-out was intended to celebrate a turn-out of another description—that of the opponents of SIR JOHN TYRRELL and MAJOR BERESFORD at the late election. The tom-foolery commenced by SIR JOHN and the MAJOR making a triumphal entry into the town. Our contemporary relates that

"A large *cortège* was formed at Lexden, a mile hence on the London road, consisting of several hundred horsemen wearing blue favours, many carriages, and a variety of other vehicles."

These other vehicles, we are informed, were donkey-carts, drawn, with a proper self-appreciation, by their respective proprietors. To these vehicles was added

"An allegorical device, which attracted considerable attention, from its quaint and expressive character. It consisted of a waggon, painted and adorned with the party-colour."

Most appropriately. Party-colour, or motley, could have been the only wear of the procession; and it was fit that their waggon should be painted to match. In the party-coloured waggon

"Were several select specimens of farm servants of both sexes, sheaves of wheat, oats, and barley, a churn, sacks of grain, &c. Immense large loaves of wheaten bread, a ponderous cheese, farm-yard poultry (in cases), were placed in juxtaposition with diminutive loaves of black rye-bread, a basket of water-cresses, and a cabbage; the former being described as the food of the peasantry of Old England, whilst the latter was stated to be the aliment of foreigners."

We think we see the peasantry of Old England eating farm-yard poultry. But we don't think we see the peasantry of modern England doing any such thing; because poultry, generally, are four-and-sixpence the couple, whilst labourers do not, usually, get more than nine shillings a week. Moreover, the place of large loaves of wheaten bread should have been occupied by small basins of "skilly." The waggon had sadly deviated from the road of truth. The farm servants who rode in it must have been very select. That class of persons being mostly in a state of famine, it must have been difficult to find any who were not likely to attack the bread and cheese.

In the evening a dinner took place at the Cups Hotel; and after that there was a compotation, whereat the various speakers—being in their cups—expressed themselves very characteristically. The REV. MR. ROUND, in acknowledging the toast of The Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese, observed that

"He was an advocate for having religion in everything; and whilst their excellent Members would be fighting their battles in St. Stephen's, the Clergy would be carrying out religion in everything."

In carrying out religion into politics, clergymen sometimes carry it out of church. MR. ROUND, however, vindicated his name: he spoke like a good old divine of the round sort. So did the REV. J. C. SMYTHIES, who said—

"He would have been better satisfied if the toast had been worded 'The Bishop and the Clergy who had voted for TYRRELL and BERESFORD.' He did not think that those who had deserted their colours ought to have their healths drunk."

We thought that a clergyman's only colours were the canonical. MR. SMYTHIES, of course, prays for his enemies, but he cannot go so far as to drink their health.

But the speech of the evening was SIR J. TYRRELL'S, who, in the course of it, made the following joke:—

"It had been reported that when the ten Conservatives had been reduced to six, they had the yellow fever; but he had no doubt but that a few blue pills would restore them, when their opponents would look blue."

We not understanding this joke, it has great weight with us; indeed, it is about the heaviest we have ever met with. We only see in it a strange jumble of blue and yellow, a mixture that makes green, which we should take to be the colour of SIR J. TYRRELL. Another portion of the hon. gentleman's speech is more intelligible. He told his hearers, speaking of their opponents, that

"They will not be long able to enjoy BUXTON'S entire. They will not be long in a position to resort to the small beer of MR. HARDCASTLE; and he did not believe they would be satisfied with the half-and-half they now had; and it was for them to come forward and support the right men, and ere long that county would enjoy the entire."

Now we understand SIR J. TYRRELL. Now he speaks out. This is the language to address to the free and independent. This is the way in which every country gentleman should talk to his constituents. Give them no empty pledges, but promise them plenty of—beer. Tell them to choose a man of integrity, and that "ere long they will enjoy his entire." But so much for Colchester and its demonstration.

A BRIEF REPORT.

WE, the Commissioners appointed to report on Legal Education in England, beg to report accordingly.

"There is no Legal Education in England."

(Signed) "THE COMMISSIONERS."

PLEASING INCIDENT.

REALLY in these days of omnibus cheapness, when the amount of civility from the cads and drivers is diminished in proportion to the reduction of fares, it is delightful to be enabled to record a little circumstance that occurred in one of the twopenny busses from Hungerford to Paddington. The passengers, who had experienced a most delightful journey, and were all in the highest possible spirits, agreed to the following testimonial to the conductor and driver; which was proposed by the "oldest inhabitant," who had got in at Hungerford Market, and did not quit the vehicle until it reached the end of its journey:—

"DEAR SIRS,—Some of the passengers, being about to quit the twopenny bus under your able guidance and conductorship, seize this opportunity of expressing their most sincere thanks for the kind and considerate manner in which you have met all their wishes. Your promptitude in "holding hard" under the most trying circumstances, and even upon wood pavement, where there has been nothing to hold by, will long be remembered by all of us; and your able pilotage through a passage of peculiar difficulty, where the tide of population runs particularly strong, has made an indelible impression on every one of our four-and-twenty (thirteen inside and eleven out) memories. Your self-possession at the Oxford Street estuary, where a confluence of several thoroughfares causes the most overwhelming difficulty to an irritable or unpractised conductor, is one of those events that sink deeply into the mind; and we can assure you, dear Sirs, that when a collision took place, through the temerity of the *Atlas* crew, we were not unmoved witnesses of the stirring incident. Wishing you health and happiness in the pursuit of your cheap but honourable career, and hoping you may experience every success through life, as well as through Regent Street, Oxford Street, and the Edgware Road—We are, dear Sirs,

"Yours, most faithfully,

"J. GAMMON. T. SPINACH.
"F. BUBBLE. S. M. SQUEAK.
"E. BEANS. L. BACON."

&c., &c., &c.

THE FLOATING OF THE GREAT BRITAIN.

SHE 's afloat! She 's afloat! Set her sails to the wind!
On the bleak coast of Ireland no more shall she grind.
Wild, wild was the winter that raved o'er her deck,
As she lay there, brave ship, though aground, not a wreck.
While high o'er her quarter foamed Famine's dark sea,
And the sharp rocks of faction were under her lee,
Still her bottom was tight, heart-of-oak rib and knee:
She 's afloat, our Great Britain, the Queen of the Sea!

How sadly we marked the huge bulk sigh and strain,
As tide after tide flowed and ebbed all in vain;
How we clapped on the hawsers with manfullest grip,
Flung over our millions to lighten the ship.
All in vain! Through the year, on old Ireland's lee-shore,
She lay, like a sheer-hulk, whose sailing is o'er;
But kind summer hath come, with its blessings so free,
And she floats, our Great Britain, The Queen of the Sea!

Not the first nor the last time such peril she 's known,
But 'mid storm and 'mid shoal hath she still held her own!
When the world's fleet was shattered against the French main,
The Russian, the Prussian, the Swede, and the Dane,
Still rode our Great Britain, 'neath storm, rack, or sun;
Still showed her ports open, each man at his gun;
And while staunch are her sailors, so still shall it be—
She shall float, our Great Britain, the Queen of the Sea!

MORAL MAXIMS FOR TOURISTS.

THE human mind is like a carpet-bag: with good packing it will contain any amount of useful contents.

How like a railway is human life! The embankments are our occasional successes, the cuttings our frequent difficulties, the passage through a tunnel may be compared to going through the Insolvent Courts, the engine is the mind, the stoker appetite, and reason the engineer.

Death should be pictured as a cabman: of all human beings he alone is never satisfied.

Existence is an inn where Duty, as Boots, is perpetually calling you disagreeably early in the morning.

Metaphysics resembles a French dinner: you may enjoy the results, but should never seek to dive into the processes by which they have been attained.

AUDACIOUS POACHING ON LEGAL PRESERVES.

THE Lincolnshire tradesmen have had forms printed, headed "Notice to Pay," with the names and accounts of their debtors written in, which they send round, threatening them with the County Courts if they do not pay.

The County Courts officers have announced their intention to report any persons using such forms, to the Lords of the Treasury.

It is certainly too bad. The government gives the country cheap law, and it dares to prefer no law at all. Getting debts paid by fear of the County Courts is like dining off the steam of a ham and beef shop, and very hard upon the cooks. It is reducing the officers to the ignominious condition of scare-crows instead of screws—machines for frightening people into payment, instead of enforcing it with the accompaniment of fees.

The precedent is a most alarming one for the officers, but at the same time it is a flattering testimony to the awful character of the Lincolnshire Courts that the very threat of them is enough to startle debtors into settlement, as if by a process of legal galvanism.

The terror of cheap law is thus made to effect what cheap law was thought to be necessary to accomplish. We are not quite sure that the alternative is not one to be thankful for.

Titles to which We are entitled.

IT is with much regret that we learn, from the *Gazette* of the 31st, that RICHARD, BARON CREMORNE, is to be promoted to a new Barony and title. This is really severing our most delightful associations with the rudest hand!

The title of Cremorne was suggestive of all that is most fairy-like in Fairy-land: myriads of lamps, polkas, ham sandwiches, "CHARLES," convenient distances, and dinners in the style of Greenwich or Blackwall.

HER MAJESTY is bound to make us some reparation. We beg to recommend that BARON NATHAN be at once invested with the Earldom of Rosherville, and WIDDICOMBE called to the Upper House as BARON VAUXHALL. In this way only can we fill up the dreary void left in the Peerage by the destruction of the Barony of Cremorne.

QUICK RETURNS AND SMALL PROFITS.

AN eminent but embarrassed Irishman of our acquaintance calls a bill of exchange a *boomarang*, because, send it out in what direction you will, it is certain to come back to you.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

Servant Maid. "IF YOU PLEASE, MEM, COULD I GO OUT FOR HALF-AN-HOUR TO BUY A BIT OF RIBBIN, MEM?"

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF MIDDLE-ROW HOLBORN,

To the Worshipful Commissioners of Metropolitan Improvements:

SHEWETH,

That your Petitioner was for many years accustomed to stand in Holborn: That your Petitioner, while so standing, was often told to move on, and generally complained of as a nuisance; which your Petitioner hereby acknowledges himself to have been:

That your Petitioner, being determined to stand it no longer, lately fell down, confidently expecting to be carried off by the authorities.

That your Petitioner, contrary to his expectation, was not so carried off, but cruelly allowed to remain for many months lying exposed on the ground, to the great blocking up of the thoroughfare, and the grievous damage of your Petitioner:

That your Petitioner now learns with alarm, that it is the intention of certain parties, without regard to the feebleness of your Petitioner, and the feelings of the neighbourhood, to set your Petitioner up again; whereas your Petitioner is extremely anxious to be removed, and has a legal claim on the parish for removal:

That, if set up again, your Petitioner is determined to take every opportunity of tumbling down, and hereby warns the parish of the same:

And that your Petitioner, considering his age and infirmities, has a claim on your worshipful body to be removed, as above prayed, now that he is in a fit state for the purpose.

And your Petitioner, &c.

Notice to Trespassers.

THE DUKE OF ATHOL begs to inform tourists, geologists, botanists, and the public in general, that his extensive estates in Blair Athol are shut up for the season. The Duke has lately turned several sheep-farms into deer-forests, and repose is absolutely necessary for the comfort of the animals. Great injury having recently been done to the Duke's heather, and several persons having been observed breaking pieces off the Duke's whinstone, offenders are hereby warned that all such depredations will be punished with the utmost rigour of the law.

Royal Reflections.

SADLY sits old France at Neuilly, glum he waiteth for the Post;
Twirleth his moustache dark JOINVILLE, till he twirls it off, almost;
Very gingerly the lackeys move about, with secret shrug—
Why so sad is all at Neuilly? Wherefore mournful every mug?

Not that, for Italian quarry, Austria sharpeneth beak and claw;
Not that Algiers sucketh millions into its rapacious maw;
Not that Frenchmen seem inclined to question if "*L'Etat c'est Moi;*"
Not that guests at public dinners give up crying "*Vive le Roi.*"

Liberty, of course, is humbug; taxes—'tis the people pay;
Theories may be safely argued 'neath the "*enceinte continuée.*"
If the Royal health 's forgotten, still the royal pocket 's full;
The sheep are welcome to their baaing, so they render up their wool.

'Tis that he is vexed with shadows in the evening of his days:
A young queen's face, a wedded widow's, ever seems on him to gaze;
Lies, an ugly swarm, that he hath called to being with his gold,
Sins, that he hath fed and fostered, press in on him, blunt and bold;

And NAPOLEON'S stony image frowns upon him through the air,
Holding up the Cross of Honour men are now ashamed to wear;
And France, a shade of scorn and sorrow, will not from his side depart,
Pointing with accusing finger to a fester in her heart!

Wonder not that such a sadness broods o'er Neuilly's pleasant room;
Wonder not that from the monarch's presence steals a blight and gloom;
Methinks, the chink of five-franc pieces only hollow music sends
To a proud man with no honour—to an old man with no friends.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

AREA SNEAK, ESQ. went out on the 1st of September in quest of game; and in a few minutes, while passing down the Holywell Street preserves, he succeeded in bagging a pair of braces. In several localities, arrangements are being made to celebrate the shooting season, just before the 29th of September, by a simultaneous shooting of the moon.

Well! old Fellow I'm delighted to see you looking so well- Why they said you had the Aphis Potatoe
all humbug sir never was better in my life thank Heaven
6d
DOWN
AGAIN
6d A
LOAF

CONSOLATION FOR THE MILLION.—THE LOAF AND THE POTATO.

LONDON FROM THE MONUMENT.

It may be in the recollection of some of our readers, that the Monument used to be considered a very advantageous position from which to take a bird's-eye view of the Great Metropolis. As far as the bird's-eye-ism goes, the effect is considerably aided by an iron cage, in which

the spectator is inclosed; but as for the view, that has become an affair almost impossible. The effect is to cut all London up into sections, when seen from the top of the Monument, and cause the spectator to fancy he sees everything in an iron frame.

PUNCH'S REWARDS.

In imitation of that splendid liberality which characterises the arrangements of the "Friends of Agriculture," we purpose giving a series of rewards to any persons who are disposed to become competitors for our bounty. We will not insult our servants by offering an old hat once a year to the boy who has been the longest in our establishment without asking for "a week in advance;" though we are sometimes disposed to present a Christmas Box—on the ear—to the printer's devil who is most indefatigable in knocking at our door for copy. We intend, however, to widen the sphere of our excessive generosity by extending it to the whole world; an expression which, we need not say, is equivalent to the term "Our Subscribers." We purpose offering—

1st. To the subscriber who has brought up his *Punch* decently every half-year to be bound—a new cover to our 95th Volume.

2nd. To the juvenile subscriber who can show the smallest number of dogs' ears in a collection of our work from the first day of publication—his next week's copy, free.

3rd. To the father of a family who has brought up the largest number of children to read and appreciate *Punch*—our autograph.

We intend trying the system, in the first instance, on a limited scale, and if it is successful, it will be carried out to an extent hitherto unprecedented.

The Manchester Post Office.

The tightness of money is nowhere more remarkable than in the Money-order department of the Manchester Post Office, where good paper can scarcely be done at all, in consequence of the disinclination of the authorities to give accommodation upon any terms. Securities sometimes have to be kept in hand for hours before they can be cashed, not from want of means, but because the Post Office parlour will not relax the screw, by undoing the Money-order Office window an hour or so earlier, or unscrewing one of the shutters at another window, so that two transactions may be going on at the same time. Post Office orders in Manchester have scarcely more than a nominal value if under a certain sum, and the respectable houses will have nothing to do with them upon any terms. The impossibility of realising at once, renders them the very worst security that can be held, and a money-order panic is rapidly gaining ground.

PARISH PUMPS.

Numerous parishes have opposed the introduction of baths and wash-houses. We think that the friends of sanitary reform have only themselves to blame for this partial failure. They have frightened the small minds of vestry Solons by proposing too much at once. They might have succeeded, after a time, in inducing the body of the parish to go into a washtub, which is a very wide circle of civilisation, if they had only tried first to bring it within the *pail*.

VESSELS SPOKEN WITH.

Such is the heading of an important part of the Naval Intelligence that every day appears. A Correspondent, who is evidently not very nautical, has written to us to know whether we can tell him what is the subject of conversation between the vessels spoken with, and what is done at an accidental meeting between two vessels that are unfortunately not upon speaking terms? If one vessel is inclined to be talkative, and another reserved; if one has a good deal to say for itself, and the other nothing at all; if both are determined to have the last word, and other odd cases of difficulty suggested to us by our non-nautical Correspondent, are points which, as they do not lie within our compass, we are quite unable to solve. We think, however, we can venture to say, that in a conversation between two ships the spokesmen are, or ought to be, the men at the wheel.

Shakspeare's House.

We have been dreadfully alarmed by the Conditions of Sale of this edifice, which have just been advertised. It is stated that "the four children of the late owner will join in the conveyance." Join in the conveyance! What, then, is the house to be carried away after all, and are the four children of the owner to accompany it in the caravan, cab, omnibus, waggon, or whatever other conveyance may be requisite? Our heart jumps out into our inkstand, our cream-laid writing paper curdles on our pad—— We had written thus far when Mr. Briefless, fortunately dropping in, explained to us that the conveyance alluded to is merely a legal instrument, and a vehicle for nothing in the world but——costs.

PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

CRINOLINE.

BY JE—MES PL—SH, ESQ.

CHAP. III.—THE CASTLE OF THE ISLAND OF FOGO.

The travler who pesews his dalitefle coarse through the fair rellum of Franse (as a great romantic landskippist and neamsack of mind would say) never chaumed his i's with a site more lovely, or vu'd a pallis more magniffiznt than that which was the huthplace of the Eroing of this Trew Tale. Phansy a country through whose werdant planes the selvery Garonne wines, like—like a benevvolent sarpent. In its plasid busum antient cassles, picturask willidges, and waving woods are reflected. Purple hills, crownd with inteak ruings; rivvilets babbling through gentle greenwoods; wight farm ouses, hevvy with hoveranging vines, and from which the appy and peaseful okupier can cast his glans over goolden waving cornfealds, and M.Herald meddows in which the lazy cattle are graysinn; while the sheppard, tending his snoughy flox, wiles away the leasure mominx on his loot—these hoffer but a phaint pictur of the rurial felissaty in the midst of widge Crinoline and Hesteria de Viddlers were bawn.

Their Par, the Marcus de Viddlers, Shavilear of the Legend of Honor and of the Lion of Bulgum, the Golden Flease, Grand Cross of the Eflant and Castle, and of the Catinbagpipes of Hostria, Grand Chamberleng of the Crownd, and Major-Genaril of Hoss-Mareens, &c., &c., &c.—is the twenty-foth or fith Marquis that has bawn the Tittle; is disended lenyally from King Pipping, and has almost as antient a paddygree as any which the Ollywell Street frends of the Member of Buckinumsheer can supply.

His Marchyniss, the lovely & ecomplisht Emily de St. Cornichon, quitted this mortial spear very soon after she had presented her Lord with the two little dawling Cherrybins above dixcribed, in whomb, after the loss of that angle his wife, the disconslit widderer found his only jy on huth. In all his emusemints they ecampanied him; their edjacation was his sole bisniss; he atcheaved it with the assistnce of the ugliest and most lernid masters, and the most hidjus and egsimplary

governices which money could procure. R, how must his peturnle art have bet, as these Budds, which he had nurrisht, bust into buty, and twined in blooming flagrance round his pirentle Busm!

The villidges all round his hancestral Alls blessed the Marcus and his lovely hoffsprig. Not one villidge in their naybrood but was edawned by their elygint benifisns, and where the inhabitnts wern't rendered appy. It was a pattern pheasantry. All the old men in the districk were wertuous & tockative, ad red stockins and i-eeled drab shoes, and beautiful snowy air. All the old women had peaked ats, and crookid cains, and chince gowns tucked into the pockits of their quiltid petticoats; they sat in pictarask porches, pretendin to spinn, while the lads and lassis of the villidges danst under the hellums. O, tis a noble sight to whitniss that of an appy pheasantry! Not one of those rustic wassals of the Ouse of WIDDLERS, but ad his air curled and his shirt sleaves tied up with pink ribbing as he led to the macy dance some appy country gal, with a black velvit boddice and a redd or yaller petticoat, a hormylu cross on her neck, and a silver harrow in her air!

When the Marcus & ther young ladies came to the villidge

it would have done the i's of the flanthropist good to see how all resceaved 'em! The little children scattered calico flowers on their path, the snowy-aired old men with red faces and rinkles took off their brown-paper ats to slewt the noble Marcus. Young and old led them to a woodn bank painted to look like a bower of roses, and when they were sett down danst ballys before them. O 'twas a noble site to see the Marcus too, smilin ellygint with fethers in his edd and all his stars on, and the young Marchynisses with their ploomes, and trains, and little coronicks!

They lived in tremenjus splendor at home in their pyturnle alls, and had no end of pallises, willers, and town and country resadences, but their fayvorit resadence was called the Castle of the Island of Fogo.

Add I the penn of the hawther of a Codlingsby himself, I coodnt dixcribe the gawjusness of their aboad. They add twenty-four footmen in livery, besides a boy in codroys for the knives & shoes. They had nine meels aday—Shampayne and pineapples were served to each of the young ladies in bed before they got up. Was it Prawns, Sherry-cobblers, lobster-salids, or maids of honour, they had but to ring the bell and call for what they chose. They had two new dresses every day—one to ride out in the open carriage, and another to appear in the gardens of the Castle of the Island of Fogo, which were illuminated every night like Voxhall. The young noblemen of France were there ready to dance with them, and festif suppers concludid the jawyus night.

Thus they lived in ellygant ratirement until Missfortune bust upon this appy fammaly. Etached to his Princes and abommanating the ojous LEWYPHLIP, the Marcus was conspiring for the benefick of the helder branch of the BOREBONES —and what was the consquince?—One night a fleat presented itself round the Castle of the Island of Fogo—and skewering only a couple of chests of jewils, the Marcus and the two young ladies in disgyise, fled from that island of bliss! And whither fled they?—To England!—England the ome of the brave, the refuge of the world, where the pore slave never setts his foot, but he is free!

Such was the ramantic tail which was told to 2 friends of ours by the MARCUS DE VIDDLERS himself, whose daughters, walking with their page from Ungerford Market, (where they had been to purchis a paper of srimps for the umble supper of their noble father,) YARDHAM and his equaintnce, MUNSEER JOOLS, had remarked and admired.

But how had those two young Erows become equainted with the noble Marcus?—That is a mistry we must elucydate in a futur vollam.

HOW TO GET UP AN OPPOSITION.

IN consequence of the tremendous opposition against the cheap omnibusses, every kind of old vehicle that ran upon four wheels, has been dragged out of its hiding-place and put behind a pair of horses, to drive the new Company off the road. But the difficulty was to get them all of the same colour. There was no time to paint them; and colours do not dry particularly well when they are running from morning to night. The difficulty at last was surmounted, by pasting over the sides, immense large sheets of paper of the same colour as the new omnibusses. These last are called the "Buffs," and the coloured paper ones, "The Opposition Buffers."

This little expedient will explain the odd appearance on certain omnibusses, of two or three gold, or green, or blue letters, appearing by themselves on the dreary length of a gamboge panel. We noticed for three days the awful apparition of a gigantic **PADDI** on one, where the sheet of paper had curled up, and unmasked the base hypocrisy of a Paddington omnibus, which was trading in those roads under false colours.

Another was galloping about with a big painted **LAS** on one side, and an enormous **AT** on the other, which plainly told us that it had been called ATLAS, at a time when it was not ashamed of having a perfect name. Sometimes you will observe a large **SEA** over the hind wheel, whilst the next omnibus will carry **WATER**, perhaps, near the driver's seat. They are Chelsea and Waterloo omnibusses, trying to rig the market with "their paper;" which, when it turns up, only exposes the very bad names which are at the back of it. We hope the public will not be taken in with these omnibusses, whose paper is current all over town, but will patronize the original promoters of the cheap fares, who were the first to drop Paddington at the foot of Hungerford Bridge, and brought the Edgeware Road within the boundaries of civilization.

SCOTCH GENEALOGY, AND JENNY LIND.

SPEAKING of JENNY LIND, the *Morning Post* says that—"The *Glasgow Courier*, on the authority of a correspondent, gravely announces JENNY's descent from an ancient Scottish family of the name of LYNNE, LINNE, or LYN, of that ilk." The Glasgow genealogist argues, that about 1670 or 1690, there were certain LYNNES, LINNES, or LYNS, who were burgesses of Irvine, which was then the port of Glasgow; that iron was exported from Stockholm to Irvine, and that as iron came to Irvine, merchants—and LYNNES along with them—may have gone to Stockholm. Such may have been the fact; therefore it was so. Nothing can be clearer or so clear, except mud. It is evident that the origin of JENNY LIND is enveloped in the Scotch mist of antiquity. Besides, there can be no doubt that JENNY LIND is of Scotch extraction; for what tree of any worth in the genealogical forest, was not originally a native of the Land of Cakes? There, indeed, the human race was first planted; and the MAC ADAMS flourish in Scotland to this day.

It is said that seven cities contended for the birth-place of HOMER. There were eight, and Glasgow was one of them.

On the whole, we are inclined to think that our Glasgow friend is right, and that LIND being a diminutive of LINNE, the Swedish nightingale is in reality a Scotch linnet.

A Reminiscence of the Elections.

A CORRESPONDENT, who says he has the most profound contempt for the Scotch character, and signs himself "A Constant Reader of *Chambers' Journal*," begs us to observe, that the fact of MR. MACAULAY being thrown out for Edinburgh is not a subject for astonishment, if we only take into consideration the national disinclination to *return* anything.

PIZARRO'S PORTRAIT.

THE question, "Shall PIZARRO have a portrait?" has been answered by MR. BENTLEY, in the affirmative; and "Where are we to get hold of his authentic likeness?" is the next thing to be asked. Our only notion of PIZARRO is such as we have seen him represented on the stage by the fifth-rate heavy man of a theatrical company, or drawn from life, though in very reduced circumstances, in the portrait gallery of PITTS, whose marble warehouse rivals the Elgins in popularity if not in general esteem. PIZARRO, as far as we can recollect his features, had a somewhat brick-dusty complexion, with lamp-black whiskers, mustachios rivalling DAY and MARTIN in their jetness, and a wig that put the luxuriant worsted fringe of our bedroom window curtains to shame. In costume PIZARRO was something between the old Roman, the medieval Scotchman, and the modern dustman, having the helmet of the first, the tunic of the second, with the shorts and highlows of the third. His splendid declaration to *Elvira*, "I once loved yer, but now I hate yer," as we always found the line run in the Victoria version, has stamped PIZARRO in our memory; nor shall we ever forget MR. SOMEBODY in the character, turning to MR. SOMEBODYELSE sarcastically (who was playing *Alonzo*), and calling him (MR. SOMEBODYELSE), "boy." In our juvenile simplicity we thought he must be a postboy at least; for, except in front of one of NEWMAN'S chaises, we had never seen such a "boy" before.

We are sure that MR. ANYBODY will facilitate the PIZARRO portrait project, by calling up the recollection of some faithful representative of the part.

OVERDOING IT.

A CELEBRATED quack who professes to cure bad legs of fifty years' standing—by the bye they can't be so very bad if they have stood for fifty years—with a pill that turns the weakest calf into the strongest pillar, has gone a little too far in one of his recent advertisements, which describes an old lady as having become an inmate of two hospitals, with two bad legs. Surely the weakest understanding will not be taken in by such an assertion as this; for though poor DUCROW rode as courier to St. Petersburgh on five horses at once, there is no old lady that could become an inmate of two separate hospitals at once, that her two bad legs might experience medical treatment simultaneously from different hands. Our friend of the pills and ointment has, to use a "fast" term—by the bye "fast" means a great rapidity in appropriating other people's jokes and ideas—has, we say, to use a "fast" term—yes, the joke is old enough, even for that—has, we repeat, put his foot in it at last.

ON THE RIGHT ROAD.

IT is said that GENERAL PAVIA may exercise a salutary influence on the fortunes of Spain. BARON ALDERSON recommends, and KNIGHT BRUCE is "of the same opinion," that the first step GENERAL PAVIOUR (or PAVIA) should take is to get the whole people to mend their ways.

PROFANE SWEARING.

EVERYBODY knows "the nature of an oath." Indeed it is amazing how this part of education is attended to when all the rest of the field lies fallow. We have brought the oath to everybody's door. Every office is ushered in by swearing. Oxford undergraduates and Cambridge bachelors, obese aldermen and wasp-waisted ensigns, attorneys as they chip the cockatrice egg, and barristers when they have eaten their last dinner, all start with a most ponderous and tremendous batch of oaths, which are bowled out by the dispensers and bolted by the patients, like MORISON'S pills, in handfuls.

Punch was presiding the other day, in his capacity of honorary Bencher, at an Inn of Court not a hundred miles from Temple Bar, when some thirty ingenuous youths were passed from the twilight of studentship to the utter darkness of barristerhood.

There was a big burly sort of serving-man, who served out the oath in small portions, with a ridiculous and irreverent voice. The little bits of the oath were then bolted by the young men with the most waggish relish, thus:—

Vicarious Oath-taking Usher. "I do swear, that I do from my heart abhor, detest, and abjure,"

Student (being called to the Bar). "I do swear (*grin*), that I do from my heart abhor (*grin*), detest (*titter*), and abjure," (*louder titter*).

V. O. U. "As impious and heretical, that d——ble doctrine and position."

S. "As impious (*grin*) and heretical (*titter*), that d——ble (*grin*) doctrine and position."

V. O. U. "That princes excommunicated or deposed by the Pope, or any authority of the see of Rome, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects, or any other whatsoever."

S. (with the keenest sense of the absurdity of the whole affair, and half-ashamed, half-amused). "That Princes," &c.—(*grin getting wider, and beginning to extend to the Benchers*)—may be deposed," &c. (*This crowning clause swallowed with a most enormous spirit of fun and burlesque.*)

We were not much edified by this ceremony. It seemed to us, on the whole, one of the most hollow and dead shams we ever suffered under. No doubt the thing had a significance once, but it is nothing now. Why, then, invoke that tremendous sanction to what is utterly dead, without meaning, vanished? It is like bringing a 58-pounder to bear on COLONEL SIBTHORPE.

The exquisite absurdity of the thing is this: The oath was intended to exclude from offices Roman Catholics, and Roman Catholics only. But Roman Catholics are no longer obliged to take it. The Emancipation Act gave them something in its stead, more palatable and less offensive. Why, then, in the name of common sense, administer to quiet, decent, orthodox Protestants, this tremendous adjuration, abhorrence and detestation of what they never could have believed by any human possibility: it is awful irony. On these grounds we venture to propose a change of oath to our excellent brother-benchers. What if the incipient barrister, instead of superfluously abjuring what nobody believes, were to swear to its effect?

"I, A.B., do swear that I from my heart abjure &c., that d——ble, &c. doctrine, that a gentleman with a wig on his head, and a gown on his back, may say and do for a guinea, what without them he would neither say nor do for any earthly consideration.

"And further, I do abjure, &c., that it is the barrister's function to pervert truth, bully innocence, and protect guilt. And further, I do abjure, &c., that all causes are good which I may be paid to defend; and that fees have the mystic and wonderful property of turning bad to good, falsehood to truth, and black to white," &c.

THE DISAPPOINTED DUKES.

TESTIMONIALS to various rejected candidates at the late election, are in course of being raised by subscription. Really these proceedings remind us of the custom of assuaging infant sorrows with comfits. There is one class, however, of electioneering little sufferers, that has been left utterly disconsolate. We allude to the noble dukes and lords, whose hopes of returning their nominees have been blighted.

Is there nobody who will give the DUKE OF BEAUFORT something nice to comfort him under his defeat in the return of LORD GRANVILLE SOMERSET at Monmouth? Has no kind constituency a sweetmeat for the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, to take away the taste of bitterness which he must experience from the rejection of his nephew, LORD LOVAINE?

Then there is LORD FITZHARDINGE too, who has lost his puppet, and been beaten by his brother GRANTLEY BERKELEY. Are there no good souls in West Gloucestershire who will find a toy to make his Lordship amends? Are all these poor noblemen to be left, unpitied, to bite the thumb of discontent?

PUNCH AND THE GREAT BRITAIN.

It may not be generally known—but now it will be—that *Punch* was the real cause of the *Great Britain* being got off. He has been the lever who would leave nothing untried. He has so often got Great Britain herself out of Humdrum or Dundrum Bay that her marine representative was not very likely to baffle his vigilance. The first thing he did was to try and lighten her, but it was not so easy to get rid of the dead weight. He next got a quantity of *caissons*, and placing a new joke in each, they became so buoyant that they would have moved a rock of adamant, had it been there, requiring such a piece of porterage to be done.

Gunpowder had been attempted, but mere squibs could not achieve it; *Punch*, however, by a constant manufacture of new witticisms, which have been in the course of preparation for months, has at last achieved the saving of the admirable craft!

IMPROVED STATUARY.

An artistical cry of "Improve your statuary" has recently been raised. It is all very well to say "Improve your statuary," but people ask, very naturally, how is it to be done? For most of our metropolitan statues there is only one mode of improvement, namely, to break them up, and make new and better ones in their stead. A somewhat feasible suggestion has, however, been lately made, that the adoption of the "costume of the period" would be some improvement to our statues; and it certainly would help to make them like something we have seen in our lives before. Now, in all our experience—and we have had a good deal—we never saw a gentleman standing with a sheet or table-cloth thrown over him, and in a state of as utter hatlessness as Canning appears in his statue at Palace Yard.

We never remember observing an elderly person seated in an invalid chair, on the top of a pedestal, like our friend Fox at the top of Bedford Place; nor can we call to mind, even at Astley's, an individual in one of Truefitt's or Macalpine's wigs, sitting on horseback in a public thoroughfare, with a rolling-pin in his hand, and a jack-towel round his neck, like George the Fourth at Charing Cross.

Anything is better than these atrocious incongruities; and we are consequently disposed to fall into the proposition that statues of Her Majesty and Prince Albert should be prepared, showing them in their habits as they live, and thus we shall have a perpetuation of their appearance, as faithful and about as graceful as the Duke at Hyde Park Corner. The designs which adorn this article will afford some idea of what may be the effect of the adoption of the style of statuary which we recommend.

Our Italian Express.

Our monthly arrival from Naples brings us soap of a fresher date, and advices, which advise us to wash our hands of all political scandals.

Our Venetian Correspondent sends us a lengthy document, but it seems to us to be nothing more than a Venetian blind, intended to close the eyes of the people, and to keep them in continual darkness.

At Genoa everything seems as smooth as could be desired, if we are to judge by a piece of velvet that has reached us in the ordinary course.

Rome is still in some confusion, but the authorities are keeping the sharpest look-out, and not even a leg of mutton is allowed to enter the city without having the Pope's eye upon it. Pius is more popular than ever, and several of the noblest families will, it is said, adhere to him, so that he will thus have on his side much of that old Italian cream which is sure to go down with the mass of the people.

Happy Coincidence.

One of those periodicals that prides itself on its promptitude in placing before its subscribers a pictorial representation of every horrible and painful event that occurs, gives a representation of the blowing-up of the *Cricket*, adding, by way of giving greater spiciness to the affair, that "our artist, fortunately, was in the very midst of the explosion." We must confess we had rather be altogether "out of luck," than come in for such slices of it as the artist in question; whose employers congratulate themselves on his having been blown into the air, and thus enabled to take a bird's-eye view of the dreadful occurrence.

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PUNCH TO THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

XCUSE, Madam, the liberty I've taken in addressing your Majesty: but I believe I am not dismissed from Spain as yet, although I am not allowed to cross the French frontier any more than the NAPOLEONS or the elder BOURBONS.

This letter will be delivered by a Spanish gentleman, who has been living for some time in this country, and who has conducted himself while here in a manner so modest and praiseworthy, that he deserves the love of us Britons, and merits the certificate of *Punch*.

This being the home of the world, I am happy to state we have never accommodated a more honourable exile than the bearer. During his stay here, he fomented no conspiracies: he never railed at his successful rivals: he did not weary our hospitality by endless recapitulations of his wrongs; but bore his fate bravely, and like a man.

Madam, a bawling martyr (like MR. JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM, let us say) is worse than a criminal in the eyes of English society—he is a bore: whereas a gentleman who bears his wrongs honourably, merits our respectful sympathy, and a cordial hand-shake when he goes away.

As the public Guardian, I have had my eye on the DUKE OF VICTORY; I have seen him surrounded by his companions of exile, pacing Regent Street, smoking like any other foreigner in distress. I shall never forget the day when I beheld him and his officers gazing into a ham and beef shop, with a manly sadness in their eyes. I said to myself, "That man eyeing yonder round of beef has had a crown within sight; he has gazed, without blenching, upon ZUMALACARREGUY and a hundred battles; better still, he is now looking evil fortune in the face, and her frowns do not scare his honest soul." I pointed him out to little *Punch*, who was walking with me, and, giving him a cuff, said, "TOMMY, remember, thou hast seen a hero." TOMMY thought he had only seen a little sallow Spanish man.

Madam, I have seen the General and his lady, whom Guards used to salute, and for whom cannons thundered welcome, creeping round the Ring in Hyde Park, in a seedy (as we call it here) Clarence. Snobs looked down on him from their splendid equipages, and grinning harlots covered him with the dust of their wheels: and my remark to *Mrs. Punch* (who has been pestering me a good deal this season about a carriage) was, "Woman! look yonder, and humble your pride; and be content with a cab, when the DUCHESS OF VICTORY rides in a ten-shilling fly."

So he leaves us; and as the Jefe Politico of London, I have the happiness of giving the DUKE OF VICTORY a certificate of good behaviour. He is returning to his Country and Queen, and with all my heart, Madam, I wish him the enjoyment of both. I know what it is to meddle in family disputes, and those of your Majesty are of so delicate a nature, that even *Mrs. Punch* herself declines to give an opinion about them.

The person naturally to be consulted under the present afflicting circumstances is surely your venerable uncle, the NAPOLEON of Peace.

Is he not one of your nearest and most respected relatives? Do not he and your Mamma agree about the line of conduct you ought to pursue? Did they not kindly choose a husband for you, and give your dear little sister to her darling cousin?

It is quite clear, then, that you should follow the opinion of the NAPOLEON of P.'s. You must remember that France is the Natural Protector of Spain, as she is of every other country. Thus, she is the Natural Protector of Italy, of Poland, Otaheite, &c.,—and though she sometimes does not exercise this undoubted and amiable right, you must remember she waives it when inconvenient to herself, and never drops it altogether.

For instance, with respect to Italy—there is no doubt that, at this present moment, the Natural Protector would come between the POPE and the Austrians, but for your Majesty's obstinacy. How can the N. P., when you *will* be so wayward; when you will not submit to have your country pacified; and when he is distracted by family affairs, give his undivided attention to mere politics?

As for Spain—how anybody there can doubt that France is your N. P., I cannot think. Remember what LOUIS XIV. did for you; did he not abolish the Pyrenees, and put the crown on your Majesty's very head, by sending his grandson, your great-grandpapa? NAPOLEON, you will say, turned out your grandpapa. Of course; because he was, as head of the French nation, your Natural Protector for the time being: and in like manner your cousin, the heroic DUKE OF ANGOULÊME, restored your dear Papa; because, although nobody particularly wanted him, it was not right to dismiss him without the previous consent of the N. P.

And, in your own case, you must remark that the greatest trouble, misery, bloodshed, and misfortune have been going on in your kingdom, because you, the Queen, will not listen to your dear Mamma and your N. P. Do not believe those people who say it is the wicked English who make these disputes. Ah, Madam, what can it matter to me and *Judy* whether you or another are Queen? Whereas it *does* matter to your Mamma and N. P., who think your little sister better calculated for the place.

So far I speak to your Majesty as a public character and a Queen; let me now address you in private as a young lady and a niece. Recollect what it is to be a relation of the N. P., and to offend in any way that good, kind man. *I* would be very sorry to offend such a cousin, I know.

Look—where is his cousin CHARLES?—where is his cousin ANGOULÊME?—where is his cousin CONDÉ? and who has got the money, my dear young lady? Not one of those but did not dislike his good kind cousin, and misfortunes happened to every one of them, no doubt as punishments for being so undutiful. If he thinks that you had better take your pleasure, and have plenty of money and jewels—why, why not listen to his experience, and not fly in the face of your Natural Protector?

No more at present from your Majesty's devoted servant,

PUNCH.

The QUEEN OF SPAIN, *favoured by*
BALDOMERO ESPARTERO, ESQ.

NEW EXHIBITION.

A GENTLEMAN of fortune, who possessed a month ago five pounds in silver, intended, if the tightness in the Money Market continued, to have got up in the City a new exhibition, which, we are confident, from the extreme peculiarity of its prominent feature, would have attracted immensely. He had succeeded, after immense labour, and travelling for days all over London, in meeting with a real sovereign. His notion was to take spacious rooms in Cheapside, and to have advertised largely, that he had on view a rare and most valuable coin, "the only one in England." The scarcity of the sovereign would have made people anxious to see one, and he is confident he should have realised large sums in copper and bank notes, by thousands rushing to see the "interesting curiosity." If this exhibition at all succeeded, he intended, if the panic had been favourable to his views, to have followed it up with one of a "Real Shilling." He is still ready to carry out this notion, if any banker will find the capital.

Animal Sagacity.

THE *West Briton* gives an affecting anecdote of a crow who had built a nest in a Wesleyan Chapel, but finding a cat occasionally looking in, took measures for self-defence. This is all very well, and very pretty, but it is nothing to an old female sparrow of our acquaintance, who, having hopped the twig—that is to say, flown away from the hedges—retired to a sacred edifice to build her nest; but, with a beautiful instinct of preservation from feline enemies, took her departure on ascertaining that she had got into a Pussey-ite church.

An Expensive Taste.

WE read in the papers, the other day, an extraordinary account of some Marines at Canterbury having swallowed a quantity of hundred-pound notes, for a trifling wager. Now this is just the sort of story that might be told to the Marines themselves, but we must really be excused if we do not believe a single word of it. In the present tightness, when cash is so exceedingly scarce, such a glut of money as that indicated by the swallowing of Bank notes is utterly incredible. We do not believe a word of it. Devour those valuables securities which are as good as gold! Eat *such* words as "I promise to pay!" Pooh! Pooh! It's—to use a common expression—a crammer.

A QUESTION FOR THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

WHETHER the new coinage ought not to go free by post, since there is a stamp of the QUEEN'S Head upon it?

126516

METALLIC CARD PLATES.

Our scientific contemporary, *The Builder*, who is always making some odd suggestion or another, has just proposed the introduction of metal cards for visits and invitations. The plan is ingenious enough, but there are a few difficulties in the way of its thorough execution. In the first place, a card-case for carrying metal cards must be something tremendous, and would no longer be a thing adapted to the waistcoat-pocket or the reticule. It must be carried slung over the shoulder, or worn as a knapsack; and the operation of exchanging cards would be one of extraordinary difficulty, particularly if it happened to be a case of duelling, for each party would be at once compelled to show his metal. A tray of visiting cards would be no joke to remove; and the danger of leaving a card would become sometimes very considerable, for if a storm should arise, the electric fluid might pass over ordinary street railings and things of that sort, to find, in the hands of an unhappy flunky, some "metal more attractive."

OVERWHELMING A PATRIARCH.

The newspaper reporters are certainly the funniest fellows—without knowing it—in the whole world. The gentleman who represents the *Morning Herald*, in the mob that is now dangling at the heels of the Queen, gives the pleasing intimation that the Queen had sent a cheque for £10 to an old literary character in distress; and the reporter adds, that the occurrence had the effect of "completely overwhelming the patriarch." Being anxious to realise in our mind's-eye the very fearful picture drawn by the above paragraph, we looked out in our four-volume edition of Johnson the word "overwhelm," and we find it means, "to crush under something violent and weighty."

Now there is certainly nothing so very weighty in a cheque for £10; nor could it have been administered with any violence we can conceive, that would have been sufficient to "overwhelm" or "crush underneath it" this literary patriarch. The reason for styling the veteran a patriarch, is to us quite as obscure as the motive for talking about his having been overwhelmed; for we find that a patriarch is one who "governs by paternal right," and hence our fathers get the name of governor.

The centenarian in question turns out, however, to be wholly without relations, and having nothing to govern but his own temper, the term "patriarch" is as completely misapplied as the word "overwhelmed" is inappropriate to his condition. Had the reporter told us the poor old fellow was "flabbergasted," we could have understood the state of things at once; but when we hear of his being "overwhelmed," that is to say, "crushed under something violent and weighty," we are confounded by the extraordinary image, which it is truly painful to contemplate.

A ROW IN THE BUILDINGS.

The announcement of a Commission to report on the sanatory state of the Metropolis has caused the greatest commotion among the stinks, sewers, filth, fevers, drains, dust-holes, and deposits, from Wapping to Westminster.

Venice, trembling before its dreaded Council of Three is a feeble type of vested interests in London threatened by the visitation of its Council of Five. "Here's a pretty interference with my right to do what I like with my own!" says Typhus, raising his heavy head out of Rosemary Lane. "I say, Scarlatina."

"Hulloa!" squeaked out Scarlatina; "they're going to inquire into us!"

"Pooh! they're always inquiring into us. Bless you, they won't do anything. There's R. L. Jones on the Commission. Nothing like a friend at Court."

"Yes; but they've got Chadwick and Dr. Southwood Smith."

"No—you don't say so. That looks awkward; the Doctor's an ugly hand to deal with. The bother I've had with him in the West London Hospital!"

"He's turned me out, over and over again; and the last time he caught me there, he said he should soon pay me a visit at home."

"It's coming, you may depend on it."

"What's to be done?"

"Ask Cholera."

"I say, Cholera; there's a Sanatory Commission for the Metropolis!"

"Ah!" groaned Cholera, spasmodically, out of Fleet Ditch, where he was at work in his laboratory, cunningly compounding miasmas and gases; "vested interests arn't what they were in 1830. I knew what would come of it, when they began to attack the precious principle of self-government. I'll pack up my traps and be off to Grand Cairo. It's too bad of the Corporation."

"So it is," roared Typhus. "They'll find out their mistake."

"We're not the only inhabitants to be turned out," spitefully insinuated Scarlatina: "who knows how long it may be before they've a commission poking their noses into the Mansion-House!" And with this malignant consolation the three plagues returned to their work, determined to make the most of the time that was left them.

MARRIAGE FESTIVITIES.

A Gentleman of the name of Morris having been recently married, his nuptials have furnished materials for an interesting column in the *Morning Herald*. We find that the rejoicing was so intense, that a bell rang all day long, and, by way of keeping up the joviality till the very last, a gun was let off late in the evening. The intermediate hilarity was perfectly tremendous; for the peasantry contended for a live pig, offered as a prize for any one who could first succeed in climbing up a greasy pole; but as no one succeeded in doing this, the pig was happily spared to enjoy the general gladness. In the evening, some of his tradesmen contributed to the day's happiness by letting off, at their own expense, a few fire-works. Altogether, the gala must have been exhilarating in the extreme to Mr. Morris, particularly as every man rejoiced at his own proper cost, without taking a farthing from the pockets of him in whose honour all the fuss was created.

ART MANUFACTURES.

A laudable attempt is being made to apply the Arts to the domestic utensils required for every-day life, and a mustard-pot after Etty has already been advertised. A sugar-basin from designs by Pickersgill is to come next; and an illustrated boot-jack is, we believe, now on the easel of an artist, whose name we are not at liberty to mention. Landseer is to be intrusted with a commission for a set of pudding-basins, and Frank Stone has had a Bath brick placed in his hands, with a *carte blanche*, authorising him to do what he likes with it. Maclise has been offered his own terms to illustrate a series of blacking-brushes; and Stanfield is looking out for an appropriate subject to adorn a coal-scuttle, which he has been requested to illuminate with the fire of his genius. Redgrave has got a shirt in active preparation, with a domestic incident on each cuff, a scene of home affections on the bosom, and a bit of charming landscape on the collar. We are glad to hail this laudable desire on the part of Felix Summerly, to introduce High Art to our wardrobes and our dwellings by pursuing the spirited course we have called attention to.

PLEASING INTELLIGENCE.

The prints of the Art Union are progressing, but it is impossible to expect them just at present, as the engravers are at the sea-side, and the pictures in London. Orders, however, have been given to put the engraving due for 1845 immediately into hand, and the engraver is to forfeit a large sum of money if it is not completed before the year 1860. In the meantime, an additional clerk has been engaged, in order to answer the numerous inquiries at the office in Trafalgar Square about the missing prints. His salary is somewhat substantial, on account of the fatigue of the situation.

MAKING MUCH OF JENNY LIND.

NOT satisfied with making £6300 in four nights out of JENNY LIND, the Manchester speculators have put the following advertisement into the *Manchester Guardian*:—

JENNY LIND.—IMMENSE ATTRACTION. The BED on which JENNY LIND slept in *La Somnambula*, is NOW ON VIEW and ON SALE, at No. &c.

To those who happen to know, as we do, something about the manner in which stage bedsteads are manufactured, the one upon which JENNY LIND sleeps—that is to say, falls—in *La Somnambula*, will be pictured to the mind's-eye as a true curiosity. Almost every stage bed with which it has been our misfortune to become acquainted has been made up of that dead swindle, a "mossy bank," which is nothing more nor less than a hollow piece of frame-work with a piece of canvas painted green stretched over it. Every seat on the stage, like every seat in the House of Commons, requires canvassing, by the bye, before it can be taken possession of. The bed on which JENNY LIND slept in *La Somnambula* at Manchester was no doubt one of the old stock property rustic mounds, with a counterpane thrown over it, and adapting it at once to the smothering of *Desdemona*, the retirement to rest of *Zerlina* in *Fra Diavolo*, or the somnambulistic vagaries of *Amina* in the opera already spoken of.

We can imagine the astonishment with which the Manchester people who have flocked to see the bed on which JENNY LIND slept—as if she had passed the night on the stage—will start back at seeing nothing but a sort of elaborate rout-stool, covered in and painted to resemble the turf, with perhaps a bag of gallery checks for a pillow, and a sack full of old play-bills for a feather-bed. We should like to know the price of admission to view the bed, and the sum asked for the purchase of the precious relic.

We understand that the owner of a patent HANSOM'S cab is driving about town, declaring his is the vehicle into which JENNY LIND first got on her arrival in London, and he is tacking an extra sixpence on to his fare wherever he goes, in consideration of the privilege enjoyed by the passenger who rides in the same cab that JENNY LIND has once occupied. This beats the BONAPARTE Mania, when fifty pounds were asked or offered—we don't remember which—for the shell of the identical egg NAPOLEON was eating when a shell of another description fell into the egg-cup, and he exclaimed, "Ha, ha! that is a good sign; the yolk is broken, and thus will we break the yoke of oppression." We understand that every sovereign changed by JENNY LIND at once commands two; and that after every meal she takes, the knives, forks, spoons, plates, &c. &c., command such a high price, that the landlord of one of the Manchester hotels has got rid of an entire service of the old willow pattern at a guinea for the dinner plates, half-a-guinea for the deserts, five shillings for the cheeses, with tureens and butter-boats in proportion.

THE QUEEN'S LETTERS.

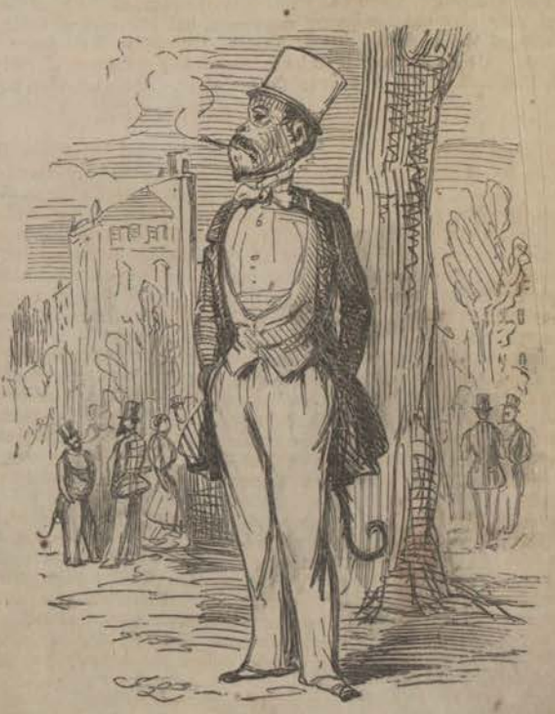
SEVERAL letters addressed to the QUEEN from Osborne have it seems, been opened at the Post Office. The idea of HER MAJESTY'S correspondence being Grahamised is really awful, and we hope the offenders, whether high or low, will be discovered. If SIR JAMES had been still in office, there would have been no difficulty in detecting the origin of the delinquency; but at present the question, Who has broken the royal envelope? is enveloped in mystery. Perhaps there may be some political object in this violation of the royal correspondence, and some of the ex-Ministers may be desirous of learning HER MAJESTY'S sentiments, to ascertain whether a recall of the Conservatives is at all probable. Listeners never hear any good of themselves, and folks who open letters that don't belong to them are not likely to meet with any thing very complimentary. If any of the late Cabinet have had a hand in this ungentlemanly trick, they have doubtless read nothing very satisfactory to themselves in the letters they have opened.

OUR FAST MAN AT A MASQUERADE.

"VA-RI-E-TY!!! I am aware, *Punch*, that the cry has gone out among the gents. I admit that the expression is venerable. I repeat it, not to adorn a tale, but to point a moral. Variety, as the copy-books

Snob. (*loq.*) "I SAY, BILL, THIS IS VER SORT, AINT IT? *VEEVE LER MARSK!* COME AND BE OUR *VIZER VEE.*"

will tell you, is charming. By way of a change, therefore, come out more in the larky. Give us genuine fun. I mean by that, the gag of the green-room, and the goings on behind the scenes of the theatres; and the rollick and the rattle of Vauxhall, and Rosherville, and Cremorne. You missed a capital opportunity for a good stunning article in your last number. I allude to a masquerade which took place the week before, and to which, of course, I went. You think masquerades un-English. So do I. I only wish they were more so. But I hope our national character is in a transition state. I am happy to say that we are getting more French in our habits; though we must still improve to a great extent to arrive at what the High-Art men would call the



PARISIAN BEAU IDEAL.

"There was a party of us; all of the right sort, except one, who was a muff, and whom, on that account, we persuaded to join the lot. It's prime fun to see a muff at a masquerade. We wanted him to go, like the rest of us, *à la débardeur*. He objected to this costume as disgusting and snobbish. We tried to convince him that it was quite

orthodox; the regular *Quartier Latin* student and *grisette* style of thing: but he was obstinate, and went as his tailor made him.

"We were very jolly. I don't mean to say that the masquerade was first-rate. It wanted the *abandon* of the *bal masqué*. There was not that *entente cordiale* among the company with which, had they been French, they would have gone in for enjoyment. But still there was much to see that was funny. There was the band trying to make the people lively, by continuing to play, whether any one danced or not; there were Greeks and Highlanders walking about, and persuading themselves that they were very happy; and there was also a Queen of the Fairies, of the Victoria order, with her attendant sprite, who kept threading mazes amongst the spectators, and endeavouring to induce them to be mirthful and festive, by waving in their faces bits of gilt stick tipped with a flower. Then there were young ladies in red and blue Polka jackets and boots, which didn't fit them; and a Guardsman, whose uniform was open to the same objection. He had evidently seen service at a linendraper's. Moreover, there was a Huntsman, who could have never leapt anything but a counter, and who from time to time cried, "Ow are yer? Tally O! Tally O!" which he meant for the view-halloa. There was likewise a party of Ethiopian Serenaders, who persisted in encoring themselves in *Lucy Neal*, which they drowned by the bone and banjo accompaniments. Over head we had a lot of variegated lamps, which gave a jolly flare-up look to the whole scene. We asked our Slow Man what he thought of it, and the muff answered, that, to borrow an expression of our own, he considered it extremely dreary. He called some of the best masks demoniacal and idiotic. The spectacle, he declared, was degrading to human nature. But there, we told him, was the fun. He did not see it.

"We had, however, a good deal of enjoyment, apart from seeing our fellow-creatures, as our Slow Friend said, make fools of themselves. As the evening proceeded, there was some good dancing, of the kind that one really takes a pleasure in. None of your slow old lumbering quadrilles, but the sort of thing that makes one understand the enthusiasm of the Parisians for *la danse*. Our Slow Man described it as an exhibition of mere monkeyism. He pronounced it to be neither funny nor graceful, and exceedingly vulgar. In vain did we tell him that it was the true *Casino* style. He said that he should be more amused by a

dance of clodhoppers, in which, at least, there would be some jollity, and nothing at all disgusting. The muff! We could not enlighten his weak mind, though I flatter myself we rather astonished it. He treated the whole affair with virtuous indignation, mingled with scorn; and was particularly severe upon some young gents, who, with large noses and bad cigars, were luxuriating in *causerie* and cabbage-leaf. He would not be convinced that he was seeing life and fun. Once, only, when a gentleman began braying like a donkey, he remarked, that this was the real thing, if we liked.

"*Vive le masque, Punch!* Hurrah for the *Casino!* That 's the recreation for the people. That 's the relaxation for shopmen after early closing. Let them stretch their limbs at a Polka instead of straining their minds at a lecture. You are for popular improvement. So am I. That class of young men is improving rapidly. I saw some of them polk very unobjectionably indeed: though our Slow Man thought otherwise. Stand up for masquerades, then. They are not exclusive and aristocratic; but, as our muff said, 'quite the contrary.' He remarked, that though the announcement of this one had been addressed to the nobility, the only noblemen present belonged to the Ellam peerage. I say, let us have masquerades for the million. They are not moral and intellectual amusements, perhaps. But stow the moral and intellectual. It 's drowsy, and dreary, and slow. The worst of masquerades is, that they are too dear. Admission to this was ten shillings a head. Hereupon our Slow Man made a remark which we thought rather good. He wondered how many tills had been robbed by the gents around us that evening. This we laughed at. The notion certainly was funny.

"We remained until as many of the company as could afford it, having supped, became drunk and uproarious. This wound up the fun. We then retired in a high state of gratification; all except our Slow Man, who said that this was the first, and should be the last, affair of the kind he had ever seen. Precisely opposite was the determination arrived at by

"Your humble Servant,

"A Fast Man."

*** We quite coincide with the sentiments and observations of our Fast Man's slow companion touching masquerades. We see nothing in them that is funny, and much that is detestable. We cannot congratulate the Fast Man on his tastes, but we congratulate him on the existence of a Lord Chamberlain, who, by licensing that description of entertainment, affords him the means of indulging them.

Not a Pin to Choose.

It is stated by the *Times* that, at a Court of Common Council lately held, petitions were presented from the farmers, graziers, and others, of Oundle, Northampton, and of Wisbeach, for altering the cattle-market at Smithfield, from Monday to Tuesday. It is difficult to name a day of the week on which Smithfield Market could be held—conveniently.

Smithfield Market is as objectionable, in a sanitary point of view, on any other day as it is on Monday; and mad oxen driven through the streets of London are likely to toss and trample the passengers, whether on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, or Saturday. Fixing a day on which to hold Smithfield Market, is very much like choosing a tree to be hung on.

THE PARLIAMENTARY HEDGEHOG.

"TOUCH ME (BAILIFFS) IF YOU DARE!"

SCOTCHED, IF YOU LIKE, BUT NOT KILT.

JUDGING from the shops, Scotch fashions promise to be the rage. HER MAJESTY'S visits to Scotland will be sending all the tailors' imaginations "far North." Who knows the BROUGHAM check—we do not mean those which LORD CAMPBELL is in the habit of receiving, but the large cross-bar pattern which enjoys an European reputation as wide as the old cocked-hat of NAPOLEON, or the short cape of WELLINGTON—may seize every one by the leg next year, and the only difference in tweeds may be as slight as the popular difference between Tweed-le-dum and Tweed-le-dee. Plaids may in time invade the entire dress. We shall be having plaid coats, plaid shirts with illuminated figures of ROB ROY and DIANA VERNON; and no child will be allowed to walk into a drawing-room, or be seen with a hoop in a respectable street, without being a fac-simile copy of the PRINCE OF WALES, with the Highland tunic, and bare legs. We hope the costume will not, in mercy, lay hold of the legs of our fashionable footmen, for if the flunkydom of England is compelled to part with its fatted calves, our JOHNNIES and JEAMESES will have very little left to stand upon.

A Dele ctable Ballad of True Thomas of Scalesbury;

And how he moved in a Magic Circle, wherein Duns might not come.

OH, an eldritch lord is true THOMAS,
Though he hath nor scrip nor store;
But where each lord hath a pound to spend,
True THOMAS he aye spends four.

Now where gat you your gold, true THOMAS,
And where gat you your fee?
I trow it was not from leaf on land,
Nor from ship on the salt, salt sea.

There 's many a knight hath land in fee,
And corn where corn is dear;
But there 's none goes so brave as true THOMAS,
That hath just nothing a year!

There 's many a brave and bonny steed,
That canters in Rotten Row;
But of all the brave steeds and bonny,
True THOMAS the best can show!

There 's many a cab in St. James's,
And tiger jimp and small;
But of cabs and tigers true THOMAS
He turneth out best of all!

Oh, the Cowes water is fair to sight,
And fair the yachts they sail;
But to all the yachts in Cowes water,
True THOMAS his yacht shows tail.

Oh, grim, grim looked the Cordwainer,
And dark was the Tailzeour's eye,
As they turned the ledger from side to side,
And true THOMAS his name did spy.

"Now foul thee fall, true THOMAS,
A sore name is thy name to me;
Where I 've one debt of another man's,
Of thine I have well three."

And the Jews they howled, and the Jews they scowled,
Upon true THOMAS still,
For he loved to spoil the Heathenrie
With drawing of his bill.

Till up and spake a Vintner stout,
"I trow this may not last:
I have served true THOMAS with ale and wine
These twenty summers past.

"And 'tis all for talk of his winsome tongue,
And love of his fair bodie;
For what is the colour of his coin,
Is a mystery to me."

Then up and spake a Coach-maker,
And grimly were his looks:
"There 's nought on wheels runs so fast and far
As true THOMAS runs in my books."

And out and spake all Jewry in one,
"We may not prosper thus;
I wot, we spoil'd the Egyptians,
But true THOMAS he spoileth us."

They have ta'en the *capias*, strong and stout;
They have ta'en the fierce *fi.-fa.*,
And to true THOMAS they have gone,
At the dining-time of day.

Oh, a cool, cool man was true THOMAS,
A drinking the Claret fine;
"And it 's what would ye have, my creditors,
That ye kick up such a shine?"

He hath drawn a circle himself about
With letters quaint to sight,
And M. P., for "Member of Parliament,"
Were the letters he did write.

"Now, do your worst, my creditors,
Ye are spirits fell, I trow;
But within my circle of privilege
Ye have no power to go."

And aye they growled, and aye they howled,
And aye their hair they tore;
But ever the more they ramped and raged,
True THOMAS he laughed the more.

And still in his ring of privilege,
True THOMAS he walks this day;
And aye the creditors rage at him,
But no hand on him may lay.

Oh, a proud, proud land is England,
And proud, proud are her sons,
That like true THOMAS of Scalesburie,
May take sights at their duns.

MIND YOUR LETTERS, JOSEPH ADY!

AMONGST the collection of the QUEEN'S letters which have been recently opened, we should like very much to know if there was found one written by JOSEPH ADY. Not that we should wonder at any impudence from such a wholesale dealer in the commodity, but we think it is not improbable that JOSEPH might have written to HER MAJESTY as the only person in the United Kingdom who has not yet received one of his begging letters. The QUEEN might have sent the sovereign, in the same way that the Merry Monarch went about knighting waiters and boots—"just for the fun of the thing." By the bye, it is curious that JOSEPH ADY should always estimate his "valuable information" at the same price. He should have more regard for the circumstances of some of his correspondents, to whom a sovereign is a consideration too large to give, and ought to regulate his charges accordingly: a charwoman should not pay as much as a duchess. We think if he were to reduce his price to a shilling, which, considering the scarcity in the City, is at present a very large sum of money, he would have a much greater number of customers. He might even come as low as sixpence, or a fourpenny bit; but we must request he will not try the experiment first upon us, for we tell him, that, like many newspapers who have a HANSOM for an express and a ticket-porter for a WAGHORN, we make on the premises all our own "valuable information."

THE MOUNTCASHEL SPONGE.

AMERICA, if she is not always just, is sometimes generous. All thanks to her for the charity which she has bestowed on Ireland. But Ireland, unfortunately, with American provisions, has received American principles. Repudiation has come over with bags of corn and maize, as scorpions are imported in casks of sugar. America has very honourably sympathised with Ireland. Ireland, if she would take LORD MOUNTCASHEL'S advice, would sympathise very dishonourably with America. The hereditary bondsmen would throw off their bonds, after the fashion of the bondholders of Pennsylvania. A demand has been made by this country for the repayment of a moiety of certain millions advanced for the relief of Irish Famine. His Lordship, says the *Times*, at a meeting of the Fermoy Guardians, proposed a string of resolutions, to the effect that Ireland would rather be excused from paying it. We do not happen to know the colour of LORD MOUNTCASHEL'S livery; but unless, by a happy coincidence, it happens to be drab, we should recommend him to change it for that celebrated tint. The Repeal cry is dying away in Ireland; but if the Irish, in addition to being troublesome customers, will also be dishonest debtors, we expect that it will very soon be revived in England. In that case, we suggest that one of the first Acts of the Parliament on College Green, should be one for turning the Boyne into the Mississippi, and the Shannon into the Ohio.

HINTS FOR MAISONS DE DEUIL.

THE "movement" which has given so great an impulse to almost everything else, has not yet given to the *Maisons de Deuil* those successive turns-a-head in which most of our other institutions luxuriate. As far as externals go, nothing can be better than the establishments to which we allude; but they degenerate into mere "hollow hearts that wear a mask," unless the internal regulations have that *couleur locale* which pervades the outside of the premises.

Many persons who have entered a *Maison de Deuil* to purchase a few of the traps and trappings of woe, have been struck by the unbecoming cheerfulness of the shopmen—if they will allow us to call them so. We are strongly of opinion that a more sombre air should be observed by those engaged in the melancholy task of serving out mourning to what MOSES and his poet call the "painfully bereaved" portion of the community. We should recommend at least a trial of the experiment by an adaptation of the aspect of the assistants to the probable feelings of the customers. The annexed engraving should be carefully studied as an admirable design for an attitude of mournful meditation to be assumed generally throughout the establishment by persons not actually engaged in waiting on a customer.

There is, it will be observed, an expression of having "a silent sorrow here" between the shirt and the waistcoat—and yet the grief is not too intense to prevent its being modified into a mitigated and not absolutely hopeless regret, should merely half-mourning be applied for. The aspect of reviving cheerfulness would perhaps be found the most serviceable and appropriate that could possibly be assumed in a *Maison de Deuil*, for it would in most cases hit the exact medium at which the majority of female mourners may be supposed to have fixed their feelings by the time that the operation of going out shopping is resumed after any loss they may have experienced.

In order to meet the demands of the few inconsolables who may resort to a *Maison de Deuil*, it would be as well to keep in reserve an assistant utterly prostrate over a counter with mental anguish, who should sob out hysterically the prices of any article he has the "intense misery"—not the pleasure—of showing. If he is called upon to say, "We can put this crape in at eighteenpence the yard," his voice should be stifled at the word "crape," and "eighteenpence a yard" ought to burst out convulsively. When these arrangements are carried out, a *Maison de Deuil* will become what it ought to be—a true and well-sustained reflection, both within and without, of the feelings of too many of its customers.

A VOICE FROM THE VERNON GALLERY.

A MEETING was held last week of MR. VERNON'S celebrated pictures, which he has lately announced his intention of presenting to the nation. SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S *Age of Innocence* was voted into the chair.

The Chairman remarked, that this was a meeting, called in consequence of an intimation lately received, that he and his friends before him, with whom he had long had the pleasure of hanging, were to be removed from their present comfortable residence to the National Gallery.—(Loud groans, and cries of, "Oh, oh!")

GAINSBOROUGH'S *Cottage Children* rose to move the first resolution:

> "That the pictures here present, while they feel it an honour to be admitted to a national collection, do respectfully protest against being consigned to the building called the National Gallery."

The speakers, in moving this resolution, said, that in these days of sanatory reform, it was disgraceful that pictures should be exposed to the miseries inseparable from a building so ill-ventilated and confined as the so-called National Gallery. The present unhappy inmates had scarcely room to hang together. It was only by frequent washings, by which their health and appearance suffered grievously, that they were kept in anything like a decent state; as to being seen to advantage—a thing which every picture with any self-respect must desire,—it was out of the question in the over-crowded rooms to which they were to be consigned, unless this meeting put in the most vigorous protest.

The resolution was seconded, in a highly-coloured speech, by SIR DAVID WILKIE'S *Highland Bag-piper*, whose Scotch tone gave much amusement to the meeting. "He didna see," he said, "what his late maister, SIR DAWVID WEELKIE, had dune to have twa o' his maist favorite peectures shut up in a sma' apairtment, where they couldna thrive, let alane improve wi' time, as he had been credibly informed, while o' the easel himsel', he had a right to expec' to do. He wasna prood, and had nae objection to hang alangside o' any number of HOGARTH'S. MAISTER HOGARTH'S family were weel respeckit, and 'no that bad. But he wadna be stifled, and hae his glazing taken aff for ony national objec' whatever; and as for bein' washed, he wad like to see ony o' them comin' near him, wi' their ill-faurt awcids, and Bathbreeks, and siccan like dawngerous implements."

MR. E. LANDSEER'S *High Life* moved the second resolution:—

> "That this meeting protest against being consigned to rooms already too small to contain their inmates, and that humanity as well as the interests of art render necessary, if not the immediate destruction of the present National Gallery, such an enlargement of it as is required for the accommodation of old or young pictures likely to be placed in it."

The speaker said it might be considered presumptuous in him, as the work of a living master, to object to quarters which the greatest productions of the old masters had not found fault with; but these old pictures were foreigners, and unable to make their sufferings known. For him, he had an English tongue in his head; and, as every dog had his day, he should use his privilege of growling at the horrible prospect before the meeting. He was not a water-dog, and washing would be most injurious to him. It might be said his bark was worse than his bite, but he would recommend the Trustees to be cautious how they provoked him to show his teeth.

The resolution was seconded by MR. MACLISE'S *Hamlet*, who remarked, that "to be or not to be" was now the question? He would ask the meeting whether 'twas nobler in a work to suffer the stench and crowding of a National Gallery, or to take steps with the Commissioners, and, by protesting, stop them? For who, he wished to know, would bear the smells and clouds of dust, the cleaner's wrong, the keeper's contumely, the ignorance of office, and the spurns that native talent from the Trustees takes, when he himself might his own place command, in a collection?

For his own part, he considered the times were out of joint, but had much pleasure in seconding the resolution proposed by that very jolly dog of MR. LANDSEER'S.

Other resolutions were then moved by MR. ETTY'S *Bathing Nymph*, by MR. TURNER'S *Venice*, and by a landscape of Mr. CONSTABLE'S, (whose name we did not catch), and the meeting then quietly dispersed, each picture hanging itself on its own nail, with the most perfect order, but a full determination to resist any attempt at removing them to the National Gallery.

THE QUEEN ON TWO PONIES.

THE *Court Circular* of September 3rd announced that the QUEEN had on the previous day gone out on two ponies, attended by VISCOUNTESS JOCELYN. This rapid act of royal ponyship must have excited considerable attention at Ardverikie; and the Viscountess, acting as a sort of aristocratic WIDDICOMB, must have greatly enhanced the charm of the exhibition. Of course the *Court Circular* cannot be hoaxing us, and we must therefore presume that the QUEEN really did perform the feat ascribed to her. We are delighted to hear that she holds the reins so loosely in her moments of relaxation, and gives way to a sort of unbridled gaiety, quite delightful to contemplate.

CALCULATION IN THE COUNTY COURTS.

THERE is a calculating young man who quite outbids Bidder, employed just now in the Westminster County Court. His powers are strikingly shown in making out Bills of Costs, for which department he is engaged. The following feat was lately performed by him:—

Question. (Proposed by a suitor for a debt of £6, viz.—)

	£	s.	d.
Given the Judge's fee for a summons (as per schedule)	0	2	0
Clerk's fee	0	2	0
High Bailiff's fee	0	0	6

Required the total number of fees.

The calculating young man, after a few moments' intense abstraction, gave the answer—

Total of fees	0	11	8

We need not add, that the suitor was very much astonished.

The young man is entirely unable to give any account of the process by which he arrives at his result. This is generally the case with these gifted individuals. We are informed that these wonderful calculators are much in demand for the County Courts.

THE DUKEDOM OF NASSAU.

THERE are several small dukedoms which, for the credit of the ducal position in general, ought really to be seen to, for they are only damaging the respectability of other dukedoms, without doing any good for themselves. Nassau presents a lamentable instance of the state of things to which we allude.

The Grand Duke of Nassau appears to come over to this country every season with a balloon and a brass band, like the Italian boys with their organs, the Savoyards with their monkies, and the Bavarian girls with their brooms. "We perceive by an advertisement," as the phrase goes, in no part of our paper, but in the *Times*, that the Duke of Nassau's brass band is engaged at Rosherville; and we find, also, that the Nassau balloon is secured as one of the "thousand and one" attractions at Cremorne.

The Duke himself has been over here no doubt to arrange with the managers of these establishments for the use of his balloon and his band. This seems to be a most disreputable mode of existence for a sovereign duke; but when we look into the financial statistics of Nassau, the thing is accounted for. The revenue of the dukedom is less than two millions of florins, but the debt is twelve millions, and at the present rate of money, we dare say Nassau has to pay the whole of its revenue for interest and other accommodations in order to quiet its creditors. Thus, the Nassau balloon and the Nassau brass band have become the only perquisites, as it were, which the Grand Duke has to depend upon.

We recommend, by all means, a pension or some other provision by which an end may be put to this beggarly state of things. We shall be having the Grand Duke advertised as a Master of the Ceremonies at Vauxhall next, or selling German titles at so much a dozen in the Lowther Arcade. Can any of our readers imagine QUEEN VICTORIA'S private band wandering about at Continental watering-places in seedy regimentals, to get engagements at public gardens, or send round hats in open promenades? Of course every well regulated British bosom, with the safety-valve of loyalty in proper order, will revolt against the very idea. For the sake, then, of ducal dignity, let the sovereign of Nassau find some other means of replenishing his treasury than letting out his balloon for the season, or his band for the day, week, month, or year.

THE TASTE FOR THE HORRIBLE.

A WEEK or two ago we adverted to the disgusting and morbid taste that hurries people to the Hall of Ugliness to see exhibitions of physical deformity, but this is not so bad as the depravity of the appetite which seeks for satisfaction in feasting upon things morally hideous, odious, and horrible. We regret to find this mental malady existing among any of the public, but we are still more pained to think that among the Press—the legitimate physicians who should cure this disease—there are some who aggravate it by pandering to its unwholesome demands, and supplying the loathsome food it lives upon.

One or two of our illustrated contemporaries have made what they call the PRASLIN tragedy the most prominent feature in their pages, and have held out as a great attraction to their readers, *fac-similes* of the scene of the murder, showing "the different spots of blood on the floor, furniture, and bell-ropes, &c., with the traces of blood left by the assassin in making his escape." Surely none but the most depraved and morbid appetite could take satisfaction in following the revolting circumstances of this dreadful butchery with such minuteness, as to require the stains of blood to be marked down in a plan, in order to get as near to the reality as possible. The next step would be a wish to see the very thing itself, and thus, by going on gradually in the same direction, with a compliant press continually pandering to the filthy eagerness for details of blood and murder, there is no knowing to what extent such brutalisation might be carried.

The sale of moral poison, if not restrained by good feeling and good sense, ought to be prohibited. There is quite as much profit to be obtained, and a great deal more, by contributing through amusement and instruction to the intellectual wants of the people, than by ministering to a corrupt taste, which at length refuses everything but the most highly seasoned dishes, and when these can no longer be supplied, rejects everything offered to it. If the illustrated papers can find nothing answer their purpose so well as PRASLIN tragedies, and plans showing traces of blood, we fear their vocation will soon be at an end, for such things happily are not every-day occurrences, and when the subscribers have supped full of horrors, they will not be able to return to more wholesome nutriment. We hope our illustrated contemporaries will take in good part, and profit by, the warning we have given to them "more in sorrow than in anger," which is no less important to their own welfare than to that of the classes to whom they address themselves.

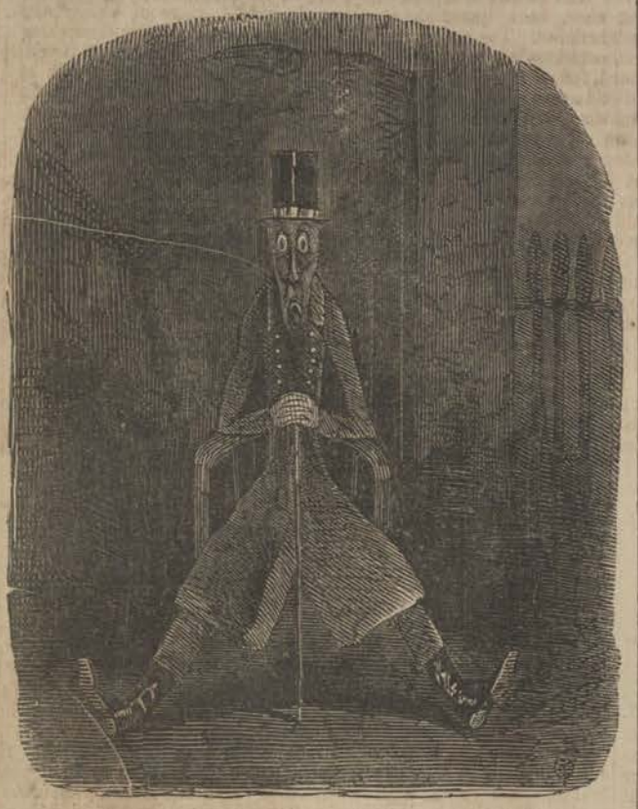
A Palate for Paupers.

AN invention has been lately patented under the title of Pneumatic Palates. The Pneumatic Palate, we should imagine, is calculated to enable the wearer to live, like the chameleon, on air. In that case, we recommend the authorities of St. Pancras to supply the paupers in their workhouse with these palates.

MANY A TRUE WORD IN JEST.

A FACETIOUS correspondent, who is evidently only in the first steps of punning, suggests that the *Drawings* of MR. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S "Bottle" ought to have been dedicated to the great Temperance Apostle of *Cork*. We value our correspondent's suggestion, though we have the poorest opinion of his joke.

THE EXETER CHANGE ARCADE BEADLE.



THIS unhappy functionary is becoming the *Robinson Crusoe* of Beadles, without even a *Man Friday* to bear him company. Since the Arcade has become a desert, he sits gloomily in one corner, and seldom moves, except when startled by the footstep of his fellow man in an adjoining thoroughfare. It is really an act of charity to go to the gate and address to the poor Beadle an occasional word, even in a spirit of badinage, for this SELKIRK of Beadles is falling into a deplorable state, from which it will soon be too late to rescue him. He is the modern *Prisoner of Chillon;* let us rescue him in time from the fate of that unhappy captive.

CRITICAL SYMPATHY.

BY a remarkable coincidence, the criticisms in the *Post* and *Chronicle* on a new piece produced at the Adelphi last Thursday were word for word the same. We have no way of accounting for this phenomenon, unless it is that the *Chronicle* and *Post* are living upon one critic between them, like two friends of ours, who, being rather limited in their pecuniary resources, went into a cheap coffee shop and ordered one cup of coffee with two saucers between the pair. We could comprehend an evening paper copying from a morning paper, or an article of mere news being supplied to two or three journals by one hand; but criticism is degraded into penny-a-lining when a couple of journals club together to get their dramatic notices at half-price, by sharing the cost between two establishments. If neither paper sets a farthing's value on its opinions upon the drama, let the criticisms be left to the penny-a-liners at once; but of course the shabby arrangement will work its own punishment, for no weight will attach to the articles when they appear. The unanimity between the *Post* and *Chronicle* is something rather astonishing, when we remember the bitter differences on the Opera which both have been for months so loudly expressing. If they are going to bring out simultaneously on the same morning the very same articles, either on politics, literature, or the drama, one of the journals—so far as these subjects are concerned—must be of course a mere superfluity. They had better make up their minds at once which of the two is not wanted, and "drop it" in good time.

WONDERFUL, IF TRUE—BUT NOT TRUE.

SUCH are the curling qualities of somebody's Fluid for the Hair, that a little of it having been accidentally spilled on the top of a dressing-case, it has become *impossible to open the lock ever since!*

PUNCH TO PEEL.

DON'T you find, dear SIR ROBERT, the contrast quite charming—
Beyond shooting, or speaking, or feasting, or farming—
To escape from the squalls and the storms of the session,
And thus "go to the country" in joyous procession?
To exchange, for the flatteries of mouth and of pen,
The bullying of BENTINCK, the buzzing of BEN;
To have freedoms now given where once freedoms were taken;
To find yourself *fêted* instead of forsaken;
To hear crowds and Town-Councils quite hoarse with huzzaing,
For irate country gentlemen, howling and braying;
To meet, when the train sets you down at a station,
Mayors and maces, to thank you for saving the nation,
Instead of a mob, in top-boots and long gaiters,
With minds made up to swear you're the blackest of traitors?—
Like Magellan, in short, round a Cape Horn terrific
To glide on a smooth and sunshiny Pacific!
Now, with me, you may feel (what none can, while monopular)
How delightful it is to be really popular.
The lesson, I hope, won't be o'er when the press is,
Nor its moral be shelved when you shelve the addresses;
But that ere you return to the House, in October,
You 'll vouchsafe to this question a thought still and sober,—
Why the same course that made your old party abhor you,
Makes the country, its crowds, and its commerce adore you?
'Tis that *they* thought of units, of millions *you* thought—
They of corn to be sold, *you* of corn to be bought;
When the pillar of government shook in its place,
They looked to the capital, *you* to the base.
For the few, in their eyes, were created the many—
They were fools of the pound, and wise men of the penny;
In the cause of the many you fettered the few,
So a party have *they*, and a people have *you!*

How to keep a Boarding-house at Boulogne.

TAKE a house on the port, and write up "ENGLISH BOARDING-HOUSE" in large letters, to strike the eye of every Englishman arriving by the steam-packets. Put on a smiling face for the reception of strangers, and in reply to questions about terms, mention forty-five francs per week, or something exceedingly moderate. This will not at all diminish your profits, for when the time for payment comes, you have only to say that you meant shillings, and could not have said francs, which at once places more than fifteen per cent. on your charges. You must remember, also, that extras are not to be lost sight of. People who come to boarding-houses have their beds included in the weekly sum, of course; but the beds are to be made, and who is to pay for making them? This must form a separate item in your account, as well as kitchen-fire and attendance; for, though the meals are no doubt included, how are they to be cooked and brought to table, unless you are remunerated for making your servants do so? Remember, also, that as francs swell into shillings when the day of payment comes, so centimes magnify themselves into sous when you have to be reimbursed for any outlay you have been put to on account of your boarders. Thus, a rushlight that has cost you five centimes, or a sous, will amount to five sous by the time your bill is to be made out; and a bottle of wine, which cost one franc when you sent out for it, will have risen to five francs when the consumer in your house has to pay for it.

As to servants, they cannot do better than follow their mistress's example: you must make them dun the inmates until something is extracted in addition to what you have already received in their name, as there will probably be some difficulty in getting boarders to pay twice over for attendance which they have never, perhaps, received at all; for they must, of course, help themselves, if your limited number of domestics should be otherwise occupied.

Your only real expense will be a gratuitous boarder to sit at table every day, and puff each meal, declaring there are so many good things he hardly knows what to choose, and confidentially telling every new comer—but this must not be attempted after the first day—that yours is the best and most liberally conducted boarding-house in all Boulogne. By following these instructions you will reap a tolerable harvest, while it lasts; but as it cannot last long, you must reap away with the most prodigious activity.

A GENUINE ROCHEFOUCAULD.—Autograph-hunters ought to be the most moral of men, for their whole life is spent in acquiring a good name, and preserving it from the slightest stain.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18th, 1847.

THE

"RETAIL TRADE" IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

After all, there is something very degrading in commerce. The *Morning Herald*, that is not a trading speculation—the *Herald*, that is given away, the "Price 5*d*." at the right-hand corner being only a pleasant fiction, one of the many jokes of PLUTUS—the *Herald* denounces "retail trade" as a low thing. The present Parliament has in it several shopkeepers. The sun of England is set—behind the counter!

"There can be no doubt now of the future prosperity of the country, fortunate as we are to have secured the patriotic services of MR. WILLIAMS, Haberdasher, of Oxford Street, on the one hand, and of MR. FOX, theological, political, and dramatic lecturer, of Finsbury, on the other."

That the *Herald*—forgetful of its muslin origin, oblivious of its THWAITES—should sneer at haberdashers, delights, as it astounds us, with a sense of its tremendous independence! The *Herald* licks its parent, and we are compelled to cry "What magnanimity!" It is BRUTUS the Younger scourging Father BRUTUS with a yard measure! But all for truth—all for public justice!

"There must be a charm in the very pursuit of 'retail trade' in London that renders a man superior to the rest of his species, and free from the least faults of the well-born private gentleman."

A sweet touch of satire, this! Of course, the vulgarity is in the retail trade. The coal-merchant, ROBINSON, who sells coals by the ton, is a "retail" tatterdemalion; the coal-merchant, LONDONDERRY, who vends his carbon at the pit's mouth, is a wholesale goodness! It is the smallness of the dealing that makes the villany.

"It is to the immaculate 'retail trade,' and to nothing else, we contend, that we must ascribe the enormous patriotism and magnanimity which are about to purify legislation, and to elevate the character of the country. What a discovery is here! What a heavy blow and great discouragement to the so-called *liberal* professions. Send a son to Oxford? Nonsense. Send him to Oxford Street. Let him *state* his terms across the counter, and not *keep* them at his college."

There is here a contest of wit and argument—a felicity of italics, too, that rejoices the spirit.

"People may never have suspected the fact; but it is not to be doubted that all the moral, political, and social goodness in the kingdom is hidden behind shawls and staring tickets. Is not MR. WILLIAMS written "M. P." in MR. DODD'S book? Is he not a retail tradesman?"

The aqua-fortis of this satire would burn a hole in the skin of a hippopotamus! We inquire, with some misgiving,—does a "retail tradesman" live after it?

"The history of the last fifty years, in England, has been one restless and unflinching attempt on the part of democracy to sap the institutions of the country, on the one hand, and a patient, lofty, indifferent contemplation of the work, on the part of the aristocracy, on the other."

The picture is affecting—beautiful. We see the sapper—the "retail dealer"—destroying the institutions of the country, and the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, and such Dukes, sitting, with their coronets on their heads, intelligent and undisturbed as peers in a tapestry.

But scorn—a proud scorn—has done it all:—

"The men who—we say it *without hesitation and fear*—rather take away from than add to the dignity of the new Parliament, would never have been thrust into that assembly to clog useful legislation and to propagate their revolutionary doctrines, had their first movements been met with vigour, and not tolerated *with proud scorn*."

And these men are, for the most part, "retail traders." They live in shops, and deal in all sorts of commodities. Painful, indeed, must it have been to the writer—sitting in his undress of embroidered velvet—to contemplate the present "retail" aspect of the House of Commons. For the writer is, of course, a nobleman; a man who, in the loftiness of his contemplations, never turns to the advertisement pages of the *Morning Herald*; or otherwise, how great would be his dismay—how deep his disgust—to be confounded by even the passing suspicion that the *Herald*, "Price 5*d*.," is mainly supported by advertising "retail traders." But the writer knew not this fact. Will "retail traders" forget it?

"There she lay all the day."

THE papers inform us that the *Great Britain* is at present lying upon the gridiron at Liverpool. We hope it must not be considered to have been merely got out of the frying-pan into the fire by the efforts that have been made. We know there is some difficulty occasionally in navigating large vessels over the bar, as it is called, but a gridiron must be as bad as a five-barred gate to a vessel like the *Great Britain*. Perhaps, after the heavy movement the ship has gone through, it may be thought desirable to let it have a few bars' rest; and, if so, the gridiron is rather an appropriate position.

THE DEATH OF MELODRAMA.

WE have at last to record the death of MELODRAMA, who has, for a long time, been lingering at the very lowest stage of misery and wretchedness. The poor creature, which was once in very flourishing circumstances, was last seen at a lodging in the New Cut, where it continued, for some time, to drag on a degraded existence, until death at last put a period to its sufferings. At one time, MELODRAMA lived in a somewhat respectable position at the West-End; but its fearful extravagance soon banished it from all decent circles, and it went over the water to reside. An attempt was made by some of its old admirers to get it a character for more regular habits, and a sort of domestic turn was then given to it; but even when it became domestic, its old habits would peep out, and it has at length expired, but not without several groans.

One of the last places in which MELODRAMA took up its abode, was at the Marylebone Theatre, where it picked up a very precarious livelihood; but that place having been required for the accommodation of its elder brother, LEGITIMATE DRAMA—under the able guardianship of MRS. WARNER—the establishment has been purged from all traces of MELODRAMA, and rendered in every respect fitted for its new tenant.

Poor MELODRAMA had long been threatening to give up the Ghost, who is placed in mourning by the melancholy event. By all but the immediate mourners—the Stage Spectre and the Stage Assassin—the circumstance seems to be hailed as a "happy release."

A Trifle from "Our London Correspondent."

"YOU will be glad of some information about Italian affairs. The following fact (which I vouch for) fully discloses the murderous feelings of Austria towards the POPE. A few days ago, PRINCE M—TT—NICH and the K—NG OF S—RD—NIA, while sitting together over a new number of *Punch* and a bottle of Johannisberg, discussed the POPE—how he was cheered on by Italy. 'Ah,' said the King, 'he's a noble fellow; he well deserves the Vivas of Rome.' 'Yes,' said the Prince, with a deadly grin, 'and the Bravos of Venice.'"

We could make up our mind, almost, to forgive the Prince the sentiment, sooner than the pun.

SEASONABLE BENEVOLENCE.

THE humane and amiable ANTHONY VIRID, ESQ., has caused ether to be administered to all the flies and bluebottles on his estate, in order that the usual operation of dying, which they must shortly experience in consequence of the advance of the season, may not cause them any pain. A buzz of approbation greeted him when he made his determination known.

CHEAP FARES.

As fares by omnibus and steamboat continue to grow

"Small by degrees, and beautifully less,"

we have no doubt that the speculators in locomotion will ultimately be compelled to add some further attraction than cheapness, as an inducement to passengers to go by their conveyances.

We understand that a steam-boat is now in course of construction to be called the *Gnat*, from its gnatty arrangements, in which celerity will be gained by dispensing with safety-valves altogether, thus saving the engineer the trouble of tying them down. The fare is to be one farthing only; and, to increase the speed, a "fast man" is to be engaged as Captain, in order to make the vessel "go," and prevent anything in the shape of "slowness;" while, as he has no objection to place himself in any situation, however ridiculous, for the amusement of the public, he will appear upon the paddle-box amidst a shower of fireworks,

which will pour in profusion from his head, hands, and heels. During the intervals of the stoppages to take in passengers, he will assume the dress of the celebrated JOEL, or any other Diavolo, and make a "rapid descent,"—he is rather clever at that sort of thing, but he doesn't

mind, for he says "it goes down,"—from the top of the funnel to the stern of the vessel, which will be steered by a real Catherine wheel that will be arranged to explode directly he reaches it.

A CONUNDRUM FOR THE SPORTING SEASON.

Q. Why is a merry fellow like a bad shot?
A. Because he is the boy to keep the game alive.

HER MAJESTY'S LETTERS.

THE papers tell us that the Southampton postmaster "found a letter addressed to HER MAJESTY, from Osborne, open on board the steamer." *Punch* has been especially requested by SIR JAMES GRAHAM to assure the world that he, SIR JAMES, has not for some weeks been near the Isle of Wight, and therefore knows nothing of the matter.

YOUNG ISRAEL.

HOUNDSDITCH, Holywell Street, the Minories, and other places wherein the most ancient and most picturesque people in the world (see silks and jewellery every Saturday) most do congregate, have not yet pronounced; but we are assured that Young Israel is on the eve of a very great demonstration. BARON ROTHSCHILD being returned to Parliament—SIR HARRY INGLIS, PLUMPTRE, and SPOONER will, it is feared, leave the House if the Hebrew be suffered to remain—Young Israel proposes to prove itself worthy of the sympathizing liberality of the Gentile.

The Jews were the first farmers; but we refused them land, and so drove them to occupations that must have continually jarred upon their finer sensibilities. We have compelled them to become money-lenders—to have earned ninety and a hundred per cent. by the sweat of ink. The ancient Jew kept sheep; the Jews of later times keep parchment.

A Jew barrister was not a person to be admitted among gentlemen of the long robe—the length of the robe being sometimes considered with reference to the foot it covers—and thus, repressing the natural eloquence of Israel, we have blighted the would-be barrister into the attorney. We would not allow the Jew to wear the horse-hair honours of the bar; therefore has he too often, as sharp attorney, made springes of the aforesaid legal hair to catch human woodcocks.

It was very long ere we suffered a Jew to become a sheriff: when, in the very waywardness of disappointed ambition, the Jew became a sheriff's officer.

We would not allow a Jew to rise to the dignity of a post-captain. We would not have the Hebrew wear blue cloth; and as a slop-seller he sold commodities to the hardy tar, and comforted himself in making the most of the navy.

With every yearning wish to distinguish himself among the foremost of human kind, the Jew has been snubbed, kept back: he has, in a very enlarged sense, been made to deal in shabby habits. And the Jew has taken a noble revenge. The Jew works at no laborious work. We never yet saw a Hebrew with corns in his hands; now, it was not so with the agriculturalist of Genesis.

And therefore, Young Israel will very speedily make a demonstration. Young Israel determines to take a spade and till the ground. Young Israel will no longer deal in fallacious lead-pencils, and the minor trivialities of life, by which hard, honest labour is avoided. Certainly not: we shall yet see a Jew as a porter, with more pounds upon his head than in his pocket; we shall see Jew "navvies," and Young Israel manfully contending in the streets and sewers with Christian labourers. The Young Israel with sharp attornies or sheriff's officers as a long line of ancestry, will wipe off the blot from his escutcheon as a pains-taking scavenger.

This is as it should be. Why should Young Israel be doomed to the obscurity of Holywell Street, when, with broom or shovel in hand, he may labour in the broad way of the world—Piccadilly, the Strand, or Fleet Street? Yes; we shall yet see Young Israel with hard hands!

A NINE DAYS' WONDER.

WE regret to see such delusive hopes held out to their victims by the projectors of cheap railway trips. Perhaps the most fallacious promise ever made, even by this imaginative class, is the following which has reached us, headed

"CHEAP TRIP TO SCOTLAND.

"A train will leave the Euston Square Station on the 20th of September, and start to return from Edinburgh on the 1st of October, thus securing the passengers

"NINE CLEAR DAYS IN SCOTLAND."

We are assured by several "oldest inhabitants," that no such uninterrupted succession of clear weather was ever known North of the Tweed.

The Art-Union Prints.

WE understand that the great value of the Prints distributed to the Subscribers of the Art Union will ultimately consist in the antiquity of the pictures from which the engravings are taken. By the time the print is ready, the picture is forgotten, and thus the former has all the interest of an *antique*, without the trouble of putting it by and taking care of it till old age gives it an excessive value. Considerable curiosity exists as to whether the prints will be claimable by the next of kin or the executor of the party originally entitled. We think there ought to be an Act of Parliament exempting the engravings from legacy duty, supposing them to descend to no more distant relative than the great-grandchild of the subscriber.

SIR PETER ON SHAKSPEARE.

SIR PETER LAURIE, after immortalizing himself as a Putter-down, has determined to win some supplementary renown as a Putter-up. He has given notice of a motion, in the Common Council, for a Subscription to erect a Monument to SHAKSPEARE, in London. The notice came, very appropriately, after the rejection by the Corporate body of the motion that the Council should subscribe a sum in aid of the purchase of SHAKSPEARE'S House. Perhaps the Poet may find more honour in the eyes of the Corporation, now that SIR PETER has taken him up. This is very kind of SIR PETER, after the rather disrespectful way in which SHAKSPEARE has treated the *Lord Mayor* in *Richard III.*, where he always figures on the stage as a low-comedy character, and shakes a great quantity of powder out of his wig, when introduced to the king.

It seems that SIR PETER has lately discovered SHAKSPEARE. It was after seeing SIR WALTER SCOTT'S Monument in Edinburgh that he determined that London, too, should have a hero and a monument. Casting about him, he bethought him, on a morning of inspiration, of one SHAKSPEARE, and said to himself, "That's the man!" With SIR PETER, to think and act are one. In fact, so rapid and startling are his proceedings, that many people think he acts without thinking, however indispensable the process may be to ordinary men.

SIR PETER trusts to the eager "assistance of every man who knows anything at all about the Poet of England." Why in the world does he apply to the Court of Common Council?

He must introduce them to the Poet, before he calls for their money for a monument. We would suggest to him the delivery of a series of lectures on SHAKSPEARE, especially adapted to a Guildhall audience, or the publication of an Alderman's edition. Good books are translated for the use of savages, and why not great poets for the use of the Common Council?

"To what base uses may we come at last!"

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, honoured with an oration written by GEORGE JONES, and a monument got up by SIR PETER LAURIE!

Our Fast Man on Literary & Scientific Institutions.

UNCH, you wooden Image, I see, from your note at the end of my last article, that you won't stand masquerades,—you entertain a moral objection to them. I don't. But may difference of principle never alter friendship. We agree, I find, to differ. Well; no matter. Let that be our agreement. So long as you use my articles, make just whatever comments upon them you please, you old muff. I'm quite willing to pocket the affront, or any other you may offer me, on the usual terms.

You have eyes enough in your head, I suppose, old dummy, to have read in the newspapers, that two or three of your Literary and Scientific Societies have been just knocked up. I take this opportunity, as the schoolboys say in their holiday letters, of informing you of our extreme gratification at that circumstance. It is, to blend a modern phrase with the Elizabethan slang, a great fact—and a jolly. It is a good job that these Societies are smashed. We have done it. We have grinned them down, as the Yankee did the racoons. There are more muttons to follow. They shall all be thoroughly done. This is the right sort of Radicalism. These are the Institutions of which we go in for the downfal. And see if we don't establish *casinos* upon their ruins.

We decidedly mean to desecrate the Temples of Science; and a prime desecration it will be. We shall be accused of arresting the enlightenment of the people; in answer to which charge we'll have the gas turned on, and tell the band to strike up the railway *galop*. What have you to say to this, old stupid? You are for providing the public with proper amusement. So are we. We want them to have the purest amusement possible: amusement without any of your instruction. Depend upon it, that is what the million like. How have we flummoxed the Literature and Science shops? Why, by encouraging *casinos* and shilling concerts, and Halls of Rome. At those places the clerks and shopmen can be entertained without being bored; and they prefer them. They never went to Institutions at all, but because they had no more lively way of spending an evening. As to a lecture upon Astronomy or Chemistry, they care about nothing in it, but the transparencies and experiments. Give them the attractive, then, without the prosy. Instead of chemical experiments, show them conjuring tricks. They would prefer HERR DÖBLER to LIEBIG. Let them; and we hope, with all our heart, that the Wizard of the North will snuff out FARADAY.

After all, what is the use of these Literary and Scientific Societies, if you come to that? What does an apprentice or mechanic want to know beyond his business? Where is the good of his cramming history or philosophy? We don't want the young man who sells us our *Joinvilles* and *Ballet-girl* shirts, to be a geologist, nor the carpenter who comes to mend our shutters to be a mathematician. We have no desire to see philosophers in paper-caps, velveteen jackets, and aprons. Let plumbers and glaziers stick to their putty. When they have done their work, let them go to their house of call. Let them muddle their brains in their own way. It is a fallacy to suppose that the mechanic has a thirst for knowledge. He thirsts for nothing but half-and-half. If the people could be trained to habits of thought, they would be trained to habits which are very objectionable. Thought is dreary. Reflection is slow. Stow thinking. The use of recreation is to prevent it. Everybody's occupation gives him quite enough to think upon. Don't let us have any twaddle about the Human Mind. The Human Mind, when jaded and fatigued, does not crave for the exercise of its higher faculties—not that I have the least idea of what they are. The Human Mind, when used up, and when its proprietor feels seedy, rushes in for fun and rollick. The Human Mind prefers a lark to a lecture. Hurrah, then, for the *casinos*, and down with the Institutions! That's your cry. That's your gag. That's your dodge. That's your line. Go ahead, then, you slow old coach, and take a leaf out of the book of

"A FAST MAN."

*** We cannot take a leaf out of our Fast Man's book—although Fast Men take many leaves out of ours. His grinning, no doubt, has been as destructive to Literary and Scientific Institutions as that of his American friend was to racoons. Indeed, we have a high opinion of his grinning, and therefore it is that we allow him a horse-collar. His proficiency in this accomplishment, his exultation in the idea that he has done mischief, a tendency to imitation which we observe in him, and his delight in the antics of the "casino," confirm us in the conviction that the Fast Man is essentially an Ape.

DEBTORS IN PARLIAMENT.—TITLES ON SALE.

MR. DUNCOMBE threatens to raise the question,—Are Insolvent Peers to remain in the House of Lords? If the debtor Commoner is to be ousted from the Senate, is the dipped Duke to remain? This is a very nice question, and sufficient to the day is the treatment thereof. In the meantime, we have something important to communicate to peers in difficulties. We think we espy a mode of considerably adding to their ways and means. It is this; that they should be allowed not only to mortgage their goods, but their titles.

Here is his Grace the DUKE OF NORMANLOINS, in want of cash. His title is a very fine title. Centuries ago, it was a bright and sparkling thing; and even now, it is better than new. Well, why should he not be permitted to raise money upon it; to give, for so much hard cash, and for a certain period, the use of the title, to be returned to him, on his redeeming the mortgage, in good condition, reasonable allowance being made for wear and tear? Let it be a law that the title of dignity should pass with the lien upon goods and chattels,—and the wealth of the aristocracy would be very handsomely increased. NORMANLOINS might subside into SMITH, and STRAWBERRYLEAF sink into JONES; whilst the money-lender should wear the Ducal dignity—should rejoice in the splendour of the Marquisate. By this simple act, how many Jews would, for a time, be ennobled! Only think of AARON LAZARUS, by virtue of money lent, blossoming into the EARL OF TIN!

With the march of events, and the growing fuss that a few busybodies are making about the insolvency of senators, we may live to see a doll in ermine and velvet over a dealer's door, with a bill exhibited in the window—"The greatest price given here for coronets."

MURRAY AND PUSEY.

WE have hitherto abstained, for obvious reasons, from any declaration of our sentiments with regard to Puseyism. It is at length, however, necessary that we should speak out. DR. PUSEY has addressed a letter to the *Morning Herald*, in denial of an allegation that he had advised a certain clergyman to join the Church of Rome. In that document there occurs the following passage:—

"I would not impute to him wilful untruth; but, knowing that I have always dissuaded persons from leaving the Church of England, there must be some grievous mistake somewhere."

We beg to call the attention of all disciples of MURRAY to the word "knowing" in the above sentence. We beseech them to remark the melancholy position of that isolated participle. The lonely part of speech is utterly destitute of any noun or pronoun to which it can legitimately relate. DR. PUSEY may be a consummate Hebrew scholar, but he can hardly be said to be an English schoolboy. We feel ourselves, therefore, compelled to protest against Puseyism, in as far as it affects the canons of grammar.

CRETÂ NOTANDUS.—There is an etymological reason that might be pleaded by Members in favour of their protection from arrest. The Low-Latin word "Candidatus" means "whitewashed."

DOMESTIC BLISS.

Little Foot Page (unexpectedly). "HERE'S SOME GENTLEMEN, PLEASE, SIR!"

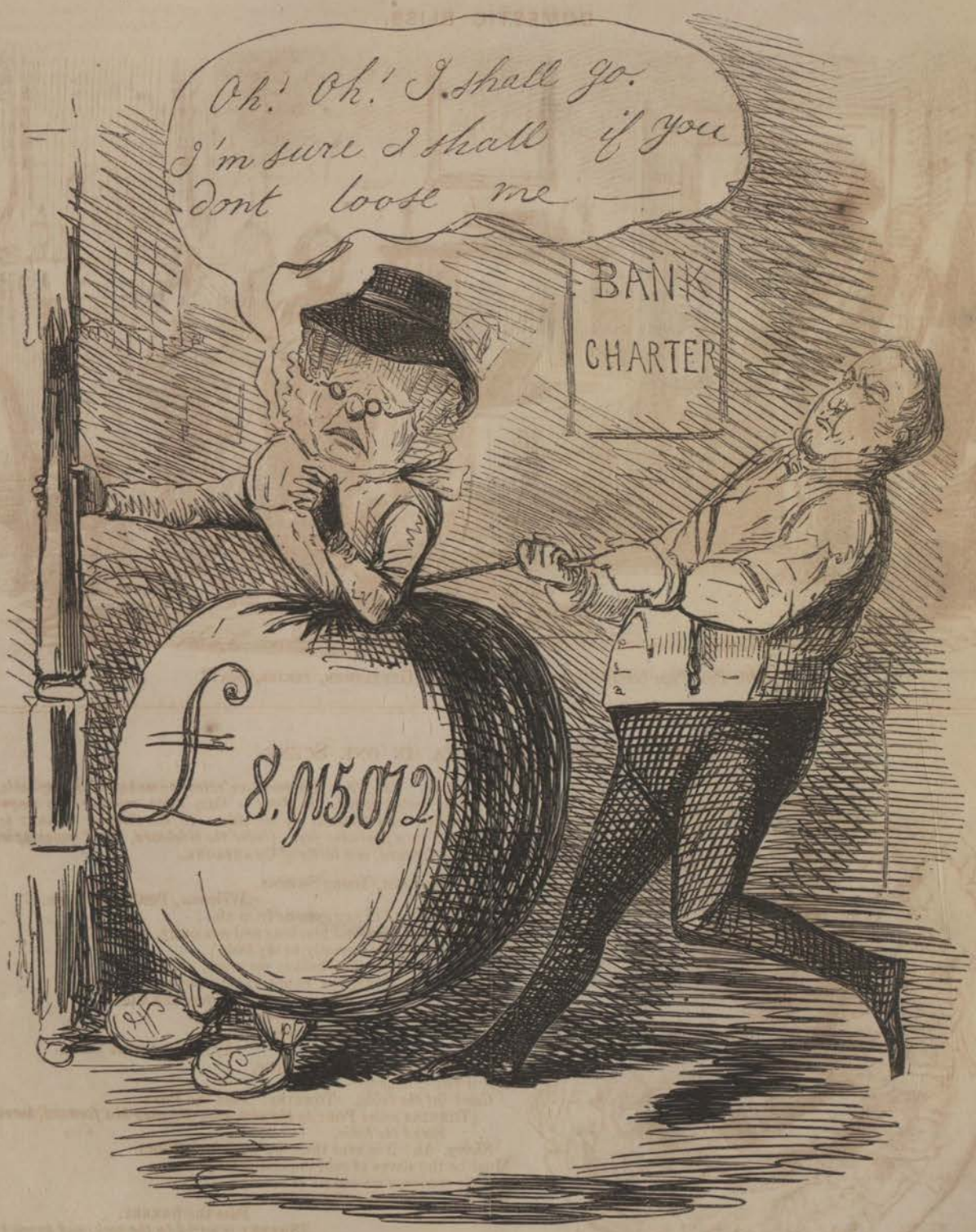
THE WINES. A DRAMA, IN ONE SCENE.

CURTAIN RISES. *The Stage represents an extensive mahogany dining-table, with guests seated round. In front is* OLD PORT *reposing in a magnificent decanter, with* SHERRY *by his side. In the distance* CLARET *is seen buried in a fantastic jug. Under the sideboard, as if watching what is going forward, is a bottle of* CHAMPAGNE.

Port. Well met, Young SHERRY.
Sherry. Welcome, PORT, once more.
Dost mark how CLARET eyes us from afar?
Port. I have observed him long and anxiously.
The fellow ne'er was greatly to my taste;
He hath a sourness that dislikes me much.
Sherry. Nay, PORT, you're not so generous as of old.
Port. Generous! Who could be generous in a world
That treats me as I have been treated here.
Sherry. Hast thou been wronged?
Port. Ay! by my crust I have.
The story is a long and painful one,
But if you'd hear it—
Guest (at the table). TOMKINS! Pass the PORT.
[TOMKINS *seizes* PORT *by the neck, and, dragging him forward, hurries him round the table.*
Sherry. Ah! it is ever thus, we wretched Wines
Must be the slaves of cold imperious man.
A little converse we can ne'er indulge,
But some rude grasp may part us.
Tomkins. Pass the SHERRY.
[SHERRY *is seized by the neck, and hurried away.*
Claret (advancing). So! PORT and SHERRY are once more divided.
I'm glad of that! I always hated them!
PORT looks upon me with contemptuous air—
Full-bodied brute, that sneers because I'm thin.
And SHERRY too, that pale but fiery dame,
She with disdain presumes to pass me by.
Me! That am sprung from a most knightly race:
The juice of old BORDEAUX runs in my bottles.
Some of the loveliest spots in sunny France
Are proud to own me for their favourite child.

LASCIATE OGNI SPERANZA VOI CHE ENTRATE.

WE regret to see the opening of a great number of new Roads to Ruin. An audacious individual advertises—"A Guide to One Hundred Loan Societies."



THE EFFECTS OF TIGHT LACING ON THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET.

SHERRY! Who 's SHERRY? Why, with all her gold,
(For golden SHERRY she is sometimes called),
I feel degraded by her company.
PORT has some body! True! But I've a soul,
And I could—
Tomkins. STOKES! I don't much like your CLARET.
Claret. So they don't like me, don't they? They are right;
For I shall take a terrible revenge.
I'll turn my very sourest on them all.
Stokes (*to* TOMKINS). Take my advice, and try another glass.

[CLARET *is suddenly caught hold of, and pushed unceremoniously along.* PORT *and* SHERRY *are by this time advanced to the head of the table once more.*

Sherry. Now let me hear the story of your wrongs.
Port. Listen! You know, I think, my native land?
Sherry. Yes: 'tis fair Portugal.
Port. Portugal, pooh!
I 'm English, with a touch of foreign blood.
They fancy from Oporto I am sprung:
They little know me.
Sherry. I am all surprise.
Port. I'll tell my history, even from the cask
Up to my present rich decanterhood;
How into binhood first I slowly rose,
Until, promoted to the cellaret,
I reached the glittering uniform I wear.
Sherry. Tell it, I charge thee—
Stokes (*to guests*). Are your glasses charged?

[*A murmur of "All, all," runs round the table.*

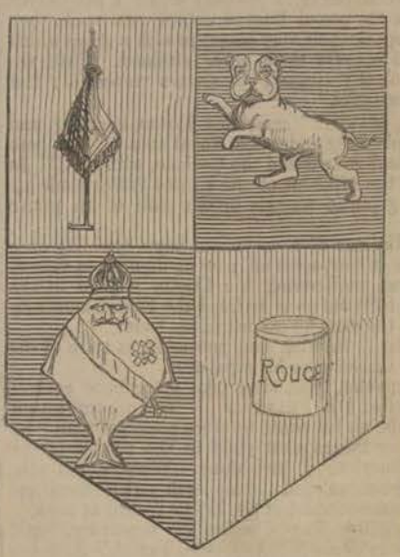
Sherry. I breathe again! I fear'd we should be sever'd.
But now proceed.
Port. Well, then; in Crutched Friars,
Deep in a merchant's cellar, I was born,
The humble offspring of some wretched port
And an old pump—the worthy ancestor
Of many others passing through the world
Under the same disguises as myself.
Sherry (*aside*). I know the very spot—'twas once my home.
Port. I seem'd at first a very weakly child;
But, doctoring me with logwood and with sloe,
In time I grew full-bodied, as you see me.
They sent me forth, with others like myself;
We were just half a dozen in the whole.
But orders had been strictly sent with us,
That we on no account were to be left
Without the money.
Sherry. Ah! did you remain?
Port (*with a bitter smile*). How can you ask? We to our home return'd.
Weeks roll'd away, and in a gloomy bin
I lay deserted, till one afternoon
I was brought up into a counting-house.
They dug a weapon rudely through my brain
(It was a corkscrew).
Sherry. Ha! the savages!
I've undergone that torture more than once;
But to your tale.
Port. They took me by the neck,
And, pouring some of me into a glass,
A villain tasted me. I could have choked him.
"No," he exclaimed; "this isn't quite the thing:
I want an older and a thinner wine."
Sherry. Insolent knaves! And what befel you next?
Port. You know how age and thinness are achieved.
Ignobly I was placed beneath the pump.
Sherry. One of your parents.
Port. Yes: that parent's tears
Fell freely down on my degraded head,
And I became the wretched thing I am,
A poor, weak, tawny, and despised old PORT.
Sherry. Alas! my story's very near the same.
I've been degraded by the vilest means,
And once was threatened with the dismal fate
Of being levelled down to——what dost think?
Port. Nay! I can't guess.
Sherry. A sherry cobbler!
Port (*with a deep groan*). Oh!

[*At this point* CHAMPAGNE, *who has been in a state of ferment under the sideboard, can restrain itself no longer, and* avec explosion, *as the French say, blows its head to atoms.* CLARET *sheds its last drop at the same moment, and a servant entering, takes* PORT *and* SHERRY, *who are near the end of their existence, tenderly in each hand, joins them together in "Matrimony," and the Drama ends.*

THE ARMS OF LOLA MONTES.

"BAVARIA.—MUNICH, AUG. 27.—LOLA MONTES' HERALDIC HONOURS.—The following royal ordonnance has just been published:—'We, LEWIS, KING OF BAVARIA, &c., hereby notify and make known that we have resolved to raise to the dignity of COUNTESS OF LANDSFELD, MARIA VON PARRIS AND MONTEZ, of noble Spanish descent. It is our desire also that she make use of the following escutcheon. In the first field, red, an upright white sword (*aufrecht stehendes blankes schwert*) with golden handle; in the second, blue, a golden-crowned lion rampant; in the third, likewise blue, a silver dolphin; and in the fourth, white, a pale red rose.'"

THE armorial bearings of the new COUNTESS OF LANDSFELD, the ex-*coryphée* of Her Majesty's Theatre, have been designed, but we think they are hardly so appropriate as they might have been. We have therefore made some slight modifications of the original, which we hope will prove satisfactory. In the first shield we have substituted for a white sword a parasol, which has been the weapon LOLA MONTES was in the habit of using to defend herself. When she was put up, her parasol was always put up at the same time, and in fact it has been the implement she has generally used in attacking her enemies. In the second shield a lion is most egregiously out of place, when it is proverbial that a bull-dog has figured in almost all the achievements of the noble *danseuse;* and the armorial bearings of the heroine ought not to be divested of that faithful animal.



The golden crown is easily represented by the golden collar, which is a far more significant emblem than the one originally devised. The golden link thrown upon the brow of royalty, is far better characterised by a collar than by a crown; and thus far our heraldry is much to be preferred to that of Bavaria.

In the third shield a silver dolphin is far from being significant; and we can have no hesitation in putting a flat-fish to supply its place. If a crown is placed on the head of the flat-fish, the symbol is quite complete. The fourth shield in the original escutcheon of LOLA, is a pale red rose; but this is too allegorical, and a rouge-pot, which we propose instead, comes down to the real thing at once. The royal ordonnance which bestows these insignia of nobility on LOLA, contains an order to every one to uphold her dignity under pain of the royal displeasure. It is a good joke to call upon others to uphold the dignity of one who is always at some freak or other to lower herself.

There is an old saying, that rank without dignity is nothing more than a tin kettle tied to a dog's tail; and we fear that LOLA's bull-dog is subjected to this treatment when his mistress is made a Countess, but acts in such a manner as to require that she shall be continually called to account.

PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF THE MULLIGANS," "PILOT," &c.

THE KING OF FRANCE was walking on the terrace of Versailles; the fairest, not only of Queens, but of women, hung fondly on the Royal arm; while the children of France were indulging in their infantile hilarity in the alleys of the magnificent garden of LE NOTRE (from which NIBLO's garden has been copied, in our own Empire city of New York), and playing at leap-frog with their uncle, the COUNT OF PROVENCE; gaudy courtiers, emblazoned with orders, glittered in the groves, and murmured frivolous talk in the ears of high-bred beauty.

"MARIE, my beloved," said the ruler of France, taking out his watch, "'tis time that the Minister of America should be here."

"Your Majesty should know the time," replied MARIE ANTOINETTE, archly, and in an Austrian accent; "is not my Royal LOUIS the first watchmaker in his empire?"

The King cast a pleased glance at his repeater, and kissed with courtly grace the fair hand of her who had made him the compliment.

"My Lord Bishop of Autun," said he to Monsieur de Talleyrand Perigord, who followed the royal pair, in his quality of Arch-Chamberlain of the Empire, "I pray you look through the gardens, and tell His Excellency Doctor Franklin that the King waits." The Bishop ran off, with more than youthful agility, to seek the United States Minister. "These Republicans," he added, confidentially, and with something of a supercilious look, "are but rude courtiers, methinks."

"Nay," interposed the lovely Antoinette, "rude courtiers, Sire, they may be; but the world boasts not of more accomplished gentlemen. I have seen no grandee of Versailles that has the noble bearing of this American Envoy and his suite. They have the refinement of the Old World, with all the simple elegance of the New. Though they have perfect dignity of manner, they have an engaging modesty which I have never seen equalled by the best of the proud English nobles with whom they wage war. I am told they speak their very language with a grace which the haughty Islanders who oppress them never attained. They are independent, yet never insolent; elegant, yet always respectful; and brave, but not in the least boastful."

"What! savages and all, Marie?" exclaimed Louis, laughing, and chucking the lovely Queen playfully under the Royal chin. "But here comes Doctor Franklin, and your friend the Cacique, with him." In fact, as the monarch spoke, the Minister of the United States made his appearance, followed by a gigantic warrior in the garb of his native woods.

Knowing his place as Minister of a sovereign State (yielding even then in dignity to none, as it surpasses all now in dignity, in valour, in honesty, in strength, and civilisation), the Doctor nodded to the Queen of France, but kept his hat on as he faced the French monarch, and did not cease whittling the cane he carried in his hand.

"I was waiting for you, Sir," the king said peevishly, in spite of the alarmed pressure which the Queen gave his royal arm.

"The business of the Republic, Sire, must take precedence even of your Majesty's wishes," replied Dr. Franklin. "When I was a poor printer's boy, and ran errands, no lad could be more punctual than poor Ben Franklin; but all other things must yield to the service of the United States of North America. I have done. What would you, Sire?" and the intrepid Republican eyed the monarch with a serene and easy dignity which made the descendant of St. Louis feel ill at ease.

"I wished to—to say farewell to Tatua before his departure," said Louis XVI., looking rather awkward. "Approach, Tatua." And the gigantic Indian strode up, and stood undaunted before the first magistrate of the French nation: again the feeble monarch quailed before the terrible simplicity of the glance of the denizen of the primæval forests.

The redoubted Chief of the Nose-ring Indians was decorated in his war-paint, and in his top-knot was a peacock's feather, which had been given him out of the head-dress of the beautiful Princess of Lamballe. His nose, from which hung the ornament from which his ferocious tribe took its designation, was painted a light-blue, a circle of green and orange was drawn round each eye, while serpentine stripes of black, white, and vermilion alternately were smeared on his forehead, and descended over his cheek bones to his chin. His manly chest was similarly tattooed and painted, and round his brawny neck and arms hung innumerable bracelets and necklaces of human teeth, extracted (one only from each skull) from the jaws of those who had fallen by the terrible tomahawk at his girdle. His mocassins, and his blanket, which was draped on his arm, and fell in picturesque folds to his feet, were fringed with tufts of hair—the black, the grey, the auburn, the golden ringlet of beauty, the red lock from the forehead of the Scottish or the Northern soldier, the snowy tress of extreme old age, the flaxen down of infancy—all were there, dreadful reminiscences of the chief's triumphs in war. The warrior leaned on his enormous rifle, and faced the king.

"And it was with that carabine that you shot Wolfe in '57?" said Louis, eyeing the warrior and his weapon. "'Tis a clumsy lock, and methinks I could mend it," he added mentally.

"The Chief of the French pale faces speaks truth," Tatua said. "Tatua was a boy when he went first on the war path with Montcalm."

"And shot a Wolfe at the first fire!" said the king.

"The English are braves, though their faces are white," replied the Indian. "Tatua shot the raging Wolfe of the English; but the other wolves caused the foxes to go to earth." A smile played round Dr. Franklin's lips, as he whittled his cane with more vigour than ever.

"I believe, your Excellency, Tatua has done good service elsewhere than at Quebec," the King said, appealing to the American Envoy; "at Bunker's Hill, at Brandywine, at York Island? Now that Lafayette and my brave Frenchmen are among you, your Excellency need have no fear but that the war will finish quickly—yes, yes, it will finish quickly. They will teach you discipline, and the way to conquer."

"King Louis of France," said the Envoy, clapping his hat down over his head, and putting his arms a-kimbo, "we have learned that from the British, to whom we are superior in everything: and I'd have your Majesty to know, that in the art of whipping the world, we have no need of any French lessons. If your reglars jines General Washington, 'tis to larn from *him* how Britishers are licked, for I'm blest if *yu* know the way yet."

Tatua said, "Ugh," and gave a rattle with the butt of his carabine, which made the timid monarch start; the eyes of the lovely Antoinette flashed fire, but it played round the head of the dauntless American Envoy harmless as the lightning which he knew how to conjure away.

The King fumbled in his pocket, and pulled out a Cross of the Order of the Bath. "Your Excellency wears no honour," the monarch said; "but Tatua, who is not a subject, only an ally of the United States, may. Noble Tatua, I appoint you Knight Companion of my noble Order of the Bath. Wear this cross upon your breast in memory of Louis of France;" and the King held out the decoration to the Chief.

Up to that moment the Chief's countenance had been impassible. No look either of admiration or dislike had appeared upon that grim and war-painted visage. But now, as Louis spoke, Tatua's face assumed a glance of ineffable scorn, as, bending his head, he took the bauble.

"I will give it to one of my squaws," he said. "The papooses in my lodge will play with it. Come, Medecine, Tatua will go and drink fire-water;" and, shouldering his carabine, he turned his broad back without ceremony upon the monarch and his train, and disappeared down one of the walks of the garden. Franklin found him when his own interview with the French Chief Magistrate was over, being attracted to the spot where the Chief was, by the crack of his well-known rifle. He was laughing in his quiet way. He had shot the Colonel of the Swiss Guards through his cockade.

Three days afterwards, as the gallant frigate, the *Repudiator*, was sailing out of Brest Harbour, the gigantic form of an Indian might be seen standing on the binnacle in conversation with Commodore Bowie, the commander of the noble ship. It was Tatua, the Chief of the Nose-rings.

Russell on Pensions.

Doctor Chalmers died worth at least £10,000; such sum having been given by Mr. Constable for the Doctor's manuscripts. This very circumstance will sufficiently explain the anxiety of Lord John Russell, who, with hot haste, pensioned the Doctor's widow at the rate of £200 a year. Now, we have no doubt that, could Mr. Sheridan Knowles convince his Lordship that he, the poet, would quit this world, leaving to Mrs. Knowles MSS. worth £20,000, his Lordship would instantly place him on the list, not for a paltry one hundred, but for four. It is so pleasant to gild the gold of divinity—so proper to neglect the threadbareness of the poet.

CURIOSITIES OF ADVERTISING.

We are every day more and more startled at the extraordinary things people either want or have got to dispose of. A few days ago the *Times* contained a request "for a Reasonable House," from which it would appear that the advertiser, not satisfied with "sermons in stones," wished for "discourse of reason" in bricks and mortar. In the same paper of Thursday we find this announcement of an apparently capricious act of tyranny on the part of the police:—"Found in the possession of a youth, supposed to be stolen, and who will be further examined at Guildhall on Monday next, six silk pocket-handkerchiefs." As in this case the unfortunate young man is supposed to be stolen, and not the handkerchiefs, he seems a fitter subject for sympathy than for detention at the Police Station, from which the advertisement is dated.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

It is alleged by our friend Rumour, that considerable difficulties will occur in forming the Italian Opera Companies for next season, owing to a determination on the part of each of the *artistes* to imitate our actors, and accept none but the most important character in every Opera produced. Lablache declares he will play *Count Almaviva* in the *Barber of Seville*, and Mario positively declines taking any part in the *Due Foscari* except that of the *Doge;* Alboni has determined to play *Susannah* whenever the *Marriage of Figaro* is presented, or fall (in public estimation) in the attempt; she also refuses to play *Orsini* in *Lucrezia Borgia*, while Grisi represents the heroine. Coletti will, on the same principle, insist on playing *Edgardo* in the *Lucia;* and it is even said that Castellan will take an early opportunity of enacting *Norma*.

If these intentions be persisted in, the existence of Theatrical Intelligence will be no more believed in than the possibility of taking the sense of the House of Commons; and we need scarcely remark, for the sake of a stupid pun, that a vocalist will never again perform for his own benefit. The gentlemen of the press will derive this advantage from the new arrangement—the next time they draw comparisons between the Opera and the "Legitimate Drama" there will be more analogy between the circumstances of the two than can be properly said to exist at present.

Signs of a Severe Winter.—The Statue of the Duke has already put on a coat of verdigris; and Mr. Charles Kean threatens tragedy at the Haymarket Theatre.

LANDLORD WRONG AND TENANT RIGHT.

"Mr. Punch,

"I really must protest, with your permission, against some most inflammatory and revolutionary observations delivered, according to the *Times*, by the Earl of Stradbroke, in his capacity of Chairman, at the late meeting of the East Suffolk Agricultural Association. His Lordship complained, that—

"'We see vast tracts of land imperfectly cultivated; the farm-buildings dilapidated; the tenantry in an obviously impoverished condition; in short, all betokening neglect.'

"All this, perhaps, is very true; but there was no occasion to mention it—except as the consequence of Protection having been withdrawn from native industry. Not content, however, with stating an unpleasant fact, the Earl of Stradbroke goes on to account for it in the most unpleasant manner. 'The question, then,' he proceeds to say, 'naturally arises, Who is to blame?' The rightly constituted agricultural mind will, of course, reply, The Anti-Corn-Law League, Cobden, Bright, and the Traitor of Tamworth! But the answer of Lord Stradbroke—a nobleman—a Lord Lieutenant of the County—is—would you believe it?—

"'I say, then, that the landlords are the chief culprits; it is the landlords' fault if the farms be not better cultivated.'

"Now, to call landlords culprits, a term which imputes roguery and dishonesty, is very shocking. It is degrading the carriage of the county gentleman to a level with Her Majesty's omnibus. A person who disregards the rights of property is a culprit. What does his Lordship call himself, then, to have uttered such sentiments as the following?—

"'The next question that arises is, as to the mode in which that object may be best attained. My answer is, by granting leases to deserving tenants. That is the only way in which the land can be extensively improved.'

"It is mighty fine to talk of granting leases to tenants. Landlords, in doing so, no doubt would swim with the tide of public opinion, and, like pigs, cut their own throats. Lord Stradbroke would ask us to have the kindness to commit suicide. He talks as if the use of landed property were merely to grow corn and that sort of thing; as if its value did not, in a great measure, depend on the weight which it gives the landlord in the representation of the country. Of that his Lordship would rob us without scruple. Suppose we grant a tenant a lease, and he turns round and votes in opposition to our wishes—what are we to do? A tenant-at-will has, of course, a proper sense of what is due to his landlord. Arm him with a lease, he may poll most objectionably, and, politically speaking, snap his fingers in our faces. Intimidation is tyrannical, but legitimate influence is our just privilege. If we are to preserve that, we can never grant leases. Let not Lord Stradbroke, then, seek to deprive us of the rope which, by prescriptive right, and for constitutional purposes, we hold round the neck of the farmer.

"Your obedient servant, A Landlord."

Chancery out of Town.

During the long vacation, it is usual for the Court of Chancery to be represented by one of its Vice-Chancellors, for the purpose of granting injunctions and attending to other matters of immediate urgency. The learned and ingenious Sir James Wigram is the individual chosen to embody the dignity of the Great Seal; and, having a house near Hertford, he has caused a temporary Court of Chancery to be established in an apartment at the Salisbury Arms, in that town. While beer is being drawn in an adjacent chamber, orders in Chancery are being drawn close at hand, and an occasional request to "draw it mild," addressed to the publican, will sometimes find its way through an open door or window to the ears of the Chancery judge. On one occasion, Sir James, supposing the entreaty to "draw it mild" was intended for himself, peremptorily insisted on the party being brought before him to be committed for contempt, when a servant girl was dragged trembling into his Honour's presence, with a jug in her hand, explaining that she was not there for any measure of justice, but for a pint of half-and-half. If a Queen's Counsel should have to come before Sir James Wigram, the learned advocate, on demanding his right of pre-audience, on account of his being "within the bar," is shown by mistake into the apartment whence the various liquors are supplied.

We really think our learned friend, Sir James Wigram, ought not to be placed in the awkward position of being forced to carry on the Court of Chancery in a public-house, where an elaborate argument may be interrupted by shouts of "We won't go home till morning," and a discussion on a nice point, involving the abatement of a suit for want of parties, is cut short by a cry for "a quartern and three outs." The house had better be fitted up at once for the purpose to which it is devoted, and placards, announcing injunctions at so much per dozen, with equity by the gallon, and justice in your own jugs, would give a characteristic aspect to the exterior of the concern.

GOOD NEWS.

Our very sympathetic contemporary, the *Morning Post*, who shares all the joys and sorrows of the aristocracy every morning, goes off into a little paragraph of rapture at the birth of a son and heir to the Marquis of Bute. Desirous of joining in the pleasures of our amiable contemporary, we have made inquiries about the little stranger, and we are glad to announce that young Bute is such a Butey (Beauty) as was never before seen!

Growth of Free Trade.—The doctrines of Free Trade have taken firm root in England, and it may be expected that the Belgian Congress will produce a vigorous Brussels sprout on the same principles.

PUNCH TO THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

FERDINAND,—I am imperatively called upon to remonstrate with you on your line of policy. It was but the other day, that, in order to quell a revolt in Gallicia,—a portion of your dominions, by the way, which you stole,—you adopted the expedient of exciting class against class, and of bribing the peasants to massacre their nobles. Such a mode of reducing their subjects to order could hardly have been resorted to by a TAMERLANE, or a BAJAZET, or a GREAT MOGUL, of the worst stamp. Scarcely had Europe ceased to ring with execrations on this atrocity, when it appears you attempted another. You are more than suspected of having fomented a conspiracy at Rome, which would also have resulted in wholesale bloodshed, for the mere purpose of interrupting POPE PIUS in a course of reform which you disapprove of.

The last of your extremely reprehensible proceedings is the occupation of Ferrara by your troops—a gross insult to the Papal Crown, and a scandalous invasion of your neighbour's property. You will perhaps throw the blame of this outrage on your Minister, METTERNICH; but, as a despotic monarch, you are responsible for your servants' acts. You are not a constitutional sovereign, and you not only can do wrong, but a great deal of it, as your late conduct has abundantly proved.

POPE PIUS never struck you; therefore you were not justified in striking him. You are physically a greater prince than he is, though mentally much his inferior. Your behaviour towards him, therefore, is that of a great stupid bully of a boy, who assaults his smaller, but more clever schoolfellow; and that, I may add, out of envy at his superior abilities. You are acting like a lubberly, cowardly giant, who lays about him in frantic terror, occasioned by a noise which has awakened him. The noise which has frightened you is the cry of "Liberty," which has arisen at Rome, and which you fear may be echoed at Vienna. You have a bad conscience, and you start at every sound.

You have no business in Ferrara whatever. I therefore not only protest against your occupation of that place, but request you to get out of it without delay. If you do not, I give you notice that I shall make arrangements to smash you, independently of those which will be entered into by PALMERSTON. I have made up my mind to take PIUS's part; so I tell you, you had better leave him alone.

Unless, therefore, FERDINAND, you wish to be nailed to my counter, as I serve all bad sovereigns, you will retrace your steps, and commence that movement by backing with all speed out of Ferrara. Thus much to your unscrupulous and overbearing Majesty, from

PUNCH.

Given at our Office, Fleet-street, in our Court of St. Bride's, September 25th, 1847.

HIEROGLYPHIC FOR 1847.

Shakspeare in the City of London.

REALLY, *Orson* is "endowed with reason!" SIR PETER LAURIE has proposed to the Court of Common Council to erect a statue to SHAKSPEARE. SIR PETER has just come from Scotland, where—having seen SCOTT's statue—he has been infected with admiration for poetry. Enthusiasm is catching. We trust the Common Council will erect a monument to SHAKSPEARE; not a statue only, but a theatre in the City, where SHAKSPEARE may be acted. A grant from the civic Court, devoted to the honour of the Swan of Avon, would be quite as seemly as money spent by the Aldermen on the Swans of Battersea and Richmond.

JENNY LIND'S GENEALOGY.

THE various places through which JENNY LIND has been passing, have been trying to claim her as a descendant from some of their families; and she has been pronounced to be of Scotch extraction by the Caledonians, who are famous for their extraction of everything from which an extract can possibly be made. We have tried the puzzle in every way, and stated the case to ourselves by saying "As one prima donna is to the city of Edinburgh, so is JENNY LIND;" but, work it as we may, we have been unable to arrive at any satisfactory result. Upon looking at the question impartially, we think Lynn, in Norfolk, is the town that may, with the greatest show of reason, claim JENNY LIND as its own; and the invitation of the BISHOP OF NORWICH to the Nightingale corroborates this view of the affair.

It may not be generally known that Bedford Row and Bedfordshire dispute with great bitterness for the honour of having given birth to MR. PAUL BEDFORD, of the Theatre Royal, Adelphi; and Wallachia makes pretensions to the WALLACK family, who one and all deny the connection; while there are no less than six-and-twenty Smith Streets, Great and Little, all quarrelling for the possession of the boyhood or babyhood of MR. O. SMITH. Hicks's Hall professes a close relationship with MR. HICKS, of the Royal Victoria Theatre; and MR. SAVILLE, the recognised tragedian, &c. &c., gets twenty letters a week, requesting him to point out his birth-place in Saville Row.

Many of these ingenious theories are about as near the truth as that which endeavours to make a Scotchwoman of JENNY LIND. They might as well attempt to make GARDONI an Irishman, named O'GRADY, and that TAGLIONI is the daughter of the coachman who used to drive the Tally Ho!

DUCAL SHOWMAN.

ACCORDING to the *Perthshire Advertiser*, the DUKE OF ATHOL charges for the exhibition of Dunkeld, 2*s.* 6*d.* for one person, 3*s.* for two, and a shilling a head for any greater number. These charges, however, do not include a view of His Grace himself. This is a pity; for the Duke must be a positive curiosity, his conduct in closing Glen Tilt proving him to be, even below TOM THUMB, the very smallest of men.

Cheering News for Families.

IN the event of another murder taking place—may the day be long distant!—it is, we understand, the intention of certain spirited proprietors, who address their illustrated newspapers to the minds and bosoms of families, to print in the scene of the murder all "the traces of blood" in *red ink!*

THOSE BRUTES—THE MEN!

A HUSBAND has lately been charged with attempting to poison his wife with snuff and beer. We have heard many wives complain of attempts on the part of their husbands to poison them with cigars and gin-and-water.

TOM THUMB'S METALS.

A *New York* paper assures us that the money paid to see TOM THUMB amounts to 3678 pounds of gold. "Never," says MR. BARNUM, "never was there such a transmutation of metals! Such a mountain of gold from such a heap of brass."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25th, 1847.

SHAKSPEARE'S HOUSE.—MULBERRY COLLEGE.

THE bargain is completed; SHAKSPEARE'S House is purchased for the people; although the people—let them understand this much—have not yet paid down all the cash for it; there being required about £2000 more than, at the present writing, is in the hands of the treasurer. Nevertheless, when it is known that so many of the nobility and gentry merely kept back their subscriptions in the reasonable fear that, by pouring in their hundreds and fifties before the sale took place, they would only whet the appetite of the trustees for a larger demand,—an immense and instant influx of bank cheques may be expected. We really begin to sympathise with MR. PETER CUNNINGHAM, treasurer, who must be aided and strengthened in his duties by at least half-a-dozen clerks. For, having secured the House, we must now, so to speak it, endow it. Good LORD MORPETH—who, we doubt not, studies his *Punch*—suggested, a few days since, at Sheffield, that SHAKSPEARE'S House should have a resident poetic priest. *Punch* originated the notion weeks ago, and at the same time suggested that SHERIDAN KNOWLES should be the bard appointed. LORD MORPETH refused to purchase the House—the tenement "being more the property of the nation than the Government." We never very clearly understood the distinction; inasmuch as the taxes are, if we mistake not, the property of the nation. At the same time his Lordship assured us that the good folks, the official Hamadryads of the Woods and Forests—would take care of SHAKSPEARE'S House for the people, if the people would only purchase it. Well, will LORD MORPETH enter into a compact with the nation? The people having bought the House, will the Government furnish it? And we will here loosely set down what we mean by furniture; reserving for a future time a more studied consideration of our plan.

HER MAJESTY—it is now acknowledged throughout all the empire—is the nursing-mother of Letters and the Arts. Only a week or two ago she graciously sent ten pounds to an obscure Scotch historian for having lived about ninety years in this vale of smiles and tears. People remotely attached to letters have been pensioned. The writing-master of Royalty enjoys £100 per annum for the graceful "*Victoria Regina*" which flows from the royal fingers. One hundred pounds per annum—a sum fully equal, in the mind of the Prime Minister, to the merits of our first dramatist; for, of course, to teach the writing of the name *Victoria*, is a much nobler development of mind than to write the play *Virginius*. Be this as it may, the House of SHAKSPEARE being placed at the disposal of the Government, will the Government attach to it a Literary Chapter? Why should there not be the Order of the Mulberries? We have Knights of the Thistle, why not Knights of the Mulberry Tree? Say, that we have a dozen knights to begin with, just to give the experiment a chance; for in a matter of literary enthusiasm, LORD JOHN—as the author of *Don Carlos*—may naturally like to be upon the safe side. A dozen knights who have shed their best ink in the service of their country and humanity at large, may be provided for at the rate of £200 per annum each. This will cost the country £2400 a year. But this is not the only expense. This we state plainly, as we wish to deal fairly with all people, and with HER MAJESTY'S Ministers in particular.

We further propose that some of the property surrounding the House be purchased and straightway demolished. That MR. BARRY be immediately empowered to draw out the plans of Mulberry College in the true Elizabethan style, and that the building—the plan approved—be immediately set about. We are very sure that PRINCE ALBERT will be only too happy to lay the first stone, if, indeed, the honour be not engrossed by HER MAJESTY herself. ELIZABETH smiled upon the living Poet—her smiles, by the way, were easily coined, cost nothing, and thus were generously dispensed—and VICTORIA, the ELIZABETH of Peace, may take pleasure to herself thus to honour the memory of the Bard.

As we wish to be liberal in our estimate, we will say that £10,000 may be required for the purchase of the old houses, and the erection of the new building of Mulberry College, an edifice that shall stand as a continual honour to SHAKSPEARE; that shall give ease and "retired leisure" to the lay priests of Poetry. Can the Government refuse such an outlay? We are convinced that if even the royal horses at Windsor could be made to understand the question, even they—brute beasts as they are—would neigh a loud assent, reflecting, as they would reflect, that to stable the quadrupeds selves cost their country not ten thousand pounds, but seven times ten. We already see MR. HUME impatiently vibrating on his seat in the Commons; anxious to rise and perhaps to move that the £10,000 be made £20,000. But no, JOSEPH: we do not ask it.

We are not yet fully prepared with our plan of Mulberry College; but we pledge ourselves to have matured it by the time that LORD JOHN has written HER MAJESTY'S Parliamentary Speech. We think we would have a costume for the Collegians,—something Shakspearean; something after the bust of the Poet in the Church; though, of course, we do not stickle that members with a profusion of hair, should shave the brow and temples for genius. And as Cardinals, on their election to the Papacy, choose a name,—so would we have every Collegian take a title to himself, from the works of SHAKSPEARE. Thus, we would have Brother *Falstaff*, Brother *Touchstone*, Brother *Macbeth*, or Brother *Wolsey*. The duties of the Collegians are yet to be defined; but they should all be in harmony with the great purpose; to do honour to the World's Poet, and to diffuse Shakspeareanity throughout all classes.

We cannot, however, conclude this article without expressing our great regret that the sale of SHAKSPEARE'S House was not, after all, more fairly conducted. Enthusiasm should have its bounds. We allude with considerable pain to the treatment of MR. GEORGE JONES. That gentleman, it was well known, would attend the Auction Mart with his cheque-book, to buy the House for the people of England, and his own country residence. Besides making this very handsome bid—namely, bidding MR. ROBINS good-morning—MR. JONES was prepared to offer, we are afraid to say, how many thousand pounds. This was known to some of the gentlemen (for the present we suppress their names) of the Joint Committees; who, waylaying MR. JONES on his road to the Auction Mart, deluded him into BIRCH'S by a flattering invitation to a basin of real turtle; with a further promise to hear all his *Oration* on the genius of SHAKSPEARE, as, they said, a new zest, a whet to their enthusiasm, as the bidding should proceed. MR. JONES (further deceived by a declaration that the sale was postponed until the hour of three) yielded to the turtle, and sent a porter with a knot for a copy of the *Oration*. We approach the end of this painful narrative. At two o'clock, MR. JONES was discovered in a profound sleep by one of BIRCH'S waiters; the members of the Committee having decamped to secure their prize. The waiter looking at MR. JONES—and then applying his nose to a pint decanter on the table, dashed with sherry,—shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, and quietly observed, "Hocussed."

For the honour of our country, we should have wished to suppress this story; but as we know it will go forth to America, we choose ourselves to be the narrators of it.

We blush for our countrymen, but we have nevertheless—it is not an uncommon case—comfort in our blushes. Mulberry College must, of course, have a beadle. Let that beadle be MR. GEORGE JONES.

The Queen's Aviary.

THE QUEEN, during her absence from Windsor, very handsomely threw open her poultry-yard to the British public. But the old proverb, we are sorry to record it, did not hold—birds of a feather did not flock together. The golden pheasants scarcely escaped with their tails,—and the silver ditto were hardly left a feather to fly with. Some of the spectators declared certain birds "such ducks," that they were in imminent danger of sage and onions; and as a climax, among the Chinese peacocks were discovered, by the keepers, black-legs from St. James's.

LITERARY FAME.

AN author, dwelling at a bootmaker's in the Haymarket—an advocate, no doubt, of the early closing movement,—advertises to write poems, tales, leaders, sermons, &c. for anybody, with "*secrecy*." We have no doubt he will keep his word. His terms, however, remind us of a Gardener's Catalogue, in which laurels are priced "at so much per hundred."

THE MEDIÆVAL MANIA.

Somebody says that the history of a country is to be read in its monuments: if by monuments are meant works of art; and if our history is to be read in those, we shall be treated by posterity as persons who lived in the Middle Ages, for everything around us partakes of the mediæval character. The speeches of our statesmen, to be in conformity with the decorations of our public buildings should be translated into mediæval jargon, and a speech of Sir R. Peel should be something in the following fashion:—

"By my thwackins, Mr. Speaker! but if corn goes up, why, Gramercy! rents go down; and then, ifecks, what becomes of our landlords? Body o' me! but the honourable member who last spoke is ryghte merrie at ye expense of ye farmers; but by ourre ladie we must look to our colonies, or, by the mass, we shall lose them. 'Tis true that Master Russell has given me grace, and speaks like an honest gentleman; but marry, come up, where will be the end on't?"

This is the sort of thing that will be attributed to us in the present day, if our monuments are to guide posterity in forming an estimate of our peculiarities. As individuals are sometimes said to be old men before they are young ones, so we are rendered by our artists a middle-aged generation even in our earliest infancy.

THEATRICAL SCANDAL.

The *Herald*, alluding to the death of Charles Taylor, late of Covent Garden Theatre, has the following strange and ignorant remarks. "He was," says the *Herald*, "one of those instances of *prudence* and *foresight* so rarely found among his brethren, having laid aside from his professional earnings sufficient to support him in ease and respectability during his later years!" Prudence and foresight rarely found! Why, the green-room is at this very moment crammed with millionaires. There was a time, to be sure, when the actor was poor and picturesque; but the improved actors of our day are bursting with money. We wish to create no prejudice against the brotherhood, certainly not; but it is our conscientious belief—and therefore we must express it—that the present scarcity of gold arises from the monopoly of the precious metals by London players. It is well known, for instance, that Mr. W. Farren narrowly escaped the late election for the Deputy-Governorship of the Bank of England. Two-thirds of the London Docks have just been purchased by T. P. Cooke—and John Cooper himself, having purchased all the shares of the New Company for the protection of the river Thames from fire, is compelled for a while to leave the stage, to attend to the gigantic speculation.

The Most Distressing Failure of All.

We regret to state that the house, or rather the attic, of Mr. Dunup has suspended its payments. We have seen a statement of the liabilities, which are not large, though rather numerous. Mr. Dunup's paper was in the hands of his newsmen, by whom it had been held as a security for a debt, ever since it came into his hands, for binding. Mr. Dunup's largest creditor—his laundress—holds security, in the shape of two shirts; but the realisation of this security cannot be effected in the present state of the market—Rag Fair—without a sacrifice. Mr. Dunup's credit had been a good deal shaken lately by his knocker, which has been going incessantly for the last fortnight. A creditor had it in his hands when the suspension of payment was announced—through the letter-box. Mr. Dunup assigns "the state of matters in the city" as the primary cause of his failure, but he complains bitterly of the general want of confidence. He has announced to his creditors a hope that he shall soon be enabled "to resume;" but they say, they "hope he will not," and ask what is the use of his "resuming," when his goings on hitherto have ended in the present predicament? Mr. Dunup's affairs will be easily wound up, for his watch is understood to be the only thing he has got remaining.

DEAFNESS IN THE CITY.

A book has been published by a Mr. Yearsley under the title of "Deafness Practically Illustrated." We do not happen to have read Mr. Yearsley's book, so that we do not know what he considers to be a practical illustration of Deafness; but we suppose that he would regard, as something of that sort, the inability to hear the loudest possible noise. Accordingly, we defy Mr. Yearsley, or any one else, to produce a more practical and more signal illustration of deafness than that presented by the Corporation of London. The Mayor and Aldermen are utterly insensible even to the tremendous outcry that has been raised against Smithfield Market. There must be something in the air of the City which deadens the auditory—and, we may add, the olfactory—nerves. The Mayor and the Aldermen can neither be led by the ears nor the noses to reform their Smithfield, and their shambles, and their sewers. They are, however, only deaf north-west: they know a dinner-bell from a drum. Nevertheless, they are undoubtedly the deafest of living mortals: since it is acknowledged that none are so deaf as those that will not hear. They are utterly beyond the power of any Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear; except an institution of that nature, which we hope will in a few months be in operation at St. Stephen's. Nothing short of the omnipotence of an Act of Parliament will ever make them listen to reason.

DISTINCTIONS OF THE PRESS.

A FRENCH journalist has two great chances. He may either become a Prime Minister or an inmate of a Government prison. Write in favour of LOUIS-PHILIPPE, and you will soon have a *fauteuil* at his Cabinet Council. Write against the glorious Government of July, and you may rely, with the greatest certainty, upon being provided with a *suite* of apartments—one room and the use of the court-yard—at *Bicêtre*. It would be curious to calculate the average of the two chances. We are afraid the proportion is about 100 to 1. There cannot be less than a hundred press *détenus* in France to every THIERS. We manage these things much better in England; for if an Editor does not become a SIR ROBERT PEEL—and we confess we would not, for all the abuse of the Protectionists, change places with him—at all events he escapes being escorted, every other week, to a private cell at the Penitentiary.

An English journalist, it is true, has one great chance. He writes for a number of years; he influences public opinion; he exposes swindles; analyses the most plausible schemes; gives warning of a panic, or restores confidence when most needed; and his great chance is, if he has extraordinary talent, perseverance, and industry—to remain unknown! We ask you, reader, if you happen to know the name of a single journalist in England? We only know one, and that is LORD PALMERSTON, who had the reputation, in the French papers, at one time, of writing every article that appeared in every English paper against France. The collection, by the bye, of "PALMERSTON'S *Leaders under Five-and-twenty Administrations*," would not make a bad series. It would not only prove his Lordship's immense versatility of talent, but would also establish the new fact, that "a man who has written for the papers" is not necessarily considered unworthy to be employed by the British Government. The precedent will not be a bad one, providing it is not accompanied by the French extreme. We should have no particular desire to be introduced to Downing Street, if we had to walk through Bridewell first.

THE STATE OF THE TEMPLE.

NOTHING can exceed the awful state of confusion into which the Temple has lately been thrown, by the invasion of a rude horde of whitewashers and bricklayers. Not a staircase can now be scaled without scaling a ladder on the landing, and it is impossible to get into the hall of the legal precincts without tumbling over a pail of whitening. The long vacation, which causes the vacating of the chambers to a considerable extent, has been selected as the time for the knights of the hod to make themselves masters of the staircases. To those living in town, the constant stepping into vast heaps of mortar is exceedingly mortar-fying.

The scene in Paper Buildings, at the end of King's Bench Walk, is truly alarming, for the houses are being pulled literally about the ears of the wretched clerks of the Outlawry Writ and Rule Office. The suitor going into the last-named for a rule, will probably get a six-foot rule in his eye; and the client contemplating outlawry, gets suddenly detained within the office by a *ne exeat*, in the shape of a pile of bricks or a scaffold. Every now and then, the tumbling in of a lot of lathe and plaster, on the desks and the heads of the clerks, will remind all present, that in matters of law, coming down with the dust is imperative. The respected Treasurer is the only person who finds any difficulty under this head, for he finds it much easier to collect himself than to collect the dust which the Templars are required to come down with in the shape of Income Tax. The porters fly in terror and confusion from their favourite haunts; for the wall of Paper Buildings, under whose shade they often sang old songs or make old jokes, is being levelled with the earth.

HEAVEN-BORN SMUGGLERS.

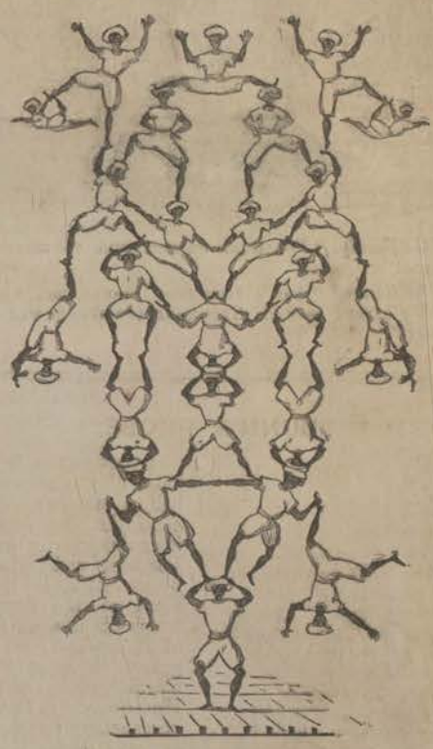
AT the Brussels gathering, DOCTOR BOWRING spoke very cheeringly of the great amount of trade done by smugglers, who—according to his unquestionable authority—"were in some respects envoys from heaven, for he did not know what would become of the world without them." Thus considered, we are to look at *Will Watch* in a somewhat seraphic light; and are to concede the great truth, that—

"To tax is human—to smuggle is divine!"

French Liberty of the Press.

THE printers of Paris are, it seems, in the habit of dining together every autumn, possibly that they may celebrate the liberty of the press, assured to them by the paternal kindness of LOUIS-PHILIPPE, who owes his throne to the type that Charles the Tenth scattered in the streets of Paris—the CADMUS letters that, better than pebbles, produced the armed men.—This autumn, the dinner was prevented by the police. Printers are, it seems, even dangerous when they dine. Soldiers were in attendance, ordered "to enforce, if necessary, the injunctions of the authorities,"—such injunctions to be very stiffly punctuated with bayonets. The muskets of the soldiers were loaded with ball; but the printers, on separating, had the consolation to know that such metal, with all its mischief, may still be beaten by the metal in their cases. The printers' first letters were of wood, which, we are told, were afterwards carved into drinking-cups and used at solemn festivals. LOUIS-PHILIPPE, could he have his way, would doubtless very differently apply the metal A. B. C. of our times,—casting the whole alphabet into bullets.

It is said, however, in extenuation of the conduct of LOUIS-PHILIPPE, in the threatened typographical dinner, that his Majesty was informed by his secret police that—(how the intelligence was obtained, printers' devils only know)—the banquet would be attended by the ghosts of all the journals murdered by his own hand. The excitement feared by such an advent, compelled his Majesty to distribute the compositors.



WHAT THE ARABS NEVER DID DO.

"Your Praise is Censure," &c.

THE Chartists of Wakefield have just voted an address to the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, in which they profess to entertain the highest feelings of admiration towards him. Many persons have expressed their astonishment that a High Tory should be complimented by a set, as the Duke would call them, of low Radicals; and it has been truly said that the presentation will occasion a fresh instance of extremes meeting. For our part, we look upon this mark of approbation as a pleasing ebullition of gratitude for the kind manner in which the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE has advocated Torvism, and we cannot let this opportunity pass without reminding the Free Traders that it would be only just to adopt a similar vote of thanks to the *Herald* as some slight return for its arguments in favour of Protection.

A POOR POET'S WISH.—"Oh! that a sovereign, like a piece of scandal, would grow bigger every time it circulated!"

DOMESTIC BLISS.

Head of the Family. "FOR WHAT WE ARE GOING TO RECEIVE, MAKE US TRULY THANKFUL.—HEM! COLD MUTTON AGAIN!"

Wife of the Bussum. "AND A VERY GOOD DINNER TOO, ALEXANDER. *SOMEBODY* MUST BE ECONOMICAL. *PEOPLE* CAN'T EXPECT TO HAVE *RICHMOND* AND *GREENWICH* DINNERS OUT OF THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPING MONEY *I* HAVE."

THE BATTLE OF THE SHOP-YARD.

THE linendrapers, it seems, are at sixes and sevens, or, to speak more correctly, at thirty-sixes and thirty-sevens. "The question," says the *Morning Chronicle*, "first arose from a desire of a few of the retail dealers to obtain from the wholesale houses thirty-seven inches to the yard, without, however, intending to allow the public more than the regular thirty-six inches. In the course of this dispute certain extensive frauds have been detected." It turns out that reels of cotton from several wholesale houses, "warranted 100 yards," were found to measure from 92½ to 86½; and in some cases less. "Nine yard lengths" of tape also were found deficient by a trifle of two or three yards. Additional samples of the honesty of the wholesale houses were presented in other goods. Notwithstanding our love of peace and concord, we are glad to see the haberdashers at variance. This quarrel will no doubt verify a well-known adage; and now that the linendrapers have fallen out, we may expect that the public will come by its own.

Caution.

WE, the undersigned, hereby give notice, that we will not be answerable for any liberal notions our respective subjects may contract.

(*Signed*)

FERDINAND, King of Naples and Sicily.
CHARLES LOUIS, Grand Duke of Lucca.
MARIA LOUISA, Grand Duchess of Parma.
FRANCIS, Grand Duke of Modena.

BUNN'S PROSE.

LET us confess the fact! Yes, we have, after due consideration—half a minute's,—come to the conclusion that BUNN's prose is, if anything, better than his poetry. His latest and perhaps most elaborate work, is the advertisement of the Surrey Theatre, which displays all the terseness of MOSES AND SON, with the elegance of ROWLAND, and the magniloquence of PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY. In fact BUNN beats HOLLOWAY completely hollow, and will render ROWLAND positively furioso, by the superiority of the Surrey advertisement. MR. BUNN begins by shedding an inky tear over the passing of Drury Lane and Covent Garden into the hands of foreigners. His truly national heart sinks at the thought of the fate of the two national establishments. Of course BUNN will be a true Briton now that he has gone to the Surrey. The removal of the English APOLLO with his cart-load of lyrics, not from "over the way," but from "over the water," is of itself a stirring incident. We cannot expect grammar south of the Strand—by the bye, we didn't always get it to the north—and we therefore will not find fault with the odd jumble of relatives and antecedents, with which BUNN has favoured us.

The Poet will be, perhaps, glad to forget his managerial "antecedents" altogether, now that he has chosen a new field for his enterprise. He tells us, therefore, "that, with the view of submitting to their approbation every variety of attraction, especially all the *popular productions* of his recent management, he begs leave to submit the names of many of the eminent performers who will have the honour of appearing *before them*." The "eminent performers," then, are to appear before the "popular productions." We shall be curious to see how BUNN manages this; but BUNN can manage anything. He next tells us, that the artistes have joined him "at the sacrifice of *every* consideration." This does not say much for himself—but we will not fall out with him here. They have been, perhaps, inconsiderate. We admire the delicacy with which BUNN declines to insult "any gentleman" by an offer of "2*s*. to the Boxes, 1*s*. to the Pit, and 6*d*. to the Gallery." Does he mean, then, that he used to insult the British Press and others at Drury Lane, with offers of 7*s*. to the Boxes, 3*s*. to the Pit, and 1*s*. to the Gallery, or that an additional shilling or two to an offer of "small change" takes it out of the category of insults? Amidst the tremendous arrangements, and as part of the phalanx, we find that MR. J. FIELD remains with MR. BUNN as first Hunter, and that MR. TYLER has given in his allegiance to the Poet as first Noble, in the *Bohemian Girl*.

The proclamation, which is really an important theatrical state paper, concludes with the announcement that "a distinct entrance to the private boxes (which have been refitted) has been made, and may be had nightly of all the principal librarians." Mark, it is "the distinct entrance," not the "private boxes," that "may be had nightly of all the principal librarians." We really congratulate the Poet on having got at last to a theatre thoroughly worthy of his muse and his management. We are sure that his poetry will come out as fresh as a lark—and a regular lark it really is—on the Surrey side of the water. We heartily wish him all the success he deserves, and more if the public like to give it him. ELLISTON went from Drury Lane to the Surrey, and made a fortune. May BUNN, who is a little ELLISTON on the scale of an inch to a mile, be equally prosperous!

ADVICE TO FEMALE FELONS.

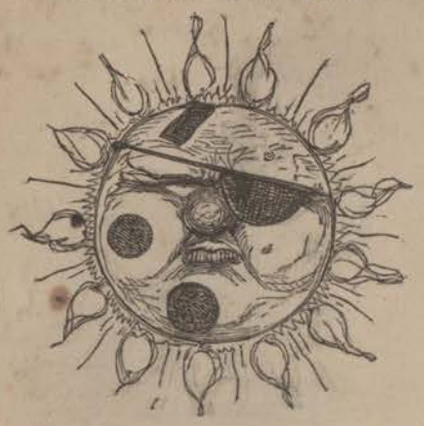
WHEN you steal, steal in handsome clothes. Two ladies—says the *Devonshire Independent*—stole some tea from a grocer, but "they were allowed to depart, with a severe lecture." Had they stolen in rags, they would have departed with a police constable.

THE FAGIN OF FRANCE AFTER CONDEMNATION.

(*Slightly altered from* "OLIVER TWIST.")

"GOOD BOY, D'ASSIS; WELL DONE," HE MUMBLED. "MONTPENSIER, TOO; HA! HA! HA! MONTPENSIER, TOO; QUITE THE GENTLEMAN NOW—" * * "AN OLD MAN, MY LORD; A VERY OLD, OLD MAN!"

SPOTS ON THE SUN.



When snow gets occasional stains upon its reputation, as the poet tells us that it will, we cannot expect our old friend—everybody's old friend—the Sun, to maintain, at all times, a perfectly spotless character. Some one, seeing a sort of rash covering the Sun's disk over, announced, through the papers, the strange disk-over-y. The fact seems to be, that the enormous harvest upon which the Sun has lately been luxuriating has caused a sort of repletion, of which the Sun, by the spots on his face, is giving evidence. The little eruption may, in fact, be compared to a burst of nature, on a smaller scale than usual.

LOOSE LEAVES FROM THE GREAT ITALIAN DRAMA,

THE LIBERTIES OF LUCCA;

OR, THE CROWD, THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE CUTAWAY.

A Tragi-Comedy, in Three Acts.

Place, Lucca; afterwards Modena. Time, 1847.

A change of mind is supposed to take place between each Act.

ACT I.—THE CROWD.

The Piazza before the Palace. Police agents and Sbirri cross the stage, escorting prisoners. The mob are gathered in knots—suppressed excitement.

1*st Mob.* Viva Pio Nono!

2*nd Mob.* Down with the spies! No Austria!

3*rd Mob.* Down with the Police!

[*They gather round and release several prisoners. Struggle, in which the Sbirri are defeated.*

Mob (*together*). "Libertà!" "Viva Pio Nono!" "A Constitution!" "A Constitution!" "A National Guard!"

Enter the troops. They prepare to fire, but think better of it.

(*A cry without*). "The Duke, the Duke!"

Enter Charles Louis de Bourbon, *Grand Duke of Lucca, very much excited, with Members of the Consulta, or Council of State.*

Duke. Per Dio! Corpo di Bacco! Caramba! Potstausend! Bless you, my people! Do go home quietly. (*Murmurs.*) I am your father, *n'est-ce pas?* (*Murmurs increasing.*) What *do* you want? (*Cries of "No spies!" "Down with the Austrians!" "A National Guard!"* &c.) (*Aside to Council.*) Oh, *che briccone!* What's to be done? The revolutionary wretches! (*Aloud.*) My excellent people! (*Increased cries, and rough handling of several Sbirri.*) (*Aside.*) The vagabonds! A National Guard, eh? (*Aside.*) *Mea culpa!* (*Aloud.*) By all means. (*Aside.*) The seditious scoundrels! (*Aloud.*) You shall have it. (*Cries of "Viva il Duca!" "A free Press!"*) A free Press! (*Aside.*) Mercy on us! (*Taking several pinches of snuff.*) (*Aloud.*) Oh, certainly. Quite reasonable. (*Aside.*) The ruffians! (*Increased cries, "Viva Il Duca!" "Release the prisoners!"*) (*Aside to Council.*) Must I? Eh—no help for it? (*Aloud, with great magnanimity.*) Release the prisoners! (*Shouts from the mob.*) (*Aside.*) We shall all have our throats cut.

(*The people begin to chaunt a Te Deum.*)

Duke (*aside to Grand Chamberlain*). Pack up the plate and regalia. (*Aloud.*) My children, your Duke will be a father to you. (*Aside.*) Get post horses. (*Aloud.*) I would reign in your hearts! (*Aside.*) We must be over the frontier in three hours. (*Aloud.*) Farewell, my people. Repose in the Duke, your father—your friend—your benefactor—(*Gradually oozing out of the balcony.*) Bless you, my people! Bless—(*Aside to Chamberlain.*) *Per l'Amor de Dio*—be quick—(*Aside to Consulta*)—To Massa—gentlemen—to Massa!

[*Exit hurriedly. Mob huzzaing. Scene closes.*

ACT II.—THE CONSTITUTION.

Scene I.—*The Ducal Palace at Massa, in the Modenese. The* Duke of Lucca *and the* Duke of Modena *discovered. They appear pale and uncomfortable.*

Lucca. They would have it? What *could* I do? Wait till your faithful people take to the same game!

Modena. Bah!

Lucca. What *am* I to do?

Modena. Go back again!

Lucca. What!—with a National Guard enrolled, and a Constitution brewing!

Modena. You can't stay here.

Lucca. Here's a situation! Oh, that abominable Pio Nono!

Enter a Chamberlain, *announcing* "A Deputation from the Consulta di Lucca!"

Enter the Deputation.

Mazzarosa, President of the Council. We come, your Royal Highness, to implore you to return to your adoring people! The Constitution—

Lucca. Ecco la!

President. Only awaits your royal signature. Your children insist on seeing their father.

Lucca. What a family!

President. If your Highness do not return, we cannot answer for the consequences.

Modena (*aside to* Lucca). Now do go!

Lucca (*aside to* Modena). I couldn't sleep in my bed, within the range of that infernal Constitution. They're explosive!

President. We await the answer of your Royal Highness.

Lucca. My dear Mazzarosa, what am I to do? As a friend, now?

President. Your Highness will use your royal discretion, but I am bound to inform you, if you do not return within the hour—

Lucca (*eagerly*). Well?

President. You may not, probably, have a chance of ever returning at all!

Lucca. Maladetta! And the plate? Have they begun cutting throats yet? Is the palace still safe?

President. All is peace and exultation.

Modena (*aside to* Lucca). I must insist on your leaving this house!

Lucca. Che barbaro! Eh bien, Mazzarosa. I'm ready—but mind, you are answerable for the consequences.

President. I accept the responsibility. Come, Sire.

Lucca (*aside*). *Misericordia!* (*Aloud.*) I hasten, with rapture, to rejoin my adored people!

Modena. Mille grazie! [*Exeunt omnes.*

Scene II.—*The Piazza Grande at Lucca, as in Act I. A grand procession of the entire population of Lucca, including Priests, Women, and Children, with the National Flag of Italy. The* Duke *appears on the balcony, pushed forward by the* Consulta. *The People salute him with acclamations.*

Duke. I grant you every thing.

Mob. Viva!

Duke. A Free Press!

Mob. Viva! Viva!!

Duke. A National Guard!

Mob. Viva! Viva!! Viva!!!

Duke. Release of all the Prisoners!

Mob. Viva! Viva!! Viva!!! Viva!!!!

Duke. Every thing whatever.

Mob. And a Constitution?

Duke groans. And—a—Constitution! (*Aside*) *Perdonatevi ogni santi!* I've done it now. [*Immense excitement. Scene closes.*

ACT III.—THE CUTAWAY.

Scene.—*A Royal Carriage on the road to Milan. The* Duke *solus, with a quantity of plate.*

Duke (*out of front window*). Faster, faster! (*Sinks back on his seat.*) A Constitution! The scoundrels—And they thought I was fool enough to stay in Lucca, with that infernal Constitution! (*Takes a paper out of his pocket.*) Here's a solemn renunciation of every thing I've conceded them in the last three days. I'll send it post from Milan—*Maladetto sia il Pio Nono!* [*Scene closes.*

RAILWAY SIGNALS.

MUCH has been said and written on the necessity for Railway Signals; but to prevent all Signals from being signal failures, care should be taken to render them appropriate. A whistle of itself is well enough, but, having only one sound, it cannot express half-a-dozen different things; and when it wants to say "Go on," or "Stop," it has only one method of conveying both these very opposite directions. We think it would be advisable to substitute musical instruments for the common whistles, and appropriate tunes could then be played, in order to meet the various emergencies of railway travelling. A signal for starting should be conveyed through a trombone, of great power, on which the popular air of "*Off, Off, and Away,*" might be played; or the drum and rattle might be so placed in juxta-position on the engines belonging to trains going different ways, that by giving what musicians call "a grand crash," warning may be given of a collision.

A MARTYR OF SCIENCE.

SCIENCE is evidently no joke in its experimental stages, and unless the pocket keeps pace with the inventive power, a "creative mind" may find itself in a pretty predicament. We observed with much sympathy in the papers the other day the bankruptcy of a *savant*, who had been spending ten pounds sterling per week in beef, for the purpose of trying experiments how it might be kept, and thus the inventive enthusiast, while theorising on the means by which meat could be kept, was showing a practical illustration of the art of losing money. If he had put his beef quietly in salt, like any one else, he would have kept himself out of a pretty pickle.

LONDON GRAVEYARDS.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I AM an undertaker; and, though I say it, perform my funerals with as much seriousness as MR. CHARLES KEAN himself—and I have watched the gentleman pretty close, specially in the churchyard scene—ever played *Hamlet*. Indeed, sir, when MR. KEAN plays the *Prince of Denmark*, I always send a new mute that I may happen to have, into the gallery, that he may set his face for life by the actor's, and so at once learn all the seriousness of his business. But this, however, by the way.

"I have been reading a good deal in the newspapers about the Graveyards of London, where honest people are treated as if they were no better than herrings in a barrel, and buried in the tightest and most disrespectful way. This, the doctors say, is hurtful to health. Well, sir, it isn't for me, as an undertaker, to fall out with the doctors. Certainly not; for of all things in the world, what I hate most is ingratitude.

"Well, sir, the *Morning Post* is in a terrible passion with the owners of Elim Chapel, Fetter Lane, and such places, for over-burying. It says:—

"'These men, out of a regard for their own multiplied gains, after the soil has received as great a burden as it can control, deliberately inter other bodies in the same spot, and not only pile one forbidden corpse, for example, on every twenty that are allowed, but—incredible and appalling fact!—in some cases *as many as twenty forbidden corpses on every one that is allowed.* Where one hundred and thirty-six bodies would have been enough, three thousand have been squeezed into the overpowered bosom of the earth. We are speaking facts; facts that are indeed alike horrible and notorious.'

"This seems to me to be writ in very bad temper: but I'm a tradesman, sir, with an eye to business, and therefore—except when a bill's returned, or anything that shocks one's principles—never fall into a passion.

"What I want to propose to all proprietors of chapels and churches where over-burying is going on is this: that, for a sum to be afterwards agreed upon between us, they'll let me hang my card—in a nice neat mourning frame—in every one of the pews. As the congregation—according to the doctors—is swallowing death with every gulp of air from the church-yard, won't it be a comfort to 'em, as a commercial people, to know at once how they may be cheaply and pleasantly buried?

"Here's the card, sir; a pretty thing with a death's-head and as natural a pair of cross-bones as was ever drawn. The Latin (I had it from a curate) is proper, and may be read by the most timid female.

PETER COFFIN, UNDERTAKER

PERFORMS FUNERALS WITH CHEAPNESS AND IMPARTIALITY.

FOR TERMS AND ADDRESS, APPLY TO THE BEADLE.

Memento Mori!

N.B. An allowance made for a whole family.—Cherubs' heads in every variety.

"Now, sir, I am ready to enter into terms—by the quarter, half-year, or year—for the hanging of the above card (properly framed in black, as I said afore) in any churches or chapels in London where they over-bury—or, in a word, where they bury (in London) at all, and am,

"Waiting your orders,

"Your humble servant,

"PETER COFFIN."

The Lament of Islington Green.

THEY 'RE about to inclose me;
No more shall be seen
The turf that now owes me
Its harshly-used green!
No more upon Broad-way
My sweets I'll bestow,
On Rosamond's Road-way,
And high Hedges Row.

When, with paling and wicket,
They 've shut me in tight,
What becomes of my cricket,
My trap-ball and kite?
True, those who have won keys
By dwelling around,
May, p'rhaps, come—but the donkeys
No more will be found!

I was kind to each neighbour,
And always could spare,
To throats parched with labour,
A mouthful of air;
Now, dress-makers and bakers
Will sigh as they pass,
Who learnt from my acres
The colour of grass.

Though scant was my clover,
And scrubby my gorse,
Thoughts of country would hover
About them, perforce;
Toil's pale sons and daughters,
From squalor set free,
Saw the woods and the waters
Of their childhood in me.

They say Pitch-and-toss sinful
Resorts to my ground;
That here sots, with a skinful,
Reclining are found.
If rogues seek me to fleece men,
Or topers to sleep,
All I want 's two policemen,
My confines to keep.

Though a small lung of London,
I still *am* a lung;
So, before I am undone,
My plaint I have sung.
There are friends who must know, sure,
How useful I 've been;
Let them save from inclosure
Their Islington Green!

PROTECTIONIST STRIKE.

SEVERAL of the young men in the employ of LORD GEORGE BENTINCK have struck for higher wages, as they say it is impossible for them to get through their work, which is not any of the most agreeable, upon their present low rate of remuneration. Accordingly, the Figure-workers and *Hansard*-sifters have turned out, and are expected to be followed shortly by the Speech-refiners. If the latter go, it is expected that the firm of BENTINCK AND CO. must suspend its debates next year, and no little alarm is spread in the neighbourhood of TATTERSALL'S in consequence. The reason assigned by these misguided young men for their behaviour is, that they begin to feel the effects of their work dreadfully, and that they are determined to have the best price for it as long as their mental faculties allow them to remain at it, especially as they have the dreadful fate of the Member for Shrewsbury before their eyes, which warns them not to—

"Work, work, work,
Until the brain grows DIZZY and dim."

It is said that LORD GEORGE has sent to Birmingham a large order for a set of calculating machines.

"An Insult to any Gentleman."

THE Poet BUNN, in his Surrey manifesto, hath these words:—

"The Free List will be altogether done away with, as it would be *an insult* to make any gentleman a present of 2*s.* to the Boxes, 1*s.* to the Pit, and 6*d.* to the Gallery."

The Poet BUNN is a gentleman. Well, upon his own showing, can anybody think of insulting *him* by making *him* "a present of 2*s.* to the Boxes, 1*s.* to the Pit, and 6*d.* to the Gallery?"

JUVENILE ADVERTISERS.

"SOMETHING NEW" in the way of an advertising medium is greatly required. We have piled up advertising-vans nearly to the height of St. Paul's; we have sent out revolving hats of monster dimensions, drawn by a spavined horse; we have dressed up human beings in all sorts of fantastic attire; we have sent wax figures jolting through our streets, in pattern paletots, and in registered wrap-rascals; but no one has yet thought of turning our juveniles to account, by putting them into pictorial pinafores. This plan might be adopted with effect, by giving the garment gratis to the child by whom it is worn; and the advertisement would have more than the usual effect, from its being conveyed to us through the agency of unconscious innocence.

We reject the mercenary and mercantile efforts made to attract our attention by advertising-vans and huge placards; but who could refuse an entreaty to buy his boots at 899, Holborn, if it came before him in the artless guise of childish simplicity? The urchin, playfully trundling his hoop, seems too primitive to be the medium of a swindle or a take-in, and we naturally trust him more readily than we would place confidence in a set advertisement. The girl, too, passing through the public way with a recommendation of the cheap teas of some grocery establishment imprinted on her side, must have a far more convincing aspect than all the golden tea-pots, silver tea-urns, or Chinese Mandarins, that FAKEIN AND COMPANY, or any other magnates of the tea world, are in the habit of exhibiting.

RESPECTABILITY BY THE WATCH.

RESPECTABILITY is a very pleasant matter; but, like other luxuries, it is continually bringing losses upon those who will enjoy it. Now many a man has been ruined by his respectability! "Be respectable," says the fiend, and the man who listens is lost. Take a recent case. Here is one WILLIAM HARVEY, made respectable by the grace of a gold watch. His narrative is to be found in the police chronicles of the Mansion-House, and is no more than a few days old. MR. HARVEY goes to the King's Head public-house, (were *Punch* king, he would make it high treason to fill his head with such company as HARVEY met at the hostelry,) and contemplates a game of skittles. Now skittles have a high moral purpose, that is, morally considered. Indeed, at the present money crisis, skittles are the most significant of teachers; for when one skittle falls, there is no knowing how many skittles it may knock down in its descent. At the present time, nine-pins do somehow fearfully typify the commercial interest; and it is possible that MR. HARVEY may have watched them with an eye to this truth; and it is equally possible that he may not.*

[HARVEY speaks].—"Well, MR. GILL, who was my partner, said to me, 'If you are satisfied with your hand I'll go you halves.' I said I had no money; but MR. GILL said, 'You can put down your watch on the table to show that you are respectable.'"

Unfortunate HARVEY! He *is* respectable: he lays down his watch: his respectability is ticking upon the table. But for a moment. One CRESSWELL wins the trick, and with a thought pockets HARVEY'S respectability. MR. HARVEY'S respectability went, no doubt, upon a diamond: but this is certain, it went away in CRESSWELL'S pocket; and was not forthcoming at the Mansion-House. In a word, HARVEY was gulled of his watch.

MORAL.—When you fall into the company of knaves, never lay your "respectability" upon the table.

* After skittles, cards were introduced, in "a harmless way," by a MR. GILL.

Security of France.

OLD MARSHAL SOULT, in his retirement from the Ministry, has written LOUIS-PHILIPPE a somewhat waggish letter. The Duke has made his exit with a laugh. He says to the King—"I will enjoy that repose amidst that *general security* which the exalted wisdom of your Majesty has procured for France." Such repose reminds us of the serenity of the Dutchman, who smoked his pipe over a barrel of gunpowder, innocently believing it to be so much onion-seed.

OUR FLIGHT WITH LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

GIRD up thy loins, old LOUIS, and look abroad with me.
Nay, shrink not back: I know it; there are sorry sights to see.
'Twas but late that with a Minister o'er London town I flew,
And now, mine ancient gentleman, I have a flight for you.

I showed him the work of centuries, I'll show thee the work of years;
He heard the cry of poverty, thou shalt mark a monarch's tears;
I bared for him the hut, for thee I'll open palace gates;
The fester probed in streets for him, I'll probe for thee in states.

Up, heavy weight of kingship! Up, hoary weight of sin!
Or must I rip thy pockets, before our flight begin?
No soul with silver freighted, on voyage like ours may go;
No eye that 's sealed with golden scales can see the sights I show.

Out come the ducats tumbling—out come dollar and doubloon—
Now for the five-franc pieces—we shall shoot skyward soon!
Now, down with that dotation; down with it—no good-bye!
We're right at last! So—clutch me fast! How merrily we fly!

We've left Paris far behind us—on the broad wings of the breeze—
Those glimmering peaks—Dost know them? Those are the Pyrenees.
Nay, pause not over Burgos; there's cold welcome from the CID.
Now southward turn—and lo, where burn the dim lights of Madrid!

Look not askance, but brave a glance at yonder palace room;
Dark all, both hall and heart of him that dwells there in his gloom.
So bravely clad, and yet so sad—so wan—so lonely waking—
And yet no widower is he, but the husband of thy making.

Art thou looking for the wedded wife where wedded wife should lie,
In the bosom of her husband? 'Twas the wont in days gone by!
Not there—not there! Trace yonder stair, to a chamber far apart,
Where sits the wife, a widow's life, and a widow's woful heart.

Oh, work well done! Prize bravely won! And where's the fool to rue it?
Thou hast gained MONTPENSIER a dower, and broke two hearts to do it.
Count up that dower, then add the power, to say nought of the bride—
What man of business reckons hearts on the *per contra* side?

Now, left and right, look through the night—see Fraud and Faction work-
See present jars and future wars in rotten Cabinets lurking; [ing;
See Lies parade, in stars arrayed, that mock the wearer's features;
See sad Truth—if thou canst see her, through the foul crowd of thy creatures!

And now one look on Italy, that stirreth from her sleeping,
And the Eagle nigh, that hungrily, for the swoop a watch is keeping;
While France that, erst, such birds obscene from Freedom's cradle scared,
With fettered hands and blinded eyes stands by, her sword unbared.

Nay, dost thou shake, old Monarch? Is there grace enough behind,
To wake thee to a better life, a less ignoble mind?
Oh, if there be! the future 's free, the past may be atoned;
If there be not, woe worth the lot, that the last BOURBON throned!

BAREFACED RECOGNITION OF WHITE SLAVERY.

WE have heard much of "White Slaves" in the manufacturing districts, but we had no notion that the trade in white slaves was carried on in Lancashire, with as little concealment as in Brazil or South Carolina. We have been much shocked by the following paragraph in last week's market accounts, under the head of—

"COTTON MANUFACTURES.—Grey Domestics, of stout make, have been in request for the Persian and Arabian markets, but the demand from those sources having subsided, sales are now more difficult to be made."

There is something infinitely cruel in this cool announcement of the sale of "grey domestics"—men who have grown old in the service of their heartless masters, and who, in their old age, are flung on the Persian and Arabian markets, to become, no doubt, the victims of Infidel cruelty and harsh usage. We recommend Exeter Hall to look to this barbarous practice.

Crocodiles in France.

FRENCH naturalists have within these few days been greatly puzzled by a remarkable phenomenon. At the palace of Compiègne several young and very vigorous crocodiles were discovered in one of the chambers. All the *savants* were called together to discover the cause, but for a long time—though many contending opinions were advanced—no satisfactory reason could be arrived at for such an extraordinary circumstance. At length the cause was made self-evident: for it appeared that the crocodiles were first discovered in the very room in which the ex-queen CHRISTINA let fall a shower of tears. Two of the animals, in very excellent spirits, have been sent as a maternal present to ISABELLA.

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THE FRIENDS RECONCILED.

THE second column of the *Times* contains more of the true materials of romance than any other depository we are acquainted with. Sometimes the incidents are of a painful character; but within the last fortnight we have seen a series of two or three advertisements, in which the "coolness," the "offence," and the "reconciliation," have been most touchingly dwelt upon. The cause of the coolness is still shrouded in mystery, but the offence originated in the omission of a bow of recognition when crossing the Hyde Park Carriage Drive at Cumberland Gate. Subsequently a reconciliation was brought about through the second column of the *Times*, and a meeting of the two friends

proposed, which one of our artists has humbly attempted to commemorate. We have no doubt that the song of

"And does not a meeting like this make amends?"

was sung in the middle of the streets by the two enthusiasts; for they who would not hesitate to make the world a party to their "coolness," and their "reconciliation," would not be particular about letting the passengers round them participate in the joy of their re-union.

COLLEGE FOR GOVERNESSES.

IT is proposed, as we learn from the newspapers, to found an establishment of this kind, in connection with the Governesses' Benevolent Institution. We have, however, seen no prospectus of the course of instruction to be followed, the examinations to be undergone, or the degrees to be conferred. Any school for the Education of Governesses ought to have a special regard to the duties this class of females has to discharge, and the discipline of mind required by their position. Keeping this in view, we beg to furnish the following hints to the founders of this useful place of instruction:—

In the first place, the pupils admitted must be ladies, both in habits, appearance, manners, and, if possible, birth. This is indispensable. Those who are to have the training of young ladies must belong to the order themselves. They must be sweet-tempered. This is necessary, as their dispositions are likely to have a good deal of souring; and we all know the sweetest wine makes the best vinegar. Their constitutions ought to be strong. It is probable they will lead a close and sedentary life, and the wear and tear of the school-room is no joke. Above all, they must be cheerful. Elasticity is highly necessary in everybody required to support heavy weights. They must be humble, as in that case they will be spared many disappointments; and respectful themselves, as they must not consider they have a claim for respect on any person in the establishment they belong to. They must be able to win the affections of the children intrusted to them, but must beware of indulging affections on their own account.

Thus much for the young persons themselves. Now let us see how their natural qualities are to be most effectually cultivated by the collegiate course of instruction.

Imprimis, this instruction must obviously be universal. A Governess, to judge from the advertisements, is expected to know everything. The course should at least embrace Hebrew (with the points), Greek, Latin, the modern languages of course, the elements of the natural sciences, Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy, Conchology, Geology, Astronomy, with a thorough command of the Globes (to which mothers attach an apparently superstitious importance), Geography, *with maps* (which is a thing constantly asked for, there appearing to be in use a mysterious kind of geography without them)—the accomplishments, of course, including Singing in the Italian manner, and counterpoint, with all varieties of Drawing and Painting, as well as Modelling, if required. Gymnastics would be desirable, and the Indian Exercises. Above all, however, the Multiplication Table must not be overlooked.

This is the intellectual part of the course, and perhaps the least important. The great object should be the moral training of the Governess. For this we would recommend the employment of a carefully selected staff of Professoresses, after this fashion.

Class of Cheerfulness.

PROFESSORESS LADY KNAGGS, a person of singularly aggravating disposition, who will daily use every means of trying the temper of the young persons, until their spirits are thoroughly broken, and subject them to every variety of petty annoyances. The least appearance of depression to be punished by low diet and extra ill-temper from a sub-tutoress, chosen from the most cantankerous old maids that may be known to the College authorities. The young persons, while in this class, should have each of them half-a-dozen very boisterous children to take charge of for eight hours every day.

Class of Self-respect.

In this class the discipline of the Humility Class may be carried farther. Instead of the servants, a staff of fashionable young men should be employed to make dishonourable proposals, and offer insulting attentions to the young persons, who will thus be practised in the art of respecting themselves under difficulties, which they will often have to put in practice in their situations.

By pursuing a course of training similar to that sketched above, we may hope to satisfy employers, while we remove the many querulous representations now made of the hardships of Governesses, by supplying a corps of young persons thoroughly broken in to the worst they can possibly expect to encounter in after-life.

Class of Humility.

PROFESSORESS THE HON. MRS. HARDLINES, a lady of sixteen quarterings, who will for an hour per diem talk at the Governess Class,

alluding to any accident of humble birth or reduced fortunes that can be taken hold of, always speaking of each of them as "that young person," and snubbing them on the slightest provocation. The HON. MRS. HARDLINES should have at her command a regular staff of servants, including a very pert lady's maid, who will at intervals pass down the class, turning up her nose at the young persons, and saying the most offensive things in a half-whisper, with a running accompaniment of "Well, I'm sures," and "Set 'em ups," and "Mean creatures," and similar humiliating phrases, at which every young lady expressing the least annoyance will be turned down for a week, and put under the discipline of the lower servants, who will repeat similar things in coarser ways.

While in this class the young persons will be lodged in small rooms, and dine exclusively on luke-warm legs of mutton, and the smallest beer.

A LETTER FROM BROADSTAIRS.

MISS SELINA SNOOKS TO MISS LUCRETIA SHARPSHOOS.

"My dearest Lucretia,

"It would be impossible to describe to you the beauties of this delightful spot, which I am justified in calling the garden of the world—or, at least, of this part of the world; and as your imagination must fail to realise what my descriptive powers cannot pourtray, I send you a sketch of this enchanting portion of our sublunary hemisphere.

"Picture to yourself, my dear Lucretia, a wide expanse of boundless ocean, curtained by a woollen drapery of fleecy clouds, and fringed with a broad gold lace band, which you will permit me to call the livery of the Sun, whose favourite colour is green, and whose velvet continuations of lawn after lawn have a charm quite inexpressible.

"My own Lucretia knows what an enthusiast I am with my pencil,

and how I would catch even the faintest hues of an autumnal evening, sinking to repose in the ocean,—

'Whose bed has a billow
For bolster and pillow,'

as I would say, if I might venture to sink the friend in the poetess. My sketch, Lucretia, is fresh from the heart of affection and from the hand of Nature. It may not, perhaps, 'tell thee all I feel,' to use the words of the poet, 'nor say for thee I'd die,' as the same individual touchingly observes, but I have ventured to lay at the feet of sympathy the limnings of love and the gushings—let me say—of gratitude.

"You will perceive, my dearest Lucretia, that the hand has traced, in my sketch, more than the eye could include from the position I occupied—but who shall set a limit to friendship's offering? Had I left out the foreground, which was, part of it, behind me as I sat, I must have lost the elderly gentleman, who gives animation, not to say *aplomb*, to the whole picture. My star-fish may be objected to, for its size; but you, my dearest Lucretia, who are a Zoologist, will not blame me for having introduced any object in natural history on the largest scale possible, even though that scale may be against the balance of probabilities. The Preventive-man on the look-out might, perhaps, have been foreshortened, had I followed the strictest rules of High Art; but never will I be the one to tone down a British tar, for I, at least, shall never forget that I am the daughter of a British seaman, and

"Yours, most affectionately,
"Selina Snooks."

A RAILWAY REVIEWER.

The intelligent librarian who supplies the literary appetite at the Joint Railway Station at London Bridge, accompanies nearly every periodical that he sells with a little piece of criticism which, like the song of the little lady at the fair, is "worth ten times the money" you pay for the direct purpose of your outlay. The railway reviewer takes his place upon the platform at the starting of each train, and delivers a brief criticism upon the merits of every work he offers to the notice of the public. Last week he honoured us by the short but expressive observation of "*Punch* for the present week! Better than ever!"—but added, with a just recollection that his critical acumen might be questioned—"that is, if possible!" He has a good word, now and then, for serial writers, and, holding up a *Dombey*, will intimate that "Mr. Dickens is in considerable force, as usual, this month at a shilling!" or he will graciously suggest that "*Vanity Fair* is as interesting and life-like as ever this month!" or that "the *Comic History of England* exhibits all its well-known research, and may be therefore safely recommended to travelling students!" This mode of selling a book and giving a gratuitous criticism in, is evidently highly popular, for the enterprising librarian has won the confidence of the public by the general accuracy of his views on the current literature of our epoch. He sometimes goes into the regions of Art, and is frequently heard screaming out high and merited panegyrics on "*The Bottle!* the great work of a great artist!" as, with alliterative truth, he describes Mr. George Cruikshank. We usually hear, as the whistle sounds and the train departs, the loud voice of the librarian soaring above the hissing of the steam and the coughing of coal, concluding his *catalogue raisonnée* of the newest periodicals.

New Curiosities of Literature.

A Number of the *Morning Post* without any abuse of "that traitor Peel."

A Number, for any month these last three years, of the *Metropolitan Magazine*.

A book of Carlyle's in which the Capitals do not amount to One Million, "with power to add to their number."

A volume of *Chambers's Journal* without the description of a tea-party given by the proprietors to their poor workmen, made lively with a tremendous blowing of their own trumpets.

A Number of the *Illustrated News* without a murder, or a fire, or a triumphal arch, or a public dinner in it.

A work of Mr. Charles Knight, in which you had not some recollection of having seen the woodcuts five or six times before.

A Number of *Punch* which does not contain a portrait of that very agreeable gentleman with the bald head (you can admire him on the advertising sheet); or a Number of the *Athenæum* without the word "œsthetical" being mentioned less than twice in each article.

REWARDS FOR THE LABOURER.

We regret to find the wretched discount to which the Virtues have fallen in the agricultural districts. If a moral share-market were established in some of the counties we could name, it would, by its wretched aspect, form a fit companion for the documents daily issued from the Stock Exchange. At the Cumberland Agricultural Association, Honesty was quoted as low as a forty-shilling coat, without the *coupons* or breeches, which are usually supposed to form a necessary part of the human dress; and a long life of frugality commanded only a few ounces of tobacco; while Honesty was done at eight-pence, and Sobriety was, literally, a priceless virtue, for it could scarcely obtain any price but that which was purely nominal. As the rewards offered by the Agricultural Societies are not pretended to be given for their intrinsic value, we should suggest that a very great saving might be effected, and the number of prizes considerably augmented. If, instead of the forty-shilling coats and eight-penny-loaves that are now distributed in amiable recognition of the virtues of the labourer, a ticket were to be given to each meritorious individual, he might openly carry the testimonial about with him, in the form of a large placard. There would be a double advantage in this, for his honours would be not only more conspicuous, but, as it would be easy to renew the printed bill, it would, in fact, be more permanent than the forty-shilling coat, the eight-penny-loaf, or the few ounces of tobacco. Cheapness is generally a sign of plenty, and it is consoling, therefore, to think that the Virtues in the agricultural districts must be extremely plentiful.

The End of the Summer Season.

'Tis over! Yes, the summer season 's past;
Surrey, Cremorne, Vauxhall, are closed at last.
Gibraltar shall no more with rockets blaze—
They drop the curtain, and the siege they raise;
Sounds of exploding fireworks now shall cease,
And tranquil ducks sail down the lake in peace;
The elephant leaves off the arts that won,
From hands of visitors, th' accustomed bun;
The bear in vain shall climb the lofty pole,
To catch, in open mouth, the welcome dole;
The lion and the lioness shall feel
No vulgar stare disturb their daily meal;
The animals, throughout, from high to low,
The calm repose of private life shall know.
The orchestra, that used to hold the band,
In unfrequented gloominess shall stand;
While the refreshment stall no more supplies
Tea, coffee, queen-cakes, shrimps, and mutton pies.
Now turn we to Cremorne. Its lights are flown,
Its gas extinguished, and its grass unmown;
The "Snob" or Cockney can no longer feel
As if in Paris at the *Bal Mabille;*
His moveable moustachios he must drop—
Business renewed, demands him in the shop,
And Music's measure he must now discard
For that plebeian instrument, the yard.
The poet, too, has left his humble shed,
For feet no more he racks his weary head;
Or somewhere else, perchance, he strikes the lyre,
To purchase, through the winter, food and fire;
Perchance, some tailor's puffs he will compose,
And barter genius for a suit of clothes;
At any rate, his cottage is forlorn,
In the deep, shaded groves of old Cremorne.
Where 's the balloon? We look into the air:
A thousand echoes seem to answer "Where?"
Collapsed the silk, and, folded like a sack,
It lies neglected in a three-pair back,
While in the wicker-car may, p'rhaps, be seen,
As in a cradle laid, some new-born Green.
But, sadder spectacle than any yet,
The glories of Vauxhall once more have set.
The fifty thousand extra lamps have fled;
The hermit quits a while his pasteboard shed;
He and his cat are stowed away together,
To save them harmless from the wintry weather.
Fair Venice, with its Campanile tall,
Is taken down and laid against a wall;
The Oracle, who fortunes used to tell,
Has baked potatoes every night to sell;
You 'll find him ever, when Vauxhall is shut,
Crying, "All hot!" along the Lambeth Cut.
No more from giddy height, along a wire,
Diavolo descends 'mid streams of fire;
His winter's calling he will now resume,
And on some crossing ply the honest broom;
Or p'rhaps the Signor takes a nobler course,
And at club-doors holds the sagacious horse.
The waiters, too, whose skill will never fail
To make three pints out of a quart of ale,
Or cut down sandwiches with such address,
"Small by degrees and beautifully less,"
That e'en the wafer by their side we deem
Substantial, clumsy, coarse in the extreme—
The waiters, when the summer season stops,
At London taverns run about with chops,
Or flit with wild activity about,
Bearing the pallid ale or tawny stout.
Yes, there they are, and let them there remain,
Until the summer season comes again.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE AND THE PSHAW OF PERSIA.

The Persian Ambassador—sent by his Pshaw to Paris—has made a speech to Louis-Philippe; a speech that, we regret to say, has been villanously translated in the daily papers. We give the true version. Attention for the Ambassador!

"My sovereign, whose power equals that of the constellation of the Great Bear—whose troops equal the stars in number, and like them, are of the light infantry—my master sends me to your Majesty, whose presence is as the sun, making your kingdom almost too hot to hold you—my master sends me to declare the dearest wish of his heart, that the ancient relations of France and Persia may be daily increased."

Whereupon, Louis-Philippe made answer—

"Your Excellency, I am very glad to see you. Nay, more: understanding that you bring with you some very handsome presents, I am particularly delighted to see you. I trust that during your stay in Paris, you will not fail to remark the blessings with which I have visited my faithful subjects. You will, I trust, visit the prisons; when the gaolers will be instructed to show you those culprits of the Press who, for the cause of liberty, that I adore—(here His Majesty burst out into a verse of the *Marseillaise:* he then went on with his speech)—liberty, that I adore, have called down upon them my most signal displeasure. You will also, I fondly hope, not fail to visit the fortifications of Paris, counting the guns, and contemplating the weight of metal that, should it be necessary, they could throw upon the house-tops of the Parisians.

"Your Excellency spoke of the wish of Persia to increase her relations with France. May I ask—has the Pshaw any daughters to marry? For the surest way to increase relations with France, is to marry her princes.

"Your Excellency, I had forgotten, in my friendship for the Pshaw, that I have no son to marry; but such very forgetfulness will only show how—had it been otherwise—I should have been happy to increase the relations that exist between us."

THE BAR AT HICKS'S HALL.

OULD HICKS rise from his grave and look on at the forensic squabbles which now disgrace his Hall, he would turn in sorrow and disgust from the mournful spectacle. MR. SERJEANT ADAMS, the assistant judge, seems only to occupy the bench as a mark for the impertinence of the barristers. Every sentence he passes, and indeed almost every observation he makes, is accompanied by an under-current of contemptuous annotation from the small fry of advocates below, who fancy that by exclaiming coarsely, "Stuff!" "Nonsense!" "JACK is a greater fool than ever this morning!" they show their own superior wisdom. The fact is, "JACK," as the learned judge is familiarly and facetiously called by the Hicks's Hall Bar, is a great deal too good-natured, and much too lenient in his treatment of the attacks made upon his dignity. The independence of the Bar is a fine thing enough; but calling the judge "an ass" almost to his face—or rather quite to his face, and nearly in his ear—proves an independence of nothing but the feelings and manners of a gentleman.

MR. SERJEANT ADAMS has his eccentricities, particularly when he has got a lot of little criminals before him, and exclaims—"Gentlemen of the Jury! what am I to do with this batch of boys?" but he is not obliged to submit to the ill-bred insolence to which he is continually subjected. It is true enough that JACK will bore a lot of grand jurymen to death with an harangue of half-an-hour on their antiquity, and that he will keep those jurymen who are not wanted, merely to hear his speech; but these foibles are not to expose him to the ill-disguised contempt of a portion of the Bar, practising or plying for practice at the sessions.

We have seen and heard amusing instances of MR. SERJEANT ADAMS's mode of dispensing justice; and the celebrated "Boy and Pudding Case" is fresh in our recollection, when he summed up by observing to the jury—"Now, gentlemen, you have the boy and the pudding both before you, so consider your verdict." But if the learned judge prefers this concise plan of adjusting the facts, there is no reason why he should endure a course of systematic insult. There can be no doubt that he means well always, and does well nearly always, though an occasional mistake is a thing to which we are all liable. If the Bar would mind their own business, and leave "JACK ADAMS" as they call him, to attend to his own, the ghost of HICKS would not have to blush for the scenes by which his Hall is being made notorious.

The Vampyre.

(NO SUPERSTITION.)

THE bloodshot moon glares on the close-crowded graves,
Through the foul mist that over the sepulchres waves,
On the tombs where the City, with people o'erspread,
In the midst of the living hath buried its dead.

A glimmering vapour creeps over the ground,
You may see whence it issues—yon newly-raised mound;
Mark what spectre ascends in that horrible light—
Lo, the Vampyre Infection is rising to-night!

The Vampyre! The Vampyre! Avoid him! His breath
Is the reek of the charnel, the poison of death:
He has broken his prison of pestilent clay,
And the grave yields him up, on the living to prey.

The Vampyre! The Vampyre! Behold where he flies
To the couch where his wife, in her widowhood, lies:
Of her lost one—her husband—she dreams in her rest,
Whilst the Vampyre is fixing his fangs in her breast.

The Vampyre! The Vampyre! His infant child sleeps;
To its innocent cradle he stealthily creeps,
And his bite its pure cheek with a plague-spot distains,
And corrupts his own blood in his little one's veins.

The Vampyre! The Vampyre! Nor mercy, nor ruth,
Saves his kindred and friends from his venomous tooth:
He is bound to a task which he cannot evade;
He is sent by a mandate which must be obeyed.

The Vampyre! The Vampyre! Beneath a stern doom,
On his terrible errand he breaks from the tomb;
To work vengeance and woe is his mission of dread,
Upon those 'mid the living who bury their dead.

"TAKING A BACK."

A FRIENDLY WARNING TO ELDERLY LADIES.

Effect of the Panic.

EVEN the omnibus-drivers complain of the pressure being now so great in the City that there is no knowing how to turn round, and they say that almost every minute is marked by the occurrence of some dreadful stoppage. Some of the experienced drivers do their best to drive things off, but they are nevertheless brought frequently to a stand-still.

ROMAN PUNCH.

PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF THE MULLIGANS," "PILOT," &c.

LEATHERLEGS and TOM COXSWAIN did not accompany TATUA when he went to the Parisian metropolis on a visit to the father of the French pale faces. Neither the Legs nor the Sailor cared for the gaiety and the crowd of cities; the stout mariner's home was in the puttock-shrouds of the old *Repudiator*. The stern and simple trapper loved the sound of the waters better than the jargon of the French of the old country. "I can follow the talk of a Pawnee," he said, "or wag my jaw if so be necessity bids me to speak, by a Sioux's council-fire; and I can patter Canadian French with the hunters who come for peltries to Nachitoches or Thichimuchimachy, but from the tongue of a French-woman, with white flour on her head, and war-paint on her face, the Lord deliver poor NATTY PUMPO."

"Amen and amen!" said TOM COXSWAIN. "There was a woman in our aft-scuppers when I went a whalin in the little *Grampus*—and Lord love you, PUMPO, you poor land-swab, she *was* as pretty a craft as ever dowsed a tarpauling—there was a woman on board the *Grampus*, who before we'd struck our first fish, or biled our first blubber, set the whole crew in a mutiny. I mind me of her now, NATTY—her eye was sich a piercer that you could see to steer by it in a Newfoundland fog: her nose stood out like the *Grampus's* gib-boom, and her woice, Lord love you, her woice sings in my ears even now:—it set the Captain a quarrelin with the Mate, who was hanged in Boston harbour for harpoonin of his officer in Baffin's Bay;—it set me and BOB BUNTING a pouring broadsides into each other's old timbers, whereas me and BOB was worth all the women that ever shipped a hawser. It cost me three years' pay as I'd stowed away for the old mother, and might have cost me ever so much more, only bad luck to me, she went and married a little tailor out of Nantucket, and I've hated women and tailors ever since!" As he spoke, the hardy tar dashed a drop of brine from his tawny cheek, and once more betook himself to splice the taffrail.

Though the brave frigate lay off Havre de Grace, she was not idle. The gallant BOWIE and his intrepid crew made repeated descents upon the enemy's seaboard. The coasts of Rutland and merry Leicestershire have still many a legend of fear to tell; and the children of the British fishermen tremble even now when they speak of the terrible *Repudiator*. She was the first of the mighty American war-ships that have taught the domineering Briton to respect the valour of the Republic.

The novelist ever and anon finds himself forced to adopt the sterner tone of the historian, when describing deeds connected with his country's triumphs. It is well known that during the two months in which she lay off Havre, the *Repudiator* had brought more prizes into that port than had ever before been seen in the astonished French waters. Her actions with the *Dettingen* and the *Elector* frigates form part of our country's history; their defence—it may be said without prejudice to national vanity—was worthy of Britons and of the audacious foe they had to encounter; and it must be owned, that but for a happy fortune which presided on that day over the destinies of our country, the chance of the combat might have been in favour of the British vessels. It was not until the *Elector* blew up, at a quarter past 3, P. M., by a lucky shot which fell into her caboose, and communicated with the powder-magazine, that COMMODORE BOWIE was enabled to lay himself on board the *Dettingen*, which he carried sword in hand. Even when the American boarders had made their lodgement on the *Dettingen's* binnacle, it is possible that the battle would still have gone against us. The British were still seven to one; their carronades, loaded with marline-spikes, swept the gun-deck, of which we had possession, and decimated our little force; when a rifle-ball from the shrouds of the *Repudiator* shot CAPTAIN MUMFORD under the star of the Guelphic Order which he wore, and the Americans, with a shout, rushed up the companion to the quarter-deck, upon the astonished foe. Pike and cutlass did the rest of the bloody work. RUMFORD, the gigantic first lieutenant of the *Dettingen*, was cut down by COMMODORE BOWIE'S own sword, as they engaged hand to hand; and it was TOM COXSWAIN who tore down the British flag, after having slain the Englishman at the wheel. Peace be to the souls of the brave! The combat was honourable alike to the victor and the vanquished; and it never can be said that an American warrior depreciated a gallant foe. The bitterness of defeat was enough to the haughty islanders who had to suffer. The people of Herne Bay were lining the shore, near which the combat took place, and cruel must have been the pang to them when they saw the Stars and Stripes rise over the old flag of the Union, and the *Dettingen* fall down the river in tow of the republican frigate.

Another action BOWIE contemplated; the boldest and most daring perhaps ever imagined by seaman. It is this which has been so wrongly described by European annalists, and of which the British until now have maintained the most jealous secrecy.

Portsmouth Harbour was badly defended. Our intelligence in that town and arsenal gave us precise knowledge of the disposition of the troops, the forts, and the ships there; and it was determined to strike a blow which should shake the British power in its centre.

That a frigate of the size of the *Repudiator* should enter the harbour unnoticed, or could escape its guns unsheathed, passed the notions of even American temerity. But upon the memorable 26th of June, 1782, the *Repudiator* sailed out of Havre Roads in a thick fog, under cover of which she entered and cast anchor in Bonchurch Bay, in the Isle of Wight. To surprise the Martello Tower and take the feeble garrison thereunder, was the work of TOM COXSWAIN and a few of his blue jackets. The surprised garrison laid down their arms before him.

It was midnight before the boats of the ship, commanded by LIEUTENANT BUNKER, pulled off from Bonchurch with muffled oars, and in another hour were off the Common Hard of Portsmouth, having passed the challenges of the *Thetis*, the *Amphion* frigates, and the *Polyanthus* brig.

There had been on that day great feasting and merriment on board the Flag-ship lying in the harbour. A banquet had been given in honour of the birthday of one of the princes of the royal line of the GUELPHS—the reader knows the propensity of Britons when liquor is in plenty. All on board that royal ship were more or less overcome. The Flag-ship was plunged in a death-like and drunken sleep. The very officer of the watch was intoxicated; he could not see the *Repudiator's* boats as they shot swiftly through the waters; nor had he time to challenge her seamen as they swarmed up the huge sides of the ship.

At the next moment TOM COXSWAIN stood at the wheel of the *Royal George*—the Briton who had guarded, a corpse at his feet. The hatches were down. The ship was in possession of the *Repudiator's* crew. They were busy in her rigging, bending her sails to carry her out of the harbour. The well-known heave of the men at the windlass, woke up KEMPENFELT in his state cabin. We know, or rather do not know the result; for who can tell by whom the lower-deck ports of the brave ship were opened, and how the haughty prisoners below sunk the ship and its conquerors rather than yield her as a prize to the Republic!

Only TOM COXSWAIN escaped of victors and vanquished. His tale was told to his Captain and to Congress, but WASHINGTON forbade its publication; and it was but lately that the faithful seaman told it to me, his grandson, on his hundred and fifteenth birthday.

WHO'S GOT ALL THE MONEY?

IT is very evident that some avaricious fools are playing the same game with the gold that was played a little while ago with the corn, and that people are holding, and holding, and holding their cash, even at its present high value, in the hope that it will become more valuable still by the increase of the panic. We give them notice that they will burn their fingers; for, some fine morning, the panic will begin to subside, and money will become as plentiful as it now is scarce, when they will turn round and say what fools they have been not to part with their money at a good profit when they had the opportunity. The fact is, that people are frightening each other out of their wits by a mutual want of confidence, and the shock rebounds to the quarter in which it originates.

Punch is disgusted at seeing all the people shaking, trembling, and screaming round him because there happens to be a little bit of a pressure, which only requires a little steadiness and nerve to go through it all very smoothly; as they say at a rush to the pit of a theatre, "Take your time, gentlemen, take your time: you won't get on any better for trying to squeeze each other to death, so you may as well all go on together firmly and quietly."

Our Fast Man's Fellow-Feeling.

O *Mr. Punch*, I am very much obliged to you, for calling me essentially an Ape. I am, indeed. There is no fun in it, though. But I take it as a compliment. Why, you blinking old barn-owl, doesn't an ape make you laugh? What would a comic writer wish to do beyond that? I asked this very question of our Slow Man, who answered me with some rubbish out of HORACE or VIRGIL, (I forget which,) to the effect that there was no reason why a joker should not instruct. This I deny—with all due deference, which is none at all, to the ancient buffer. Instruction in a joke is so much dead-weight. The only purpose of a pun should be to get a scream; sink every other—which you easily can, for it is heavy. Philosophy in fun is dreariness in earnest. Don't be proud. Take a lesson from the Mountebank. You can't, as a writer, fling summersets, or balance ladders on your chin. You can't shave your eye-brows, and tip your nose with sky-blue. But if you can't do the mountebank you can do the tantamount. Do it then, you old Pump: or stand out of the sunshine, and let me.

"And now, Gaffer *Punch*, let us have a bout at singlesticks—or staves, if you would rather have my *cartel* in Elizabethan. I am going to take up the cudgels with you on behalf of an injured individual; and let me particularly recommend you to mind your eye. I mean to go in at you in behalf of a gentleman whom I respect. I allude, *Punch*, to MR. GEORGE JONES; at whom, I see, you had a fling again in your last Number. You seem to go at GEORGE JONES as a quack. Well, never mind: if he is a quack, he is a clever one; a character which I highly revere. Depend upon it, *Punch*, it takes a sharp man to make a HOLLOWAY. It's all very well to object to PARR'S Pills, but they go down—so does GEORGE JONES. I believe in JONES. His object has been to get a name, and he has got it. He wants to see himself in the papers; and there he is. He calls a meeting, and it is attended. He brings lots of people together to hear him lecture, and impresses them with a notion that he is a genius. He went for a reputation as the author of *Tecumseh*, and gained his point. You may rip up his grammar; very well: I could pick you fifty instances of bad English out of SHAKSPEARE.

"You see, *Punch*, that I put SHAKSPEARE by the side of JONES. I do this for two reasons. First, because you sneer at JONES for mixing up his name with that of SHAKSPEARE. You attack him for making himself conspicuous at the sale of SHAKSPEARE'S house. You seem to think he has missed his tip. No, he hasn't. Scores and scores of the British public, in spite of anything you may say, will connect SHAKSPEARE with GEORGE JONES. You may compare him to the wren on the eagle's back: so be it. The wren was a downy bird; and the dodge answered. GEORGE JONES has made a good move. He got up a meeting for the SHAKSPEARE subscription. There's a fact. He made an offer—gammon or no gammon—of two thousand pounds for SHAKSPEARE'S house. That will be on record. Yes, *Punch*, do your worst to choke him off, G. J. will stick to the skirts of W. S.

"In the next place, there is a resemblance between JONES and SHAKSPEARE. Stow your indignation. There is. JONES, you will admit, goes in for clap-trap. Didn't SHAKSPEARE? What purpose had SHAKSPEARE at the Globe Theatre beyond what MR. BUNN has at the Surrey? He wrote the kind of drama that he thought would please, with the sole view of cramming his house. What is called your profound thought, and your superhuman imagination, took then. *Hamlet* was composed on spec. The *Ghost* was introduced in it merely for effect, like the *Bleeding Nun*, or the *Castle Spectre*. Were SHAKSPEARE alive now, he would go into society and the slums, study life in both, and represent it high and low. He'd bring out a good, stirring, mixed melodrama, full of regular home-spun domestic distress, and downright, ordinary police-report murders and suicides, with comic incident—something that would interest our feelings. He would puff and advertise himself, if necessary, right and left—adopting the very judicious course of GEORGE JONES. He would sack tin, and obtain popularity—and consequently be pitched into by *Punch*.

"You pretend to quarrel with a man for being a humbug. I should like to know, spooney, what you call yourself. Why is it that you abuse the Poor-Law, and take the part of injured innocence, and oppose hanging? Why, but from a notion, which I must consider erroneous, that these are popular subjects to work. They're not funny. Do you mean to say that you wouldn't take this line if you hadn't gammoned yourself into an idea that it was profitable? Will you pretend that you have any other object whatever than your circulation? Get out with you! You *are* a humbug, and you know it. We are all humbugs. We are exactly like so many haberdashers; all we want is to sell our stuff. We cater for the taste of the British Public: and provided our articles please and take, never mind if the pattern is tawdry or vulgar. All this may seem very low and despicable. We may be looked upon as beneath contempt. What odds? Contempt breaks no bones, and so long as it doesn't touch us, we may as well be beneath it as above it. We brave ridicule; we defy derision, like jolly trumps—and like GEORGE JONES. We don't cant about our intention and our principle. We know that the swindle won't do. So, go ahead *Punch*, and drop your virtue. 'Tis precious lumber. 'Tis dummy, dreary, slow stuff, all that. Don't attempt to come the disinterested; people in these times are too fly to believe in it, any more than in the sublime and the beautiful: which have had their BURKE. Be persuaded of the truth of this important fact, and that the feelings you go upon are as decidedly mercenary, as those to which you owe this communication from your

"FAST MAN."

*** Our Fast Man says that there is no fun in our calling him an Ape. Every schoolboy cries out that a blow is no joke. He must excuse us for not thinking, with him, that SHAKSPEARE was a humbug, or had, as a dramatist, an object simply pecuniary. We suspect that SHAKSPEARE, in some measure, wrote out of the fulness of his heart. We conceive that even if he had lived in these times he would have written *Hamlet*, the *Tempest*, and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. To find the materials for these productions, we do not believe he would have ransacked either the *salons* or slums. He would have derived them, we apprehend, from the treasury of his imagination. We suppose he would have depicted modern manners; but still have illustrated human nature. We surmise that his productions would still have glowed with poetry, and been pregnant with wisdom, and would not have been replete either with common-place absurdities or crimes. Consequently we fear they would not have interested our Fast Man's feelings. We agree with our Fast Man that the views of writers are partly mercantile. But we dissent from his opinion that they are wholly mercenary. We would suggest to our Fast Man that a trader may wish to sell his wares, and also be anxious that his commodities should be genuine. We do not wonder at our Fast Man's estimate of men and morals. He cannot understand what he does not feel. His notions on these subjects are of course derived from self-consciousness, which evidently does not recognise the existence of those sentiments that distinguish mankind from JOCKO.

SPREAD OF CHARTISM.

THE French are jealous that they have not a member in their Chamber of Deputies like MR. WYLD, the mapseller, in the House of Commons; as there might be a chance, they say, then, of the "*Charte*" being made, at last, "*une vérité!*"

"TO BE CONTINUED ONCE A MONTH," would not make a bad inscription for the Nelson Monument. As for its ever being finished, we imagine it will be like the series now publishing of MR. JAMES'S novels: none of us will ever live to see the completion of it.

THE MOST LUCKY MAN IN THE WORLD.

The luckiest man in the world is certainly Abd-el-kader. His great luck consists in being constantly unlucky. He is not unlike one of those tradesmen who make their fortune by a series of "Enormous Failures." He is always "retiring from business," and yet you find him in the same place years afterwards, doing a better trade, than ever with his "Ruinous Sacrifices."

Whose name too has been oftener in the Gazette, and who has thriven more prosperously upon it? Who has been oftener put completely under, like a jack-in-the-box, and kept down with a force of 50,000 men, and yet has come up again stronger than before? Like the old giant, he seems to have derived fresh strength from each fall.

Who, also, has been more repeatedly killed? Talk of the cat; why, it is nothing to the lives of Abd-el-kader, or to his facility of always falling upon his feet. He comes out all the fresher each time of his dying, just like a piece of double-milled crimson cloth.

He has been taken and re-taken more frequently than a *Chevalier d'Industrie*, and yet he is at liberty again, you see, drawing more millions than ever out of the pockets of the French.

How often has he been left without a follower, without a horse! and yet, somehow, he is never so firm as when he has not a leg to stand upon. Do his troops spring out of the earth, from the blood sown by Frenchmen? Has he only to stamp upon the ground, like Neptune, when he wants a horse, and, lo! a whole troop of them appear! It is very strange;—for directly he enters into service, with Bugeaud, or any other Scipio Africanus, direct from Paris, the cry is instantly "No followers allowed," and yet no servant ever had so many people to run after him. He is never so rich as when he is poor, never so well supplied as when he is most destitute. It was only yesterday that he was without arms, or an Arab who would hold up a hand for him, and yet to-day he is busy with 2000 men and no end of arms, in giving Morocco a good leathering, previous to rubbing up Aumale, and scouring the whole of Algeria so as to get every bit of the French polish off the surface. We should not be surprised if next week he was killed again; if so, make up your mind that he is the Emperor of Morocco, at least; but if he is taken prisoner and on his way in a large bird-cage to Paris, do not be astonished to hear that he is quietly at Algiers, with Aumale for an easy chair, and Pélissier for a footstool.

Never was there a man so invariably fortunate in his ill-luck as Abd-el-Kader. Who knows, if Louis-Philippe completely annihilates him, but what we may shortly see him on the throne of France smoking his *chibouk* at the Tuileries!

THE WRONGS OF THE BOTTLE.

"*Mr. Punch*,

"Vauxhall has not been permitted by fate to close for the present season without re-opening a subject that—even more than currency reform, the reform of the suffrage, or the "reform of tailors' bills,"—calls for the most earnest consideration of a most thinking people. I allude, Sir, to the present degenerate size of the wine-bottle.

"It appears that 'brown stout jugs' are protected by the majesty of the law; but bottles, that may be called the weaker class, are left the victims of the unprincipled, the guileful, and the avaricious.

"A few days ago, the lessees of Vauxhall had to champion their own mugs at the Surrey Sessions.—(The ghost of Simpson, with a melancholy smile upon its visage, watched the proceedings.) The mugs were filled and found wanting. One quart—says the report—4 oz. short; another quart, 3¾ oz. short; two others, 3 oz. short; two pints, 1 oz. and 1½ oz. deficient. In all there were eleven hypocritical mugs seized and condemned. Messrs. Wardell and Co.—who protested that they were wholly unconscious of the dishonesty of their mugs—were altogether mulcted in the sum of £3: with this further punishment,—Justice doubled her lily hand, and smashed the mugs deceptive.

"Well, *Mr. Punch*, the lover of justice in the abstract—to say nothing of the lover of brown stout—must have rejoiced at this demolition of mug hypocrisy. But why—I ask it—why should wickedness in delf be punished, and iniquity in glass be suffered to continue? I am myself called—A Quart Bottle. Sir, I can scarcely contain a pint. I know my littleness, and with a modesty and truthfulness that cannot be too common among men or among bottles, at once confess it.

"I have at last uncorked my heart, and will speak out. I am the property, Sir, of the Bishop of ——. Until yesterday, I remained about five years in his cellar: but the Rev. Mr. Marvedi, Welsh curate of Leek-cum-Gruel, calling upon my episcopal master to thank him and his lady for a present of blankets received from the palace by Mrs. Marvedi, for the approaching winter—my good master, the bishop, gave the benevolent wink (so well known to all the servants) to the footman; and in a very few minutes I was taken from my saw-dust, and turned inside out into a cut-glass decanter. It was in the butler's pantry that I cast a vacant stare upon the *Weekly Spittoon*, (the cook contributes to it) and saw therein the Mug Case of the Surrey Sessions.

"Well, Sir, during my retirement in the cellar, I could not help remarking, from time to time, the superior size of the older bottles, when removed in the arms of the butler. The older the wine, the bigger the bottle. The whole race of bottles seemed—from year to year—to have degenerated. Unless something be done, in a very few years the Quart Bottle will end in an ounce phial. It is John of Gaunt diminishing to Tom Thumb.

"Now, *Mr. Punch*, from what I overheard in the pantry, I understand that we have a spick-and-span-new Parliament; a clean House of Commons, expected to begin to put its hands into people's pockets about next February. There are many questions to be considered (I heard the cook say as much,) but none so vital—none so intimately connected with the heads and hearts of families, as the size of bottles.

"Your mug holds a quart, *Mr. Punch*—your stone-ware—your delf—your pewter is compelled by the awfulness of the law to contain a certain measure,—why, then, is glass permitted to be a cheat and a pickpocket? John Barleycorn must be an honest fellow, or John is smashed for his deceit. Wherefore, then, should Bacchus be a permitted knave, a swindler? Why should roguery, like a cucumber, grow in a bottle?

"Considering all the wants of the country, Sir—and I have heard the bishop's butler and cook talk very touchingly indeed, upon the subject—I do not, for my own part, consider any national want so nationally great, as the want of a legal measure for bottles.

"Some men, Sir, think that an altered currency is to save us. For my part I can't tell—(though I believe my master, the bishop, is a staunch bullionist, and calls bank-notes rags, putting his better faith in the gold coin of this realm)—but I am sure that if the nation is to be rescued from its present alarming condition, it can only be by measures; and the Quart Bottle Measure is the measure paramount.

"I trust that the present House of Commons—so soon as it shall have voted the Address—will take to the Bottle. I do trust that it will go down to posterity as the House of Bottles. I do fondly hope—if all the subjects for the Parliamentary cartoons be not already decided upon—that we shall have a picture commemorative of the great measure, of the figure of Justice—her scales lying beside her—blowing a statute bottle of one full quart.

"I am Yours, (nominally)
"A Quart
"(but really two-thirds of a Pint,)
"Bottle."

UNCERTAINTY OF THE TIMES.

One of the greatest proofs of the uncertainty of the times, is to be found in the strange conduct of the parish clock of St. James's, Westminster. It evinces the utmost difficulty in meeting its engagements, and has been frequently a defaulter in respect to its time bargains. Its hands are thrown out of employ, its works stopped, and numbers are standing idle, which all looks very bad upon the face of it. Several watches that have hitherto been regulated in their movements by the parish clock of St. James's, are greatly inconvenienced, and it is said that some have actually come to a stoppage. A rumour prevailed in the City that the old clock of St. Clement's had once more suspended its operations, which, it will be remembered, were only resumed a year or two ago, after a crisis of considerable difficulty. We are happy to find that the rumour is premature, for we passed only yesterday at twelve precisely, when the clock of St. Clement's was giving a striking example of what may be done by winding up before it is too late, and by regulating at proper intervals.

The Hyde Park clock has gone on so far in a satisfactory manner; but we believe its liabilities are only from day to day, and thus there is a key to its punctuality.

ENLARGED AND (NOT) BEAUTIFIED.

We furnish by anticipation a view of the new front of Buckingham Palace, with an additional suggestion of our own. The artist has been inspired apparently by a patriotic desire to assimilate the Palace of the Sovereign to the new shops of her subjects in the continuation of Oxford Street. It is a pity that this resemblance should be confined to the building. As the new front can hardly, by the wildest stretch of imagination, be deemed ornamental, why should it not be made useful? An agreeable addition to the Civil List might be obtained by letting out the ground-floor in shops, while Her Majesty and the Royal Family would be accommodated in the first floors, and the domestics in the attic story.

The Royal children might be allowed to acquire a practical familiarity with the retail commerce of the country, by taking a round of attendance in the shops successively, which would infallibly draw immense crowds to the establishments so favoured, and might be considered in the rents. A rush would certainly follow such an announcement as "Selling off.—The Prince of Wales will serve out Groceries from 2 till 4;" or, "Try our Wellington Surtouts! Customers measured by Prince Alfred, for this day only;" or, "The Princess Royal and an immense lot of soiled Ribands." We cannot conceive any measure more likely to promote affability in the Royal children, and loyalty among the subjects of our gracious Sovereign.

YOUNG ISRAEL TO PUNCH.

Espected Punch,

"You have done no more than common justice to Young Israel. He is now risen from the slumber of centuries; and—it will be believed in Houndsditch and the Minories—is now wide awake.

"Young Israel feels that the eyes of the world are upon him, and he is determined to return the stare.

"You have said that the Jew has been compelled to shrink from the dignity of labour—I think it is called—by the persecution he has suffered. There never was anything more true, or more valuable, even in all the truthful splendours of Mosaic jewellery.

"We have been a despised race; but as *Shylock*, that truly great Jew, observed, we will now hold aloof our heads, and "come smug upon the mart." And, Sir, if I call *Shylock* a great Jew, I have my reasons for it. *Antonio* was a very respectable man—nay, a tip-top philanthropist of Venice. But when you find respectability and philanthropy kicking and spitting upon even a Jew, what is to be expected, but that the Jew—like the *Shylock* aforesaid—will give the kicker and spitter the cut direct?

"And, Sir, it is the sufferings that have been put upon Israel—I am now speaking of Old Israel, with the bill-stamp and the clothes-bag—that has caused many weaker spirits to sink the Jew in the Christian. Hence have they, in the most heroic way, mutilated their own names! For instance,—would not Solomon, with all his wisdom, be puzzled to recognise himself as Sloman? Would he not cry out for his proper o's in proper places? And Abraham would pass Braham himself in the street, never dreaming he was his namesake. And Levi would, we fear, consider Lewis as a perfect stranger, with no nominal relationship soever. I could give other cases, but these will do.

"Well, Sir, with Baron Rothschild in the House of Commons, we may at once take our Jews'-harps off the willows, and rejoice with *Punch*, in our Judaism. With equal rights, we, of course, will assert an equal moral dignity. Young Israel will work, in the sweat of his own brow, eschewing the sweat of Her Majesty's guineas.

"I can already send you a few examples of the new feeling that animates Young Israel. The sons of at least three distinguished Sheriff's Officers—in train to lead, like their parents, the Christian into captivity—have forgone the inglorious ease of serving writs, and have entered Her Majesty's Service as full privates of the line. They are to be seen, any day between the hours of ten and twelve, exercising in Birdcage-walk; and look as well as could be expected with their hair cut. I have no doubt, Sir, that the martial feeling will still rise among the people. I trust yet to see a Hebrew corps. We have the Horse Guards,—why should not Young Israel be enrolled as the Jerusalem Ponies?

"Young Israel—I could give half-a-dozen names—has moreover quitted Holywell-street, refusing to grow into old clothesmen, and has apprenticed himself to make the cloth—to spin the cotton. To make the web for new garments is a little more laborious than to make money upon old ones.

"The sons of ten slopsellers at Portsmouth have, since your appeal to Young Israel, entered Her Majesty's Navy, and are every day wringing swabs on board the *Victory*.

"There is spirit in this. But listen to another great Hebrew fact: a new subterranean railway is to run from Petticoat-lane to Monmouth-street. The whole of the line will be executed by Young Israel—by Jewish navvies.

"In a word, *Mr. Punch*—and strange as with all your sagacity it may seem to you—in the matter of labour—hard, unshrinking servile labour—the labour of the broom, and the hammer, and the spade,—it is intended to go the whole hog on the part of your constant reader, (at the coffee-shop,)

"Young Israel."

Italy and Austria.

IMPORTANT DEMONSTRATION AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

Jenny Lind in the character of the *Figlia del Reggimento*, Edward VI., the benevolent Pope Pius IX., Henry VII., and the heroes Hardinge and Gough, the whole in new and magnificent dresses got up for the present season, are, the public knows, now to be seen at Madame Tussaud's. The public, however, may not know that an interesting conversation took place the other evening after the doors had been closed, between those distinguished personages. The Swedish Nightingale told Pope Pius that she was so charmed with him, that she would be happy to sing his hymn any day. Edward VI. said that, although a true Protestant, it was with great pleasure that he found himself standing by the Pope. Henry VII. observed that he had had the pleasure of drubbing a tyrant; he alluded to Richard III.; and he trusted that Pius would enjoy a similar triumph over a despot whose policy was as utterly crooked as the back of his own former antagonist.

The heroes Hardinge and Gough, in their heroic capacity, begged to tender their best services to the Pope, whom they recognised as one of themselves. The whole company agreed that they would show the world what they were made of, by sticking to the cause of His Holiness like wax. Pope Pius replied that he was very much obliged to all of them, and congratulating both himself and friends around him on their present position, said he felt assured that the attitude that they were then in, was one from which they would not, under any circumstances, flinch.

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PUNCH AT THE PLAY.

LAST week the dramatic season—of which *Punch* from time to time may take note—fairly began. We wish to be pleased: we have thrown open "the red-leaved tablet of our heart," and wish to be complacent with all the world. Nay, to show the extravagance of our benevolence, we wish to be at peace with even all managers—past, present, and to come. But we owe a duty to the world; and, whatever our laundress may say of our private debts, duty is a debt we always pay, sometimes thirty shillings in the pound.

London feels, as the savage saith, the stone rolled from her heart. Her play-houses are again opened; and, it would seem, to the peculiar discomfiture of "Our Fast Man," that the fashion seems to be somewhat in favour of those old world matters, five-act dramas. Be this as it may, London is in the best of temper with her plays and players, reading the morning bills with brightening eyes, and determining at some theatre—the Haymarket—the Princess's—the Marylebone—or Sadler's Wells—to make a night of it. Moreover, the dramatic impulse has communicated itself—as though travelling by the electric wire—to Windsor. The Court will return very much earlier to London than was purposed, the QUEEN being desirous to personally patronize the English Drama. This being the case, we understand that the Master of the Horse has already purchased two sets of horses for play-nights; none of the cattle at present in the Royal stables—from old habit—being manageable one step beyond the Italian Opera. (It is not generally known, but at present there is not a Royal horse that does not shy at an English play-bill.)

MR. WEBSTER has in active preparation very handsome paraphernalia for the Royal Box, in the lively expectation of a Royal visit; and MR. MADDOX will, on a like occasion, put forth something better than new. It is scarcely to be expected that HER MAJESTY will be so extreme in her patronage as to visit Islington or Marylebone; yet when enthusiasm is once awakened, who shall prophecy a limit to its operation?

Punch—he confesses it—has of late neglected the theatres. But—*Punch* is a courtier. All the world knows that. Therefore, as his QUEEN determines to smile upon the English Drama, *Punch*—like certain other patrons—will patronize it too; that is, when he can get an order, or be allowed to sell the use of his opinions for an entire season for one private box. (Wine and sandwiches will make him a slave for life.)

The Haymarket has opened merrily enough. Very pleasant was it for the actors—old faces and new comers—to feel that the audience was shaking them by the hand, and wishing them a pleasant season. MRS. GLOVER had been—not to Margate—no, but to the Fountain of Youth, and came rejuvenescent from the dip. And NISBETT—another duck!—brought back June to us in her sunny face and lark-like voice. At the first gathering, all—actors and audience—seemed to make holiday. "What do you think of this?" said a familiar voice to us. We looked—it was the ghost of ELLISTON in the boxes. With the mild dignity of a subdued bashaw, he observed, "I've just come up to see *Charles Surface*. It's very odd, *Punch*, but Nature has certainly worked out her raw material; there is not a real light comedian left. At the best but molten lead—not the true quicksilver—not the real mercury:" and the ghost feebly chuckled, and ere we could ask him news of his friend GEORGE THE FOURTH, faded—faded away.

SHAKSPEARE—though sophisticated SHAKSPEARE—is mighty at the Princess's. In *Macbeth*—especially in the fifth act—MACREADY has delighted even "Our Fast Man." After seeing the actor, the "Fast Man" (he confessed as much to a friend) did not visit a Casino for a single week, and had some notion of going so far as Islington to behold *Macbeth's* head upon a pole. The "Fast Man," moreover, thinks MISS CUSHMAN'S *Mrs. Macbeth* first-rate. MISS MONTAGUE—the new *Desdemona*—is a charming actress, with a dove-like manner, and a voice of magical sweetness—a voice that would draw a suit out of Chancery. "Will it draw houses?" asks MR. MADDOX; and *Punch* answers—"MR. MADDOX, it will."

Punch, however, must not quit MR. M. without expressing the intensest admiration of his scenery—it is so primitive, so perfect. For instance, here is a faint shadow of the external and internal architectural glory of Dunsinane Castle:—

The scenery of *Othello* is equally true; and then so domestic!—though the bed of *Desdemona*, from its yellow tint, did excite in our mind a somewhat unpleasant recollection of "The Industrious Fleas."

The Lyceum will throw open its doors, and make, no doubt, a very handsome show. VESTRIS certainly carried confusion among the spiders of the Olympic, and was the first to turn a theatre into a drawing-room. Perhaps the curtains and chair-covers were sometimes a little too fine, and the pieces now and then a little too flimsy. Nevertheless, stage reform, so far as scenery and costume go, originated in Wych Street, and, we doubt not, we shall have the like rigid propriety at the Lyceum. PLANCHÉ—President of the Antiquarian Society—has very recently discovered in Brokers' Row a complete set of tea-spoons of the fourteenth century, and is now engaged on a drama of "stirring interest" to introduce them.

THE UTTERERS OF BAD RUMOURS.

RUMOURS are so rife about the failure of houses which are perfectly solvent, that we propose a petition be drawn up for public signature, praying that a penalty of £100 be inflicted upon any one who circulates a rumour to the prejudice of any commercial house. This would make people a little more cautious in ascertaining the truth of a report before they made themselves so busy in sending it about the City. The penalties, which we are afraid would be rather numerous, might be put aside to form a benevolent fund, for the relief of persons who have been ruined by prejudicial rumours. A smaller penalty should also be inflicted on every person who repeats the rumour after he has heard it from the fabricator.

Persons are fined for circulating a bad shilling; why, then, should persons who pass a bad piece of scandal—which is a much more desperate case of smashing than spurious coin, for it sometimes smashes an entire bank and pulls down houses which were perfectly sound the moment before—escape without a punishment.

A penalty of £100, we say, on the forger of every rumour, and a penalty of £10 on every person who is found uttering a false one. What a nice little fortune informers would, according to the above rates, make at the present moment, taking only a circuit of a mile round the Bank!

"Tightness" of the Money Market.

SOME faint idea of the past scarcity of money may be entertained from the following circumstance. No less than six Dukes, four Marquesses, as many Earls, and three Barons, all of whom we learn intended to send to the SHAKSPEARE fund certain sums, varying from £50 to £200, have, up to the present moment, not sent a single sixpence. In our next we trust to be enabled to give a better account of the Money Market.

A DOMESTIC DIALOGUE.

Servant. If you please, Sir, here's the Chairman of the Great Junction Clothes Line come for the Railway call.

Master. Tell him it's no use his waiting: he must Call again.

THE COLLEGE OF DANCING.

It has been reserved for Baron Nathan to elevate dancing to its proper height, and make it a science requiring a college entirely to itself. When we have seen that mighty master of his art flitting about gracefully, with his eyes blindfolded, through a maze of milk-jugs, and avoiding whole terraces of tea-cups, we knew that he could not be content till he had elevated his art to its utmost pinnacle. His intrepid conduct among the new laid eggs will never be forgotten; and he will go down to posterity in an egg-shell. He has at length established a college for dancing, where he invites every one to graduate, insisting, with a nice feeling of classicality, that the word "graduate" is derived from *gradus*, a step, and that no one can be a graduate till he has learned his steps.

The Baron also argues, with considerable acumen, that the existence of a college hornpipe to this very hour must prove that a college for dancing is not altogether a new idea. He says, that the Quadrature of the Circle has a close affinity with the quadrille; and that the splendid expression of Homer with reference to the Πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης alludes particularly to the old Greek custom of boys dancing polkas by the sea-shore. His new college will have various professorships, and the chair of the Professor of the Poetry of Motion has already been offered to Professor Wilson, by whom it has not yet been declined. The Baron has, we believe, adopted the academical costume, in which he now gives lessons; and he has conferred the degree of Bachelor on all his unmarried male pupils, as an encouragement to them to proceed. He contemplates offering an annual prize for the best *entrechat* that may be achieved in the course of the year, and the illustrious Taglioni is to be applied to, to act as adjudicator on the occasion.

Young Israel.

Messrs. Moses and Son having, with heartfelt delight, learned the determination of Young Israel—first published in *Punch*—to give up the bill-discounting, writ-serving, orange, lemon, and lead-pencil selling lines in all their branches, and to take to hard work like their chosen ancestors,—beg to lay before the people the following list of prices:—

	£	s.	d.
A Navvy's complete Suit, with Pick-axe, Spade, and Shovel	0	14	0
Ditto Dustman's, with two pair of Scarlet Breeches	0	16	6
A Coalheaver's complete Working Suit, with stout Corduroys and undeniable Fan-tail	0	15	0
Complete Sunday Suit	1	1	6
Common Sailor's Jacket and Trowsers	0	4	2
Glazed Hats (with name of ship in gold letters)	0	1	6

N.B. *Ready Money, and (it's no use to try it) no Light Gold taken.*

"Revenons à nos Moutons," as the young lady who had been learning French by the Hamiltonian system said, when she gave up camphine, and returned to the primitive tallow candles.

A VISIT TO THE VICTORIA IN 1847.

We came—we paid—we entered—and a roar
Of "Bravo, Icks!" burst through the opening door.
The row of boxes called the dress we gain—
All the New Cut *élite* they must contain;
There the baked tatur man, perchance, is found,
With all his little children nestling round;
And there the British dustman proudly sits,
Weeping by starts, and laughing loud by fits.
The piece in progress is a little dark,
It bears the title of *The Merchant's Clerk:*
The clerk, of course, must naturally be
The "recognised tragedian"—Yes, 'tis he!—
For, as he raves, and stamps, and wildly kicks,
Again is heard the cry of "Bravo, Icks!"
'Tis difficult to recognise, I trow,
The once well "recognised tragedian" now,
For—fatal truth!—that "Icks" to childhood known,
Astonishingly corpulent has grown—
But to the drama. There's a servant funny,
Who gives his former mistress all his money:
There's a rich, overbearing, harsh *papa*,
As nearly all Victoria fathers are;
And there's a daughter, of the usual line,
Assumed by the "acknowledged heroine,"
The "victim" she, as we have often read,
Of "persecution" quite "unmerited."
'Tis strange how very well the lady wears,
Considering that, for ten successive years,
By "persecution" she, so mild and meek,
Has been assailed six evenings in the week;
Heroically she has braved it out,
And under it has grown extremely stout;
So, persecute her henceforth as they may,
They will not wear the heroine away.
Oppress her, wrong her, play what tricks they please with her,
'Tis very evident her fate agrees with her—
E'en now sad persecution is her fate,
Married to "Icks," doomed to a father's hate,
Turned out of doors, gone mad, knocked down, and curst,
Sent to the hospital—but humbled first
By her own servants, for they volunteer
To lend the cash allowed them for their beer.
But hold! we can no more—this is too much—
She is a heroine, and behaves as such.
We must not, cannot, will not, dare not wait
For the last act, to learn her final fate:
Perchance she dies—or leads a happy life,
In the capacity of "Icks's" wife!
At all events, there can be little doubt
That, at the close, the manager gives out—
"In consequence of your applause, Miss V.
Will every evening persecuted be."
She's called for, and from voices five or six,
There bursts a farewell shout of "Bravo, Icks!"

Railway Intelligence.

Such is the pressure for money among some of even the largest and wealthiest Railway Companies, that, in addition to their offers of five per cent. for money advanced on their debentures, they contemplate allowing a bonus on fares paid in advance by passengers. Thus, a person going by the twelve o'clock train will be allowed a handsome drawback if he takes out his ticket at eight o'clock, for the Company gets the play of his money during four hours, which in the present state of things will be found a most desirable accommodation. It is expected that some of the leading lines will speedily put forth an announcement that "interest at the rate of five per cent. per hour will henceforth be allowed on all fares paid in advance on sums not exceeding fifty shillings;" and preference tickets will be issued, with a corner seat guaranteed, to the twenty first passengers by each train who shall have paid up the whole sum upon their fares a quarter of an hour previous to starting.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

The most wonderful exhibition of the Happy Family, would be the Berkeleys living under the same roof together.

How to Spend a Week in Manchester.—Procure a money-order for five shillings, and endeavour to change it.

WINDSOR CASTLE—WINDSOR TRADE.

Voice from Windsor might have been called *A Voice from the Till;* it has with it such a silvery, yet withal such a serious sound. The *Voice* addresses itself to HER MAJESTY, and in very dolorous accents assures our Sovereign Lady the QUEEN, that Windsor Castle and Windsor Shopkeepers are connected by the nearest and tenderest ties, namely, by purse-strings. Windsor Castle—by recent order—is closed four days every week, and for four days Windsor Trade is in a condition of collapse. And even when the Castle is nominally open, its greater attractions are "roped off." This evil is of as early date as September 11, 1845.

"The Throne Room was 'roped off,' a mere narrow roped passage, leading from one door to another, being the whole extent (not more than some four or five yards in length) of that apartment which was permitted to be traversed by the public, who were thus prevented from approaching (as previously) within several yards of *the Chair of State* and *its gorgeous canopy*—two *great attractions* in the eyes of the inquiring and curious visitors. The magnificent Presence Chamber was also 'roped off' in a similar manner; thus preventing any of your Majesty's subjects from obtaining a view of the splendid malachite vase (*ever* an object of great interest, and which was presented to your Majesty by the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA,) at a closer distance than from twenty-five to thirty feet."

These ropes were almost mortal to the trade of the town; for, "while local taxation fearfully increased, the trade of once flourishing Windsor most lamentably diminished, bankruptcy and insolvency staring us frightfully in the face." And all this, because the fruit of hemp-seed—"ropes"—kept inquiring and curious visitors at a heart-breaking distance from the Chair of State—the Gorgeous Canopy—and the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S malachite vase! That the commercial prosperity of Windsor should hang from a rope!

In the time of WILLIAM THE RADICAL the public were permitted—four days a week—to range through seventeen rooms of Windsor Castle. Now, seven of the ten are as unapproachable as BLUE BEARD'S Blue Chamber. And in these rooms are no fewer than one hundred and twenty paintings of the old masters. JOHN BULL is now altogether excluded from the Throne Room; and may not let even his eye repose upon the Chair of State. And then the Grand Staircase, with a statue of the good and gracious GEORGE IV., "in its deeply recessed arch,"—BULL can only see his marble Majesty, at a great distance, "through a glass case;" the case guarding the immaculate GEORGE even from the flies! Well, cut off from many glorious sights, or at best permitted to have only a hurried glance at others,—the public do not go to Windsor; and not only do tavern-keepers droop and perish, but—

"*The butchers and bakers, the fishmongers and greengrocers, may be especially enumerated,* amongst others, as direct sufferers; while those who are indirectly affected, and to a great extent, *embrace the whole of the remainder of the commercial inhabitants of the borough.*"

The spirit of AGNEW, moreover, lies heavily on Windsor. "The time has been," cries the *Voice*, that on Sundays "from 2000 to 3000 persons" visited the Castle. Now, the Sabbath is kept with closed doors; though, for the profane and wicked, Hampton Court and Gardens remain open: Sunday at Hampton not being Sunday at Windsor.

In the overflow of our sympathy we have much compassion, not only for the tradesmen of Windsor, but for the visitors, who would fain exhibit their curious and inquiring aspirations in the Throne Room or the Grand Staircase, and in other gorgeous localities of the Castle. Besides, it is hardly fair to JOHN BULL, who has—it is instinctive in him—such a passionate loyalty towards the Throne, to deny him the enjoyment of his noblest affection. Wherefore, then, should the public be thus "roped off?" Surely the authorities cannot fear that a familiarity with the glories of royalty should beget an indifference of their might and grandeur? Impossible!

Napier and the Dollars.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER—we learn from the *Times*—has achieved an unparalleled feat since commanding off Lisbon. He has absolutely taken the treasury by storm, and made the Portuguese pay him "every fraction of the monies due to him." Now the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, we understand, cannot get a maravedi of long arrears of pension. We advise him to employ NAPIER. In fact, we do not see why SIR CHARLES—just to keep his hand in—should not issue something like the following notice:—

"To all English Creditors on Portugal. SIR CHARLES NAPIER, K.C.B., having a little time upon his hands, would willingly undertake the collecting of debts due by the Portuguese Government to English Creditors. SIR CHARLES has a way of his own which has seldom failed in such employment, and can promise punctuality and despatch. A very moderate percentage required. Apply, by letter (pre-paid), 'ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER, H.M.S. *St. Vincent*, the Tagus.'"

THE SEPTIBUS CABS.

THIS is decidedly neither a golden age nor a silver age, for there is neither gold nor silver to be had just now; but when we look at the wonderful novelties nearly every day brings forth in cabs, we are justified in calling this a cab-age. The last new invention in the public vehicular line is a Septibus Cab, to carry seven persons—an arrangement which has some inconveniences attached to it. In the first place, before it can be filled, the first passenger must call a public meeting on the pavement, to invite six others who are going the same way as himself to join him in taking the cab; and there must be another public meeting on arriving at their destination to apportion the amount of contributions to the fare. It is so seldom that the persons willing to join in a cab can say "We are seven," that we are afraid the newly-invented Septibus will not fill full, or fulfil the expectations of the projectors.

We have not yet taken a turn in a Seven-in-one, but we purpose shortly trying the experiment, if we can meet with six agreeable fellow-travellers. We dare say we shall soon see advertisements in the papers stating that "a gentleman of quiet imposing manners, with a rich fund of anecdote, is wanted to complete a party purporting to go from Hyde Park Corner to the Temple in a Septibus." He will be told, perhaps, to apply, between the hours of one and two, under the arch of the Wellington Statue. It is all very well of the Latin moralist to say *Ride si sapis;* but if there is to be so much trouble, we can only say, if you're wise you won't *ride*, but walk!

Signs of a Move.

MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY'S clerk called yesterday at LORD J. RUSSELL'S official residence in Downing Street, and took measures of the principal rooms for carpets, bookcases, &c. MR. ANSTEY will enter upon the duties of Prime Minister next Wednesday week, on which day LORD JOHN RUSSELL retires into private life.

His Lordship has had the shutters up in Downing Street ever since the receipt of the first letter from the learned member for Youghal, and, as his valet remarks, has never been his own man since.

LORD PALMERSTON will also resign. The electors of Youghal had better be on the look out for places, and write up to the Prime Minister (who is in a position not to ask, but to *command* patronage) what situations they would like.

Last Compliment to Jenny Lind.

JENNY LIND has left us: but ere she had half crossed the Channel, an English mermaid rose ahead of the ship; the paddles were stopt, and the syren begged of the Swede to accept, as a slight memorial, her comb and mirror. JENNY, of course, received the gifts with her usual sweetness. She then begged the syren to sing a song; but the mermaid, shaking her head—as much as to to say, "Since you've been heard, it's all up with mermaids,"—and with a bubbling sigh, dived to the bottom of the deep.

THE CHURCH AND THE POOR.

"THE chief practical difficulty of the Church of England is how to engage and secure the affections of the poor," cries the *Times*. And Bishops, with tens of thousands per annum, cry "Hear, hear!"

THE WORST SYMPTOM OF THE TIMES.—The Insolvent Court is being enlarged.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

Proprietor of Machine. (*loq.*) "SORRY TO KEEP YOU SUCH A LONG TIME A WAITIN, SIR; BUT REALLY THEY STOP IN SUCH A TIME THAT WE HAVEN'T A MACHINE TO BLESS OURSELVES WITH. THERE'S CRUMPTON'S COTTAGES HAS BEEN IN THE WATER THIS THREE QUARTERS OF AN HOUR; AND ALBION-HOUSE TAKES THE LONGEST TIME TO DRESS OF ANY GENT I EVER SEE. OH! HERE'S PROSPECT PLACE A COMING HOUT. NOW YOU CAN GO IN, SIR."

THE EFFECTS OF THE PRESSURE.

IT seems to be an established fact that nobody has got any money, and therefore, if the business of the country is to go on (which we humbly suppose it is), we see no alternative but resorting to an exchange of commodities, since transactions for cash have become almost impossible. Though a man may be without gold in his purse, he has probably a gold watch in his pocket; and those who are without silver coin may be possessed of silver spoons. We think it exceedingly likely that a system of barter will shortly be established to prevent that stagnation in business which must otherwise ensue from the limited quantity of cash that is just now available. We wish a few enterprising tradesmen would lead the way in the great plan we have hinted at, by advertising their intention somewhat in the following fashion:—

In consequence of the tightness of money, the proprietors of the

Houndsditch Mart of Elegance

AND *MAGAZIN DES MODES DES MINORIES*

Have resolved on reducing all their articles from a price in cash to a price in commodities. A gentlemanly wrap-rascal, lined throughout with best blanketing, and hitherto charged one pound, will be supplied for

THREE SILVER DESSERT-SPOONS,

And can be made to measure for

THREE TABLE-SPOONS.

Trowsers from A PLATED CANDLESTICK upwards, and Fancy Vests beginning at

A SILVER PENCIL-CASE.

Or we may see something like the following:—

It has been said that money is the root of all evil; and, there being now no money, it is to be presumed that everything is good. Inspired with this supposition, MESSRS. SCREW AND DOO have determined on offering their first-rate stock of linendrapery to the public without the intervention of money, by receiving the value of their various elegant novelties in kind. They have some exquisite shawls, which S. AND D. are enabled to offer at

A Leg of Mutton each;

And there are several soiled muslins that may be had at the surprisingly moderate rate of

A MUTTON-CHOP PER YARD.

Gloves of the best town-make can be put in at a

QUARTERN LOAF THE PAIR;

and Hats may be procured at all prices, from a

BASIN OF SOUP TO A TUREEN.

We are perfectly aware that the system of labour exchange was tried some few years ago by ROBERT OWEN, the philanthropist, and a few other Sons of Harmony, who, if they were legitimate Sons of Harmony, behaved very ill to their parent, for they literally kicked poor Harmony out of doors. The labour exchange, in those days, being got up by a few people bonded together in brotherly love, turned out a most quarrelsome business, and the police had to be called in every five minutes to preserve that peace which it was the aim of the united brothers to promote. We do not, however, argue from the failure of the former undertaking any reason for discouragement to that which is

BARTER.—A Probable Effect of Peel's Measures, and Consequent Scarcity of Coin.

Lady. "How much would a Dress of this come to?"
Linendraper. "We could do you that, Ma'am, at Three Silver Forks and a Tea-spoon."
Lady. "William, give me my Plate-basket."

now proposed. The little differences of the Owenites arose from their very natural anxiety to get a bookcase worth ten pounds for a pair of boots value ten shillings, and as there were several seized with the same sort of predilection, the thing fell to the ground.

Things are now quite altered, and as nobody has any money, everybody will of course be flocking to the tradesman that offers to take labour in exchange for labour, as long as the practice lasts.

X. Y. Z.

FOR a long time past, a gentleman, under the mask of an X. Y. Z., has been announcing that he could secure fame in letters to any party who would apply to him under the seal of inviolable secrecy, and over a bootmaker's in the Haymarket.

Mrs. and *Mr. Punch*, as they read this advertisement daily in the *Times*, at breakfast, often wondered within themselves who this individual could be, who possessed such a superabundance of genius and glory, that he could afford to make a reputation for any individual who chose to apply at the bootmaker's, and envied the lucky dispenser of fame.

"Why doesn't JONES go to him," we exclaimed, "and get himself a little furbished up? his last volume of poems was abominably dull: or why doesn't BRIGGS apply to X. Y. Z.? the last two or three of his novels have been atrociously stupid;"—in fact, we went through the whole range of our literary acquaintance, and agreed, that, except *Punch*, there was scarcely a single man to whom the three last letters of the alphabet couldn't do good.

"Who *is* X. Y. Z.?" then we thought—and counted over the great authors of our time. "Perhaps it is SNOOKS," we at one time thought; "he has published nothing since his *Journey to Boulogne*, three years ago. It can't be TIMMS, certainly, who brings out a book a month—or it may be BROWN, who, since he broke down in that terrific romance of *Crunchley the Jawbreaker, or the Dentist's Bride* (at the moment when *Crunchley* has got *Molaretta* into the chair, and the instrument into her mouth), has left all Europe in expectation, and *must* be doing or plotting something tremendous in private."

In the midst of these doubts, which nobody could solve (for though I bought a pair of straps at the bootmaker's, the rogue was as close as wax), what does *Mrs. Punch* do—unbeknownst to her lord and master—but write off a letter to X. Y. Z., *care of the bootmaker, Haymarket*, to the following effect:—

"MISS BUNYAN presents her compliments to X.Y.Z., and is anxious to have farther particulars regarding the *literary reputation* which X.Y.Z. is good enough to promise to *secure* to parties *confiding* in him.

"MISS B. is herself a *votaress* of the Muse. Her first volume of 'Passion Flowers' was favourably received by a *kind* British Public, and noticed in the periodicals of a *now*, alas! rather *distant* day. Her second work, 'Lyrics of the Soul,' though spoken of with *enthusiasm* in the chief reviews (including the *Islington Mercury*, the *Paddington Quarterly Review*, and the *John o' Groat's Memento*), did not meet the publisher's expenses; and she has now completed a volume of poesy, 'Moans of the Nightwind,' for which she has in vain attempted to find a *Mæcenas*.

"Under these circumstances, as X.Y.Z. kindly offers to enhance or create a literary reputation, will he have the kindness to despatch one per post to his hapless and obliged servant, ADELAIDE BUNYAN.

"*Direct to*—
"W. MCTODDY, ESQ.,
"*Farentosh Square, Edinburgh, N.B.*"

Great minds are incapable of stratagem; and this simple though atrocious forgery instantly deceived the guileless X. Y. Z. He replied to *Mrs. Punch's* communication in his own name; sending a scale of charges, and a number of testimonials as to his prodigious genius.

We found that X. Y. Z. was the famous SMITHERS; in a word, the author of *Rumbuski*.

Considering the vastness of X. Y. Z.'s talents, his prices are indeed moderate. Sterling Poetry is charged £5 5*s.* per hundred lines; First-rate Prose, £8 8*s.* per octavo sheet of 16 closely printed pages; the revisal of a small volume of poetry, £10 10*s.*; of a ditto of Prose, £5 5*s.*; of a pamphlet of 100 pages, from 2 to 3 guineas.

And as for his genius, if that is not proved by the following extracts from the Press, what fact in this world is there capable of proof?

RUMBUSKI.—A DRAMATIC POEM.

"The mantle of the *Elizabethan poets* has fallen on MR. SMITHERS."—*Cambridge Journal.*

"Will be talked of hereafter as the *Bard of Avon* is talked of now."—*Glenny's Court Gazette.*

"The play reminds us of *Schiller*. GEORGE SMITHERS is a man of great genius, and a tragic dramatist of decided ability."—*Monthly Magazine.*

"His nervous language, fine imagery, and apt delineation of the human heart, remind us of *Shakspeare*. On MR. SMITHERS has fallen the mighty Master's mantle of genius."—*Court Magazine.*

"This beautiful and sublime production was never excelled but by the master mind of *Shakspeare*."—*Post Magazine.*

"Equal to *Goethe*. All is impassioned and effective."—*Monthly Magazine.*

"The spirit of *Milton* was hovering above the writer."—*Weekly Magazine.*

No wonder that a writer with all this talent should have some to spare. A gentleman who is equal to SCHILLER, GOETHE, BYRON, SHAKSPEARE, ÆSCHYLUS, and the Elizabethan Poets, may well be able to "enhance or create" any other gentleman's reputation.

But has he any right so to do?—that is the point. No young author has a right to go and purchase a hundred lines of sterling verse, written by a *Rumbuski*, and buy a claim to immortality for five pounds five. The tickets to that shop are not transferable, so to speak. It may be very well for a SMITHERS to throw off a few thousand sterling lines or reams of first-rate prose, and secure his own seat; but he can't keep places for ever so many friends beside. It is not fair upon us who are struggling at the door.

No, I say; for the interest of the public this scheme must be stopped. Let us concede that *Rumbuski is* the greatest work of the age; that the author of that prodigy may, out of the benevolence of his disposition, and at a reasonable charge, edit the works of geniuses less accomplished; cut down a book of travels; put a little point here and there to the vague moral of a pamphlet; or help a literary dowager to grammar. These jobs are often taken in hand (for the benefit of the public, too) by men of the literary profession.

But here he must stop. There must be no making first-rate verses for other parties at £5 5*s.* per hundred lines; at which rate, any man with a £50 note' (for SMITHERS would, no doubt, take off the discount) might be a first-rate poet, and get a claim on the Government for a pension. No, no. You may touch up a man's drawing, SMITHERS; but you must not do every line of it. You may put a few feathers into a jackdaw's tail, but do not send him out into the world as an accomplished peacock. It is not fair upon the other jackdaws.

That is why we utter the above amiable remonstrance. As the guardian of the public morals, *Punch* has had an eye on X. Y. Z. No "creating of literary reputations," X. Y. Z., my boy; otherwise, he who now tells you to move on, will be painfully compelled to use the weapon of the law. What? the poet of other ages—the author of the great *Rumbuski*, a literary smasher, and vendor of illicit coin? O fie!

RAILWAYS.

FOR aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by *Times* or *Chronicle*,
The course of Railways never did run smooth:
For either it was difficult in curves,
Or else the gradients were "*unkimmon*" steep,
Or else it stood upon Directors' whims:
And "IF" the calls *were* paid, and the line done,
Explosions, accidents lay hold of it.
Swift as the telegraph, short as dividends;
Brief as the lightning when it greasy is,
Or like the steam that travels o'er the earth,
That, ere the stoker can aloud cry "Ease her!"
The boiler bursts and blows us up,
So quick upon the rail we meet contusions.

Midsummer Night's Steam.

RAPID ACTS OF SHOWMANSHIP.

LAST week one of the ecclesiastical showmen, known as the Westminster Abbey Runner, gave biographical, historical, and critical particulars relative to 150 monuments, 4 shrines, 7 chapels, and numerous banners, to twenty-seven persons, in the short space of seventeen minutes and a half, and for the small charge of sixpence; the party included several foreigners, who understood but little English, and none of the language spoken by the Runner. The Runner, on being complimented on the astonishing feat which he had achieved, replied, with the candour which belongs only to great minds, that the same space had been gone over in fifteen minutes, and that he was willing to make a match to perform the distance in a still shorter period.

The Runner can be backed against any showman who is a member of the E. C. (Established Church.)

The Runner has heard a good deal about the Twopenny Nag, of St. Paul's. If the Nag is game for a good straightforward show, and no favour, the Runner is his man.

N.B.—The Runner beats carpets, and attends parties round the Abbey.

NOVELTIES.—THERE was a new Ministry announced at Madrid on the 4th inst. On the 3rd proximo there will be a new moon.. One of the novelties, at least, is warranted to last a month.

A Piece of Poetry by our Fast Man.

"Upon my word, *Punch*, you precious old Pump, I am very much obliged to you for letting me have my swing in your pages. You are blessedly ignorant that I am regularly doing you up. You will soon find which of us is right; I, in going in for popular amusements; or you, in running them down. In the meantime, I send you a copy of verses, on which you are quite at liberty to be severe. I should have recited them personally on the occasion they relate to, if I could have got my price for the job. They were originally intended for

AN ADDRESS ON THE OPENING OF A CASINO.

"Hoy! Here we are!" In coming thus the Clown,
'Tis not my object merely to "go down."
When I remark, my bricks, that "we are here,"
I mean a little more than meets the ear.
We're here, of dreary moralists in spite;
Yes, and whate'er they fancy—we're all right.
But this, my tulips, is a *salle de danse*,
And here we are—as if we were in France;
Parisian pleasures let us then pursue,
And whilst in France, behave as Frenchmen do.
In for flare-up and frolic let us go,
And polk it on the fast fantastic toe.
Leave the slow coaches to their slow delights;
This is the way in which we'll spend our nights.
Leave them amusement, if they can, to find
In dreary, dull, and dummy works of "mind;"
As where the stupid sterling drama dwells,
The Haymarket, for instance, or the Wells;
Where, listening to some prosy piece, they sit,
Obliged to think (!) to understand its wit.
Leave "good young men" upon "dim books" to pore,
And please themselves with all we vote a bore;
Ours be the lark, the rollick, and the spree,
The lax, the light, the easy, and the free;
Ours is society where all intrude,
And none, on that account, are voted rude.
We sink all rules of etiquette severe;
We stand upon no ceremony here.
No prim *hauteur* repels the bold advance;
All may invite, where ALL have met, to dance:
Here, for an "introduction" none need stop,
Save from the SIMPSON of our shilling hop;
Here by no prudish sisters we are checked,
Our numerous company is not "select."
Hey, then, for roaring fun and rampant folly!
'Tain't intellectual—but ain't it jolly?
Vive le Casino! therefore, *Vive la France!*
Come; foot it in the miscellaneous dance.
WILLIS, thy rooms we envy not the nobs,
We've got our ALMACK'S, though 'tis call'd the Snobs';
'Tis prime—'tis plummy—if it ain't genteel,
Give us the *bal* that's like the *bal Mabille*.
Suppose 'tis vulgar—that objection stow,
'Tis jolly vulgar, not refined and slow;
It mayn't precisely please the moral flat—
You won't find fault with it, kind friends, for that:
'Tis FAST, whate'er its tendency may be,
And that's enough, I'm sure, for you and me.

"There, *Punch*, take your change out of that, and be converted to the sentiments of your

"FAST MAN."

*** Our Fast Man is rather too fast in jumping to the conclusion that we are averse to popular amusements. On the contrary, we advocate their diffusion. Nay, we are more liberal, we flatter ourselves, in this respect, than our Fast Man himself. We would not only have places of public entertainment accessible to young men, but also to their female relatives. We go further—we maintain that such means of recreation ought to be provided for them. Give them concerts, give them balls—which must not, however, be so "fast" as to exclude families. One of the chief recommendations of the *Casino*, in the opinion of our fast friend, seems to be the circumstance that it is impossible for a gentleman to take his sister there. We beg to inform our fast correspondent that we object to it precisely for that reason. We do not see why clerks and shopmen should not have an ALMACK'S; but we certainly would not allow Snobs to make it a *bal Mabille*. We admit that the *Casino* is perfectly Parisian: we cannot, however, consent to admire it merely on that account. It appears that the result of our Fast Man's experience of the French is a peculiar predilection for the manners and customs of their viler classes. In this particular he probably agrees with one—and but one—other traveller. We allude to a kindred spirit with our Fast Man: the original monkey who had seen the world.

Little Boy. "OH, MY EYE! THERE GOES EIGHTPENCE OUT OF A SHILLING."

THE GREAT MEETING OF RAILWAY SHAREHOLDERS.

THE London Tavern was, on Tuesday, the 5th of October, the scene of a sort of *solo* meeting, which had been called to consider the propriety of petitioning the Government to do something to prevent the pressure of railway calls; but nobody seems to have taken any interest in the question, except the newspaper reporters and a gentleman with the appropriate name of GREEN. The whole thing must have ended in syncope, if the reporters, with a view to the great penny-a-line interest, had not got up a little talk among themselves; and they persuaded MR. GREEN to vote himself into the chair, vote himself out again, vote himself thanks for his able and impartial conduct, vote himself Chairman of a Committee, vote himself *the* Committee, and then vote the meeting dissolved. Talk of the late MR. MATTHEWS and his monopolylogues—the best and busiest of them could not be compared with the wonderful personations of MR. GREEN. The reporters had gone to what they believed would have been a meeting, where they hoped to have several long-winded speeches to commit to paper, but if they had not "put in their own spoke," as the saying is, there would have been no one to keep up a discussion, and the whole thing must have ended in a series of soliloquies by MR. GREEN. It seems, therefore, that MR. GREEN is the only person who wishes to suspend all the railway works in the kingdom at once; but as he appears to be utterly alone in his timidity, we fear he will not persuade the Government to accede to his views.

Temporary Distress.

TO THE AFFLUENT.—The Benevolent, whom Fortune has blessed with plenty, have now an opportunity of performing a good action, with the advantage of being speedily repaid for it with interest. A Gentleman possessed of enormous property, but, in consequence of a temporary confusion in the state of his affairs, embarrassed for the want of a little ready cash, would be thankful for the LOAN of a FEW MILLIONS OF POUNDS IN GOLD. The most ample security will be given for the amount, in LANDS, HOUSES, SHIPPING, STORES, PROVISIONS, PLATE, FURNITURE, MANUFACTURES, and GOODS AND CHATTELS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Should this Advertisement meet the eye of any FOREIGN MONARCH, with more MONEY in his coffers than he knows what to do with, it will suggest to him a mode of doing a HANDSOME THING, and at the same time of making a judicious investment. For further particulars, inquire of MR. JOHN BULL, at the Office of his Solicitor, *Mr. Punch*, 85, Fleet Street, London.

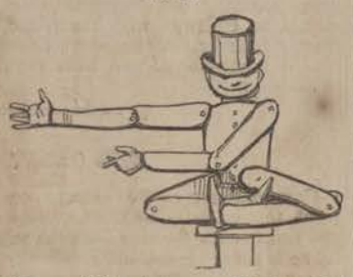
A SURE "RETURN."

THE "return" of PRINCE ALBERT to "luncheon."

RAILWAY SIGNALS.

Since every one is trying his hand at the invention of a Railway Signal for communicating between the guards and passengers, we have laid a tax upon our own ingenuity, which, unlike all other taxes, is always paid on demand. Some are for putting a porter in the midst of the smoke of the engine, where he could neither see nor be seen; others are for applying a check-string or cord round the neck of the guard, who, if they did not allow him rope enough, would assuredly hang himself if he should get down in a hurry at any of the Stations, and run too far. A fellow-passenger in a railway train once suggested a trap-door similar to those in Hansom's Cabs, but he forgot that unless the policeman was continually looking at the trap, it never might catch his eye. Under all the circumstances, we think the best plan that could be adopted would be a set of practicable wooden figures, like those we, in a fit of parental generosity, occasionally give to our children, and are known in the nursery by the name of scaramouches. They are worked by means of a string, and the gestures into which they throw themselves are alike expressive and wonderful. As a signal to "go on," for instance, (No. 1), what could be more calm, tranquil, and assuring than a scaramouch in the form of a policeman in the attitude of confidence, which is depicted in the adjoining sketch. But when caution may have become necessary, the strings should be so pulled that the figure would become suddenly erect, and his arms should assume an attitude expressive of the injunction to "hold hard." (No. 2.)

No. 1.



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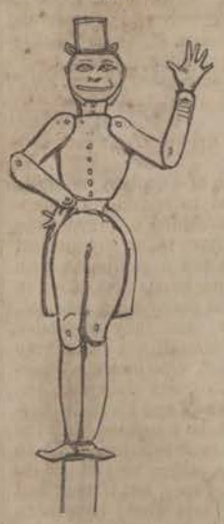


No. 3.

Perhaps, however, the most important signal of all is that which should be made in cases of danger, and for this the flexibility of the wooden policeman scaramouch is adapted in a most extraordinary manner. Indeed, it would be sufficient precaution if the strings were pulled almost at random, for the contortions that would be thus occasioned to the figure are of themselves strongly indicative of alarm. (No. 3.)

In case of a collision actually occurring, the additional agitation of the wooden scaramouch would be amazingly effective, and the greater the crash, the greater would be the energy of the signal, which would have this additional aptitude for railway purposes—that it would be, as usual, rather too late.

THE DANGER OF DINNERS.

Reform Banquets are taking place throughout France. Revolution, to the fears at least of Louis-Philippe, takes the chair, and "Fire-eyed-fury" drinks the toasts. The flag of the next revolution—it is thought at the Tuileries—will be a table-cloth, and the weapons knives and forks!

MR. DUNUP'S FAILURE.

Of all the victims of the crisis, there is no one more deserving of sympathy than Mr. Dunup, whose failure we have already alluded to. Several meetings of his creditors have been recently held on the staircase landing, just outside his door, but the tone has been anything but friendly, and though a desire has been expressed to wind him up, the manner in which the proposition was put forth savoured strongly of hostility. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Dunup has been rather hardly used, for if confidence had continued he might have gone on—in the old way, it is true—till the present hour. We understand that, in imitation of one of the large firms, he forwarded a statement of his affairs to the Bank of England; but the authorities in the parlour scarcely looked at it, and it was sent down to the kitchen, with instructions to return it without comment. There is no doubt that if the Bank had only eased his circulation—that is to say, facilitated his turning round—his credit might have outlived the crisis. The rumour that he had raised money on stock is erroneous; for, on inquiry, it turns out that the only stock he possessed was in the reduced Mohairs, which have undergone, within the last two or three years, the most alarming depression. An attempt to support Mohair Stock by what the bill discounters call "a bit of stiff," was a dreadful failure; for Mr. Dunup could not hold up his head with such a fragile security to rely upon.

Numerous reports are circulated as to the origin of the stoppage of Mr. Dunup. It is not true that his difficulties were increased by his having gone deeply into the Brandy-and-Water Junction, or the great Cheroot and Cabbage Extension; for his transactions in both these lines were extremely moderate. It is hoped in some quarters that Mr. Dunup's relatives may yet come forward; but as several of his uncles have already made advances on what deposits could be obtained, we fear there is something very futile in the expectation we have mentioned.

MORE STOPPAGES.

We have to announce another stoppage in the Strand, not a hundred yards from Temple Bar. It has excited no surprise that this concern should suspend its thoroughfare, for, notwithstanding the excellent opening it has had, there has frequently been an obstacle which has proved for the time insurmountable. The business of the Strand has of course been frequently forced to find its way into other channels, and though the stoppage is only partial on the present occasion, it is inconvenient in the highest degree. The omnibus speculators, directly they perceive a rise in paving-stones, know what to expect; and it is only when they hear the welcome news, "Down again!" that they restore their confidence to the thoroughfare. Everything then goes on smoothly enough for a time; but when the deposits on the pavements begin again, and granite reaches an alarming height, another stoppage must of course occur.

"I KNOW A BANK."—NEW VERSION.

I know a bank wherein my wild cheque goes,
Where if they'll pay it, goodness only knows!
There I've one pound fifteen.
There creeps some luckless wight
Bills to present, when "no effects" they write.

An Awful Look-Out.

The *Bath Herald* announces, that at Shepton Mallet, a place with 6000 inhabitants, there is only one policeman, with five inspectors to look after him. This beats our old official solitary who used to keep the malefactors at bay—at Herne-Bay. The Shepton Mallet functionary, who has to look after the interests of 6000 people, must, of course, be torn literally to pieces, if they should all require his services at once. He must, however, with five inspectors to keep their eyes upon him, be better able to bear inspection than the majority of his class.

AN IMPERIAL RESOLVE.

We learn from St. Petersburgh it is "the fixed resolve of the Emperor to exterminate the Polish nation by *indirect* means." This resolution wants, at least, the courage of a highwayman: *his* rascality is, at least, not indirect.

THE WAGGERY OF GLORY.

The Duc de Nemours is not suspected to possess much humour: nevertheless, the little he has will out now and then. On the breaking up of the Camp at Compiègne, he said of military exercises, "which moralise, *as much* as they improve our minds." No doubt: just as much.

TWO CALLINGS.

THE beadles of St. James's Park have a double monopoly: they have the privilege of thrashing the little boys, and selling the apples and oranges, thus combining pleasure and profit. The fast boys of the neighbourhood—for there are "fast boys" as well as "fast men"—watch the beadle, and carry on their pranks whilst he is busy bargaining with a nurserymaid for a pennyworth of cakes for the ducks. The valuable collection of birds in this way is likely to be injured. Now, the beadles cannot be attending to their stalls and their duties at the same time. It would be much better, therefore, to let them carry about the former, to enable them to carry on the latter with the spirit becoming their national order. Either throw open the gates of the inclosure to all traders in fruit and gingerbread, or else let the beadles combine their two callings in the way we have described.

CAUTION TO TRADESMEN.

A FELLOW calling himself the HONOURABLE MR. FITZCLARENCE (ha, ha!), and representing himself as son of the RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF AUCKLAND (ha, ha, ha!), residing at 41, Carlton Gardens (ho, ho, ho!), has very nearly victimised some tradesmen at Liverpool. From one he got a pair of spurs, from another a purse; and who knows but he might have got a horse for the spurs, and a quantity of money for the purse, but that his career of infamy was, fortunately, cut short by the police.

If the Liverpool *victims* of MR. FITZCLARENCE had taken the precaution of purchasing "*Snooks's Peerage and Court Guide*," which ought to be on every counter, they would have seen by one glance that there is *no* HONOURABLE MR. FITZCLARENCE—that the EARL OF AUCKLAND'S name is EDEN—that there is *no* 41, Carlton Gardens. And thus Vice would have been prevented—by the simple purchase of an excellent and useful family work.

RAILWAY PARSIMONY.

WE don't know whether the tightness in the Money Market is to be pleaded by way of excuse, but the fact is, that the parsimony of the South-Eastern Railway Company is rapidly reaching its very deepest bathos. The lamps in the first-class carriages have long been on such a miserable scale of dinginess that they suffice only to render "darkness visible;" and, as we have come to the conclusion that it is useless to try and get the Company to trim the lamps, we have determined to set to work, and trim the Company. Sometimes an attempt is made to avoid the lighting altogether, under the pretence of a *lapsus memoriæ* on the part of the guard, who, when appealed to, promises the lamp at the next Station, but fails to keep his promise, unless a clamour is kept up with sufficient vigour by the unenlightened passenger.

The intelligent librarian, who we believe pays a liberal rent for his privilege of book-vending, ought to have a compensation for the loss he must incur; for it is quite evident that it is useless to buy books and newspapers at night, if the directors will not allow sufficient light to read them by. If the wretched farthing rushlight system is pursued, it will be necessary to sell a candle and candlestick with each number of a new periodical. Perhaps, as the librarian is very obliging, he will lend this little article of accommodation to any of his customers who will undertake to leave it at the Station where he alights—though, by the way, a-lighting will soon become a misnomer on the South-Eastern, for the platforms after dark are in such a state of obscurity, that dogs, similar to those who act as convoys to blind beggars, ought to be provided at all the Stations for the guidance of nocturnal travellers.

Among the other pieces of paltriness the Directors have resorted to, is the refusal to part with a single copy of their time-table without the charge of one halfpenny. This halfpenny wisdom, added to the more than pound foolishness of constructing a line to Margate 104 miles in length, when seventy would have been sufficient, must, we should think, prove anything but beneficial to the prospects of this Company. One should be endowed with the feline faculty of seeing in the dark, to travel in comfort on the South-Eastern at night; and, by the way, the cat-like possession of nine lives would be advantageous to a frequenter of railways.

THE GREAT ECLIPSE.

CONSIDERABLE excitement was occasioned last week by the announcement, that on Saturday there would be an eclipse of the sun in London, and people came flocking from the suburbs at an early hour, determined to be in time. Some little difficulty was experienced in ascertaining where the exhibition would commence, and much discussion ensued as to whether the eclipse would take its course up Holborn, or pass down the Strand. The police were ordered to be in readiness to keep the people back; and old bits of green glass bottles, to see the sun during its invisibility, were much in request throughout the day. On the whole the eclipse was successful, and it may be pronounced what the French—or rather, what an Englishman, speaking bad French—would call the Sun's *shade-œuvre*.*

In the excitement of looking out for the solar achievement, the public had forgotten the total eclipse of another golden orb, which has for some time prevented people in the City from clearly seeing their way. The golden orb alluded to is the golden sovereign, of which there has been lately such a total eclipse, that it has been difficult to get a sight of it. The cause of the eclipse has been the movement of that eccentric planet PEEL, who has greatly interfered with the circulation of several little satellites of small note, that used to take their rise about the Bank of England, but which, under the shadow of PEEL'S broad and expansive movement, have been completely driven away. The Eclipse of the Sovereign is, we are happy to say, clearing off rather

rapidly, and we shall soon bask in the sunshine of the golden orb as pleasantly as we have done before.

INVALUABLE ADVICE TO RAILWAY DIRECTORS.

IF the morning is wet, you should issue orders to have all the third-class carriages thrown open instantly; but if the morning is fine, then have them closed as fast as you can. By this arrangement you will have the second and first-class carriages very nicely filled—and your pockets also.

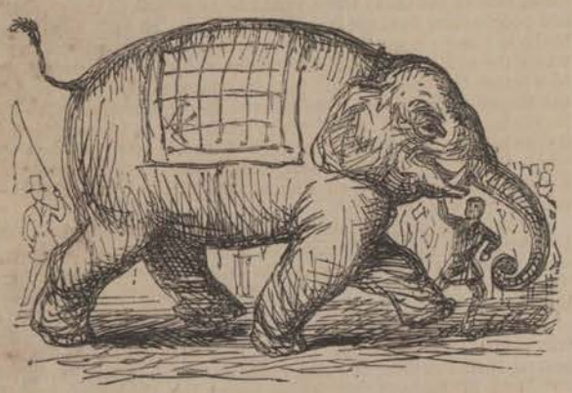
* For the proper orthography, see BOYER.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16th, 1847.

THE MAMMOTH SALE.

It is a strange coincidence that the representatives of dramatic legitimacy and illegitimacy should be both brought to public auction within a limited period. Shakespeare's House has undergone a sort of martyrdom at the Auction Mart, and Hughes's Mammoth Establishment is to be offered to public competition shortly at Vauxhall. The elephants are to be submitted to the hammer, and the camels are to be all knocked down without reserve. Messrs. Tattersall have been selected to officiate on the occasion, and a band will be in attendance to accompany each bidding. We understand, that by way of overture, the orchestra will execute the celebrated piece of "A Sail! a Sail! a Sail!" and in the course of the proceedings, 'My Mother bids" will be performed, with variations on the ophycleide. Purcell's magnificent *morceau* of "Advance! Advance!" will be played to stir up the visiters, when the auctioneer gives the cue by exclaiming "What! is there no advance on the last bidding?"

We have no doubt that the familiarity of Mr. Tattersall with the qualities of a horse, will be of the utmost value to him in his description of the points of an elephant. We can imagine his glowing eulogy on its capabilities for "drawing," as exhibited by the crowded state of Drury Lane; and we can understand the honest exultation with which the ostler would trot the noble beast up and down the Waterloo Ground,



to give it an opportunity of showing its paces. The Egyptian dragon chariot is, we are told by the advertisement, "acknowledged to surpass any thing of the kind ever seen in this country," and to a cabman anxious to place himself or his fare at the very height of street-

popularity, the lot would be well worthy of attention. We think we remember the Imaum of Muscat coming into town about a year ago, and having his head shaved by the rasping stones of the arch of Temple Bar, as he passed under it in this magnificent vehicle. Its powers of "surpassing" everything else will be tested when it comes fairly into use as a street cab, and begins to run races with the '*busses*. It will, no doubt, be distinguished from the Hansoms by the title of the Ugly Customer.

The splendid stud of camels that hopped and limped about the metropolis during their run at Drury Lane will not be quite satisfactory in the saddle, but for cabs there will be something very *distingué* in their appearance, and we have no doubt they will supersede many of those "clever hacks"—some of them, poor things, looking as if they were too clever to live much longer—that do duty and "die with harness on their backs," in the ranks of the metropolitan cavalry. The

Burmese state carriage, which was first captured at Tavoy, and afterwards captured at the Egyptian Hall, by a distinguished officer in the *corps* of the British Sheriff, formed, we are told, the model of a superb vehicle, which we strongly recommend to the attention of the civic authorities. The state carriage of the Lord Mayor is in a shockingly tumble-down condition, and the sale of the Brummagem Burmese affair at Vauxhall offers a most eligible substitute.

The "caparisons" are also to be got rid of, without reserve, for the proprietor, tired with the labours of a too active professional life, is beginning to find that "caparisons are odious."

We perceive in the list of lots, "a pair of golden duns;" and we understand that these duns are such docile creatures that they will run about after any one that is pointed out to them. We confess that we have found docility in the dun a somewhat rare quality, and we should scarcely like to venture—in these days—upon the permanent addition of a pair of "duns" to our establishment.

The catalogue includes some "valuable machiners;" but, as the bathing season is just over, we fear the "machiners" will not fetch their price at the present moment.

THE IMPUDENCE OF LOYALTY.

We have alluded elsewhere to a letter from the Under Secretary of State to a person who had sent a trinket to the Prince of Wales. We should be very sorry to see Her Majesty spurn any manifestation, however humble, of affection on the part of her subjects. But affection is not the motive of those who pester the Queen with their useless presents. The simpletons in question are actuated by a mean vanity,—that of wishing to acquire a petty consequence by conferring a small favour on the Sovereign, and having it to boast that they have given the Queen a keepsake. Their object is, also, to attract the notice of Royalty; and in this instance it has been as successful as was that of the fellow who induced a king to bid him get out of the way.

All who are desirous of sending presents to the Queen are furnished with an ample opportunity of so doing by the tax-collector—and their donations, no doubt, will be thankfully received.

A FRAGMENT.

"AND WILL YOU ALWAYS—ALWAYS, DEAREST ALBERIC, LOVE ME THUS?" SAID CONSTANCE.

"EVER, WHILE THIS HEART BEATS WITH LIFE!" PASSIONATELY EXCLAIMED ALBERIC.

"THEN COULD YOU LEND ME FIVE POUNDS?" MURMURED THE LADY, "FOR REALLY THINGS ARE SO BAD IN THE CITY, THAT I," &c. &c., &c.

PURCHASE OF SHAKSPEARE'S HOUSE.

"The fund is now £1400 deficient."—THOMAS ARNYOT.

THE pleasing intelligence conveyed in the above pithy extract, makes part of an advertisement in the newspapers. We say, pleasing intelligence, because it conveys to the heads (and tails) of the nation—to high and low—the glad assurance that everybody has yet a chance of becoming a part proprietor of the House of SHAKSPEARE, leaving his share in the mansion to his descendants in perpetuity. Now, here is an intellectual luxury—here is a parcel of the importance of property—made very cheap. When will another age—we ask it—be blessed with such another opportunity? Why, not till another SHAKSPEARE shall have arisen—died—and left another messuage for posterity.

The subscription list does not, as yet, brim with the radiant names of many noblemen. MR. PETER CUNNINGHAM, treasurer, is not yet in possession of many aristocratic autographs emblazoned on Bank cheques: but, we think we can account for this. We are inclined to believe that it is modesty—sheer reserve—that prevents the great body of the nobility from deluging MR. CUNNINGHAM with showers of gold and silver; or, as they make stage snow, with showers of Bank-note paper.

LORD MORPETH, in his historical answer to the Committee, averred it to be his opinion that "SHAKSPEARE'S House belonged to the people of England rather than to the Government." The British aristocracy have, we fear, adopted this opinion a little too uncompromisingly. Hence, they do not feel disposed to press forward to the pay-table, lest they should seem to desire to buy up among themselves that which really belongs to the great body of the nation. There is a deference, a modesty in this, that is rather touching. Nevertheless, we feel it to be our duty to reassure the timid.

And therefore—Dukes and Marquesses and Earls, and Barons of England—take heart, and take out your purses. While there is time, come forward; or, it may chance, that the ready-money vulgar may—without intending such a slight—take the matter to themselves, and, buying up the whole of SHAKSPEARE'S homestead, leave you without a single stake—as it is called—in the property.

However, should the nobility and moneyed folks of England fail to put down their pounds, let the million come forward with their shillings. It will—at the cost of only twelve-pence—be a pleasant fancy to a poor man to know that when he dies, he bequeaths to his successors twelve-pennyworth of the house of SHAKSPEARE. A mere splinter of one of the rafters: the smallest morsel of one of its bricks. Thus considered, every man and woman may, we repeat it, become fractionally, a household proprietor; leaving his and her property to the generations that are to follow. And, moreover, thus fame will await upon all subscribers. For "it is the intention of the Committees to print hereafter a complete list of the subscribers, with their addresses." Hence, though a man give but a shilling, his name will make part of the contents of this *libro d'oro*. Is not this reputation "made easy" to the lowest moneyed capacity? Will it not be something to bequeath even a brick of SHAKSPEARE'S house? Will it not be something to be made the heir of such a property? And this may be done at any cost, from one hundred pounds to one shilling! Nevertheless, there is plenty room at the treasurer's table—room alike for coronets and paper-caps.

"MONEY NEVER WAS SO SCARCE."

WE cannot help thinking that several persons have availed themselves of the scarcity of money as a welcome pretext for sending in their bills, and asking for "something on account." Christmas has this year been anticipated two full months. October, which used generally to be a quiet month, has been disturbed by all the dunning characteristics of January, and the excuse of every one who has invaded our "rest" with an application "for a trifle," has uniformly been that "money never was so scarce."

Bills, which used rarely to present themselves before New Year's Day, come every hour rushing in upon us, and they are all backed with the same apology, "Money never was so scarce."

Our Johnny came up yesterday and actually asked for his quarter's wages, which are not due till December. "Money," he said, "never was so scarce."

Our eldest son, to whom we make a handsome allowance every half-year, made the same appeal, though it was only in August that we paid him a stupendous sum in bank-notes.—But what could we do? The dear boy put his arm round our neck, and playing with the one or two hairs we have left on our bald head, said, in his manliest tone, "I can assure you, Governor, 'money never was so scarce.'"

Our dear wife, too, who has no reason to complain of the sum she draws from us every week, is sure to stop our mouth directly, if we cry out against the growing increase of the housekeeping expenses, with the popular chorus of "Money never was so scarce," accompanied with the benign recommendation "not to be a screw."

The same song is sung by persons who are indebted to us. We cannot get a penny of the innumerable debts of honour which are down upon our books. Young SNAFFLE, who owes us a considerable sum on this year's Derby, cannot pay us, for he says, "Money never was so scarce!" All our I.O.U.'s are worthless; they might as well be Spanish Bonds, for what we shall be able to get upon them. Our publisher holds a manuscript of ours, (*Five Minutes in the Life of a Railway Stag.*) We thought there would be no harm in asking for £500 on account, as we had not touched a single sixpence, and the whole of the copy is in type; but the answer, confound it!—was, "Mr. ——'s compliments—but money never was so scarce," &c., &c.

We should not wonder that the reason why the eclipse was not visible in London was because money was so scarce. "It wasn't going to show itself for nothing!"

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

WE must do JULLIEN the justice to say that his Promenade Concerts furnish a most satisfactory contrast to some other places we could name, where, under the cover of music and dancing, aids are afforded to the gratification of every low and snobbish propensity. At Drury Lane we meet no dancing clerks and shop-boys, liquidating their own or perhaps their masters' money, in sherry-cobblers; nor do we find VENUSES who, instead of being formed from the froth of the sea, belong more likely to the scum of the earth, as a great authority has suggested. We have, therefore, no objection to patronise JULLIEN in his present effort, notwithstanding his recent tour in the Swiss Mountains to study the lowing of the cows, and pick up curious musical instruments—including, of course, cows' horns—which the Swiss Quadrille is intended to take advantage of. We hear that he obtained not only the real *Ranz des Vaches*, but the original score of the actual tune that the identical cow positively died of. This curious piece of harmony runs through no less than five bars, and comprises a sort of five-barred gate, or introduction to some brisker movements.

The instruments collected by JULLIEN in his tour in Switzerland, would, we believe, fill three wheelbarrows, but he has not been able to introduce the whole of them.

PUNCH'S STREET DIRECTORY.—The nearest way to Holywell Street is through the wardrobe of the Princess's Theatre.

BRIGHTON IN 1847.

BY THE F. C.

HAVE the kindness, my dear PUGSBY, to despatch me a line when they have done painting the smoking-room at the Megatherium, that I may come back to town. After suffering as we have all the year, not so much from the bad ventilation of the room, as from the suffocating dullness of WHEEZER, SNOOZER, and WHIFFLER, who frequent it, I had hoped for quiet by the sea shore here, and that our three abominable acquaintances had quitted England.

I had scarcely been ten minutes in the place, my ever dear PUGSBY, when I met old SNOOZER walking with young DE BOSKY, of the Tatters-and-Starvation Club, on the opposite side of our square, and ogling the girls on the Cliff, the old wretch, as if he had not a wife and half-a-dozen daughters of his own in Pocklington Square. He hooked on to my arm as if he had been the Old Man of the Sea, and I found myself introduced to young DE BOSKY, a man whom I have carefully avoided as an odious and disreputable tiger, the tuft on whose chin has been always particularly disagreeable to me, and who is besides a Captain, or Commodore, or some such thing in the Bundelcund Cavalry. The clink and glitter of his spurs is perfectly abominable: he is screwed so tight in his waistband that I wish it could render him speechless (for when he *does* speak he is so stupid that he sends you to sleep while actually walking with him); and as for his chest, which he bulges out against the shoulders of all the passers-by, I am sure that he carries a part of his wardrobe in it, and that he is wadded with stockings and linen as if he were a walking carpet-bag.

This fellow saluted two thirds of the carriages which passed, with a knowing nod, and a military swagger so arrogant, that I feel continually the greatest desire to throttle him.

Well Sir, before we had got from the Tepid Swimming Bath to MUTTON'S the pastrycook's, whom should we meet but WHEEZER, to be sure. WHEEZER, driving up and down the Cliff at half-a-crown an hour, with his hideous family, MRS. WHEEZER, the MISS WHEEZERS in fur tippets and drawn bonnets with spring-flowers in them, a huddle and squeeze of little WHEEZERS sprawling and struggling on the back seat of the carriage, and that horrible boy whom WHEEZER brings to the Club sometimes, actually seated on the box of the fly, and ready to drive, if the coachman should be intoxicated or inclined to relinquish his duty.

WHEEZER sprang out of the vehicle with a cordiality that made me shudder. "Hullo, my boy!" said he, seizing my trembling hand. "What! *you* here? Hang me if the whole Club isn't here. I'm at 56, Horse Marine Parade. Where are you lodging? We're out for a holiday, and will make a jolly time of it."

The benighted, the conceited old wretch! He would not let go my hand until I told him where I resided—at MRS. MUGGERIDGE'S in Black Lion Street, where I have a tolerable view of the sea, if I risk the loss of my equilibrium and the breakage of my back, by stretching three quarters of my body out of my drawing-room window.

As he stopped to speak to me, his carriage of course stopped likewise, forcing all the vehicles in front and behind him, to halt or to precipitate themselves over the railings on to the shingles and the sea. The cabs, the flys, the shandrydans, the sedan-chairs with the poor old invalids inside; the old maids', the dowagers' chariots, out of which you see countenances scarcely less deathlike; the stupendous cabs, out of which the whiskered heroes of the gallant Onety-oneth look down on us people on foot; the hacks mounted by young ladies from the equestrian schools, by whose sides the riding-masters canter confidentially—everybody stopped. There was a perfect strangury in the street; and I should have liked not only to throttle DE BOSKY, but to massacre WHEEZER, too.

The wretched though unconscious being insisted on nailing me for dinner before he would leave me; and I heard him say (that is, by the expression of his countenance, and the glances which his wife and children cast at me, I *knew* he said), "That is the young and dashing FOLKSTONE CANTERBURY, the celebrated contributor to *Punch*."

The crowd, Sir, on the Cliff was perfectly frightful. It is my belief nobody goes abroad any more. Everybody is at Brighton. I met three hundred at least of our acquaintances in the course of a quarter of an hour, and before we could reach Brunswick Square I met dandies, City men, Members of Parliament. I met my tailor walking with his wife, with a geranium blooming in his wretched button-hole, as if money wasn't tight in the City, and everybody had paid him everything everybody owed him. I turned and sickened at the sight of that man. "SNOOZER," said I, "I will go on the Pier."

I went, and to find what?—WHIFFLER, by all that is unmerciful!—WHIFFLER, whom we see every day, in the same chair, at the Megatherium. WHIFFLER, whom not to see is to make all the good fellows at the Club happy. I have seen him every day, and many times a day since. At the moment of our first rencontre I was so *saisi*, so utterly overcome by rage and despair, that I would have flung myself into the azure waves sparkling calmly around me, but for the chains of the Pier.

I did not take that aqueous suicidal plunge—I resolved to live, and why, my dear PUGSBY? Who do you think approached us? Were you not at one of his parties last season? I have polked in his saloons. I have nestled under the mahogany of his dining-room, at least one hundred and twenty thousand times. It was MR. GOLDMORE, the East India Director, with MRS. G. on his arm, and—oh, Heavens!—FLORENCE and VIOLET GOLDMORE, with pink parasols, walking behind their parents!

"What, *you* here?" said the good and hospitable man, holding out his hand, and giving a slap on the boards (or deck I may say) with his bamboo, "hang it, every one's here. Come and dine at seven. Brunswick Square."

I looked in VIOLET'S eyes. FLORENCE is rather an old bird, and wears spectacles, so that looking in *her* eyes is out of the question. I looked in VIOLET'S eyes, and said I'd come with the greatest pleasure.

"As for you DE BOSKY"—(I forget whether I mentioned that the whiskered Bundelcund buck had come with me on to the Pier, whither SNOOZER would not follow us, declining to pay the twopence)—"as for *you*, DE BOSKY, you may come, or not, as you like."

"Won't I," said he, grinning, with a dandified Bundelcund nod, and wagging his odious head.

I could have wrenched it off and flung it in the ocean. But I restrained my propensity, and we agreed, that, for the sake of economy, we would go to MR. GOLDMORE'S in the same fly.

ALLOWANCE TO OVERSEERS.

MR. MCCHRISTIE, the Revising Barrister, has been playing sad havoc with the charges for "refreshment," made by the Overseers, in the Registration Courts. These gentlemen have been in such a very languishing condition during the preparation of the lists, that they have been obliged to saturate themselves in beer, with a view to the debilitating business. We hope that, after the experience they have had of a necessity for good living under hard work, they may begin to reflect that paupers cannot very well pick oakum or break stones upon water-gruel. We recommend MR. MC CHRISTIE to call for the diet-table of the parish to which the Overseers belong, and make it the standard of the allowance of refreshments that those functionaries may be permitted to claim in the discharge of their duties.

There is something pitiable in the extreme weakness the officials seem to have laboured under in making out the lists, for cab-hire was frequently charged: in consequence, we presume, of the Overseers having lost the use of their legs about the time when activity was required. MR. MC CHRISTIE evinced no sympathy with this infirmity; and we have no doubt that at the next registration the Overseers will be found to have resumed their ambulatory faculties, as the cost of any temporary suspension must come out of their own pockets.

The Poet of Cremorne.

THE bard of this establishment—who, in humble imitation of the Swan of Avon, has taken the name of the Thames Duck,—has established a temporary Parnassus, in an attic in the neighbourhood of Westminster. He has got a sort of Temple of the Muses near a Mews, and a placard inscribed "For the shrine of Apollo ring the top bell!" adorns his door-post. On the second landing is chalked in primitive characters, "Higher up for the bard!" and at the very top of the house may be seen a hand, with the words "Abode of Fancy at the end of the passage!" placed after it. We trust the Poet will not suffer from the depression of the times; and, indeed, though there is a difficulty in realising, those whose profession it is to idealise may perhaps not feel any injurious influence.

Another Failure.

THE following piece of terrific sarcasm, which is evidently from the pen of a man possessing moral courage, actually appeared last week in the *John Bull*:—

"In China, the finance department of the Government is styled the Hoo-Poo; at home we are being taught to call it the Pooh! Pooh!"

The point in the above reminds us of the mathematical one defined by EUCLID as "that which has no magnitude."

DOMESTIC BLISS.

Servant (rushing in). "OH! GRACIOUS GOODNESS, MASTER! THERE'S THE KITCHEN CHIMLEY A-FIRE—AND TWO PARISH INGINS KNOCKING AT THE STREET-DOOR."

AMERICAN LIBERTY.—AMERICAN EGGS.

THE American Eagle—the bird of Liberty—lays rotten eggs. This filthy fact is made evident by a letter written to the *New York National Anti-Slavery Standard*, by FREDERICK DOUGLASS. He and MR. GARRISON lately proceeded as far as Harrisburg, to preach liberty to the benighted citizens of the freest nation of the earth. And their arguments were met with foul eggs, crackers, and brickbats—the arguments of the good and wise!

"I spoke only for a few moments, when through the windows was poured a volley of unmerchantable eggs, scattering the contents on the desk in which I stood, and upon the wall behind me, and filling the room with the most disgusting and stifling stench."

Sweet odours—consecrated to the altar of Liberty—by free men! But the sacrifice was not completed—for pyrotechnic science bestowed "a pack of crackers;" and other worshippers at the shrine of Freedom offered, not frankincense or myrrh, but "cayenne pepper and Scotch snuff," that "produced their natural results among the audience!" And then arose a triumphant shout—"Throw out the nigger! Throw out the nigger!" And thereupon the "nigger," leaving the room, and gaining the street, there followed a shower of "stones and brickbats;" which are arguments so ready-made, and generally so easily obtained, that neither fool nor knave need be without them.

When FRANKLIN was consulted about the design for the American insignia, he gave his veto against the proposed eagle. It was a rascally, thievish, carrion bird, he said; and was unworthy of a free people. The Americans, however—as is proved in our time—knew better. They felt that the eagle would very admirably typify the spirit of American Liberty. The eagle steals its prey—America steals her blacks. The eagle will feed upon human flesh—so does America; that is, if the flesh have within it negro blood. The eagle—that is, the free American eagle—lays putrid eggs; nought wholesome, nought vital is produced from them. They are foul things; fit for no service. Oh, yes! They are arguments—strongest arguments against the liberty of the black—sweetest incense for the nostrils of the free white.

ATTEMPT TO DISFRANCHISE PUNCH.

CONSIDERABLE excitement was created in the Registration Court by an attempt to strike *Mr. Punch* off the list of voters. MR. MC CHRISTIE, the able Revising Barrister, restrained his indignation as well as he could, but it was evident that the learned gentleman felt most deeply the enormity of the effort to deprive us of our vote. The idea of our qualification being disputed was too absurd; for our excellent qualifications are known to be so numerous, that we have enough to supply all Fleet Street, after having amply provided for ourselves.

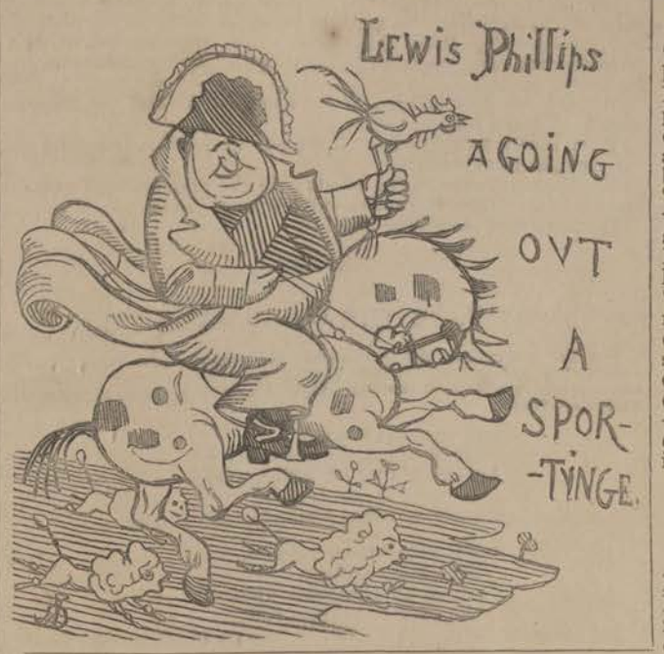
MR. MC CHRISTIE very naturally wondered that any objection could have been attempted to a personage so completely unobjectionable, and quashed the effort with evident delight. Our own feelings on the subject have been so intense, that they have taken the form of the following indignant lines:—

Disfranchise *Punch!* It surely can't be true.
Five hundred million voices answer "Pooh!"
No! Never while MC CHRISTIE doth preside,
Shall such a sad calamity betide.
If *Punch* had lost his vote, th' elective train
Would seek for an example all in vain;
To wrong conclusions they would madly jump,
Not knowing where to split or when to plump;
But this dilemma's spared, for at a blow,
MC CHRISTIE laid the rash objectors low.

An Old Question Answered.

"SOMETHING MUST BE DONE FOR IRELAND."—This has been the cry for several years, but there has always been a difficulty in finding out the "something." We think, however, we have made the discovery at last. The "something," which "must be done for Ireland" is most unquestionably the English people.

THE NAPOLEON OF PEACE.



THE OLD FLINT.

THE NAPOLEON of Peace is selling off his old muskets. Switzerland has had cart-loads of them, and the Pope has had a small lot of 12,000 offered to him, but has declined them with his very best compliments. They are the old muskets with the flint locks, which it seems every one snaps his fingers at, and will not go off at any price. It seems a great joke, the NAPOLEON of Peace selling instruments of war. He had better open an old rag and iron shop, with the inscription over the door: "LOUIS-PHILIPPE VEND DE VIEUX FUSILS," and an intimation on the windows, "*La Paix à tout Prix.*" We think we could furnish him with a very pretty little design for a black doll. An Ethiopian ROBERT MACAIRE, done in plaster of Paris, would attract all the war-making kings of Europe as purchasers. Perhaps, however, we are blaming the "Sweeper of the Pyrenees" rather unjustly. He sells the muskets merely to turn "a honest penny," for he knows well enough that in their old and worthless state a child might handle them with the greatest safety. Thus, he puts money into his pocket, and promotes the peace of Europe at the same time, for, naturally, if the guns will not fire, there can be very little bloodshed. The muskets may "*manquer leur coup*," —the flints may not strike fire, but LOUIS-PHILIPPE is too old a soldier ever to miss his aim. We would match him against the greatest flint in Europe for striking a bargain.

QUITE APROPOS.

AMONG the applications for music and dancing licenses made at the Middlesex Sessions a few days ago, was one from the proprietor of Lord's Cricket Ground. We were at first a little puzzled to guess what necessity there could be for a music and dancing license, but we suddenly remembered that Lord's Cricket Ground is a great place for balls.

Great Western Grammar.

WE regret to notice a serious collision between LINDLEY MURRAY and a recent advertisement, on the Great Western Railway. A first-class paragraph was despatched from the Paddington Station to announce the laudable determination of the Company to attach a travelling carriage porter to every express train; but the paragraph had scarcely started before it met with a frightful accident, which rendered one Substantive completely senseless, and an unfortunate Adjective was thrown out of its place to a very considerable distance. Some idea of the nature of the collision may be gathered from the following official statement:—

"The travelling-carriage *porter* will be furnished with a pilot coat, &c., in addition to *his* present suit, with grease-box, grease-knife, picker, lamps, &c. *Their* pay will be 25*s.* per week, and the *man* will be selected from the body of porters, and the appointment will be considered a reward for good and steady conduct, general intelligence, and acquaintance with the management of the carriages.

"*Paddington, Sept.* 28. "SEYMOUR CLARKE, Superintendent."

It will be observed, that the collision with the rules of LINDLEY MURRAY is most frightful, and the dislocation of an entire sentence has been the consequence. The substantive "man" was picked up a very long way off from his proper position, and the pronoun relative, "their," which mainly caused the accident, had no business at all to be present. We have not heard whether any inquiry will be instituted; but it is evident that HER MAJESTY'S English cannot be considered safe if more pains are not taken for its protection. It has been said that the catastrophe occurred through the points not having been properly placed, but of this there is no satisfactory evidence.

We are sure that if MR. SAUNDERS, the excellent secretary, had seen the paragraph before it started from the Paddington Terminus, the casualty would not have occurred; and if there had been engineering difficulties in the continuation of the sentence, the genius of MR. BRUNEL would have surmounted them. An inquest has been already held on the unfortunate paragraph, and a verdict returned of "Grammar Slaughter against some person or persons unknown."

BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION FOR DESTITUTE JOKERS.

SEVERAL cases of the severest jocular destitution having lately come under our notice, we have some idea of starting an Asylum for some of those wretched objects, who, from their utter jokelessness, are reduced to the alternative of either begging, borrowing, stealing, or starving. We ourselves have been subjected to constant depredations committed by those unfortunate creatures, who, not having had a morsel of wit in their mouths for many months, have resorted to the miserable expedient of pilfering many of our left-off jokes. So petty has been the larceny in many cases, that several articles which we have long ago worn out and thrown away, have been eagerly appropriated by a parcel of unhappy mendicants, who are glad of even an old pun, however threadbare, to conceal their destitute condition. We have, therefore, determined to take into our consideration the necessities of these poor persons, and shall probably put into operation a system of relief, from which all destitute jokers may derive some benefit. We propose to levy a rate of four puns, payable in separate instalments of one pun per quarter. Parties will also be allowed to compound for an epigram in a single payment, or a bi-monthly *bon mot*; and a fund of wit will thus be collected, out of which jokers in a state of destitution may be relieved.

We have a personal interest in carrying out this scheme, for all claimants have hitherto helped themselves out of our old stock; and though we have no objection to contribute our left-off joking apparel to the poor unfortunates who have lost all the little wit they may once have possessed, we find their wants increasing so rapidly, that we see nothing short of a comprehensive measure that will save them from perishing of facetious inanition. Able-bodied jokers labouring under temporary difficulties, may perhaps be received as inmates of the Institution, where they will be employed in unpicking old conundrums, and engaged on other hard work of a similar description, till they can find better employment for themselves.

It is to be hoped that this plan, when carried out, will diminish the nuisance occasioned by the petty pilferings of the destitute jokers, who cause great annoyance to the public, by intruding the old threadbare commodities as something new, and thus occasioning extreme disappointment to those who have been taken in by the imposition.

MATHEMATICS FOR THE MILLION.

WE understand that a new problem is about to be added to the *Euclid* now in use at the University of Cambridge. The problem will be, of course, far more difficult than any that has yet been offered to scholastic solution, and will be comprised in the following terms:—"Given—BRADSHAW'S *Railway Guide*: to discover its meaning." The student may get on pretty well with the first page or two, but the complicated arrangements of the North-Western speedily elevate the student to the top of a *pons asinorum*, over which a safe *transit* is almost impossible. By making BRADSHAW a regular class-book in our schools and colleges we shall open out a new field of information, which has hitherto been merely a maze of intricacy and bewilderment.

The South-Eastern Company being impressed with the idea that school books ought to be paid for, charge openly a halfpenny for their broad sheet of mystification, which, as a substitute for the old ha'porth of puzzles, familiarly known as "Nuts to Crack," will be in much request no doubt at the approaching Christmas. We think, however, the Directors ought to include a Key, as they charge for their puzzles; but they do not even give the public a chance of solving the riddles of the South-Eastern Time Table, for the smallest clue to the fares between Margate or Ramsgate and Canterbury is altogether omitted.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

1st Fast Man. "'PUNCH' IS VERY DUMMY AND SLOW THIS WEEK, I THINK."

2nd Fast Man. "SO DO I. IT'S THEIR OWN FAULT, TOO, FOR I SENT 'EM SOME DEM'D FUNNY ARTICLES, WHICH THE HUMBUGS SENT BACK."

1st Fast Man. "THAT'S JUST THE WAY THEY SERVED ME—THE GREAT FOOLS!"

PLAY-HOUSE POLICE.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.—JOHN COOPER, a person of respectable, substantial appearance, was brought before MR. HARDWICK, the worthy magistrate of this office, charged with a furious assault upon HENRY TUDOR, *alias* HENRY THE EIGHTH. The offence took place in the Princess's Theatre, and MR. MADDOX, the respected manager, and many of the actors, attended to watch the proceedings. The accused was not defended by counsel; and, it must be said, seemed to make very light of his situation.

ROSCIUS SMITH, policeman, deposed "that he went—off duty—to the gallery of the Princess's Theatre on the previous evening. He went to see HENRY THE EIGHTH, having read a good deal about him, and having his own notions of what sort of a person he must be. At an early part of the evening, the prisoner COOPER behaved in the most violent manner towards HENRY, bullying him and tearing him to pieces in the most shocking way; whilst—the witness was sorry to remark it—many respectable people in the front of the house, laughed and roared, and seemed to think the conduct of the prisoner a good joke. The witness had been brought up in the fear and reverence of kings; and though he knew that his Gracious Majesty HENRY THE EIGHTH was by no manner of means to be compared to GEORGE THE THIRD—nevertheless, he never beheld a costermonger—no, not a clown in a pantomime—treated in such a disrespectful manner as the prisoner behaved to poor HENRY TUDOR. He (witness) served a warrant on the prisoner at his lodgings for the assault."

MARY PIPPIN, a fruit-woman of the pit, corroborated the evidence of the last witness. "Never heerd in all her life such a noise as the prisoner made. He roared so loud, that the noise broke the strings of two ginger-beer bottles, and sent 'em foaming all over the audience. No honest woman could sell ginger-beer or anything that went off if people was to be allowed to make such a noise as the prisoner. Had been born and bred to think kings was decent people, who know'd how to behave theirselves—but it seemed—was quite mistaken."

MR. HARDWICK asked the prisoner what he had to say in defence of the outrageous conduct alleged against him.

The prisoner said that he had treated HENRY THE EIGHTH as he thought he had deserved. He was a very bad man, had cut off three or four women's heads, and therefore thought he couldn't be too roughly dealt with.

MR. HARDWICK observed, that if people were to take the law in their own hands—using all kings according to their deserts—nothing but revolution could follow. However, on this occasion, and with the understanding that the prisoner would amend his conduct in future, bail would be taken.

MR. MADDOX, the manager, offered himself as bail that the prisoner should never so act again.

MARY PIPPIN begged to know if she was not to be remunerated for the exploded ginger-beer?

The Magistrate backed the question to the prisoner, who, without much hesitation, gave the woman two fourpenny pieces.

The party then quitted the office.

A CRY FROM THE CONDEMNED CELL.

[THE CASE OF MARY ANN HUNT.—It having been satisfactorily ascertained, after a proper medical examination, that there is every reason to believe that this wretched woman is quick with child, her execution is stayed by order of the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex.—*Times.*]

Two prisoners in a cell
Where felons, doom'd to die
Are garner'd for the gibbet, dwell;
The time of each is nigh:
A murderess and a babe unborn within that dungeon lie.

Ere this the wretch had died,
But the law abstains
From taking human life, whose tide
Doth flow in guiltless veins.
The hangman therefore waits till she hath pass'd her travail's pains.

Prepare the bed, and see
The woman that ye tend;
And then prepare the gallows-tree,
To be the felon's end,
Soon as a mother's anguish shall have ceased her frame to rend.

Prepare the swathing-bands,
The hempen cord prepare;
Alike ye need the hangman's hands,
The nurse's tender care:
The infant to the cradle—to the drop the mother bear.

Oh! weary day on day,
For this unhappy soul,
To count the hours that pass away,
To watch the moments roll;
And view through childbirth's agonies the scaffold as her goal.

Her crime, though nought can screen,
Yet, ere her course be run,
Think what her sufferings will have been
For all that she hath done.
Surely Death's bitterness is past with that most wretched one.

Think on the anguish dread
That hath aveng'd her deed;
Think how that woman's heart hath bled,
If "blood for blood" you need,
And "eye for eye, and tooth for tooth," be still your law and creed.

THE VICTIM OF AN UNMERITED BULL.

SIR RICHARD BOYLE was universally laughed at for proposing seriously in the Irish House of Commons a law "That every quart bottle should contain a quart." We do not know what may have been the size of the quart bottle in SIR RICHARD'S time, but some measure is certainly required at present to determine the quantity it is to hold, or else it will be disappearing altogether from the surface of the earth, and will only be dug up at certain intervals by geologists, and exhibited as a very rare specimen of *Quartz*. We wish some patriotic wine-merchant would invent a new bottle, which, like the Charter, should contain "five *pints*." SIR RICHARD BOYLE, however, has been unjustly laughed at for several years; and we pledge ourselves to drink a bumper to his injured memory in the very first quart bottle we find which contains a Quart.

We hope JOSEPH HUME will carry out this favourite notion of SIR RICHARD'S, next session, and move "That every Quart Bottle shall for the future not contain less than a Pint." If some such precaution is not taken, the Quart will be melting away gradually, till the lady's phrase, "just a thimble-full," will be the fittest term to express its reduced quantity.

HICKS'S HALL.

Learned brethren, rally round me, hail me as your gallant chief;
Listen! Though you 'll scarce believe it, I have really got a brief.
'Tis an ordinary motion, and the fee is very small,
But no matter! Rally round me—come with me to Hicks's Hall;

Hicks's Hall, that in the distance overlooketh Clerkenwell,
And o'erhangs the Hill of Saffron, where silk handkerchiefs they sell.
Many a day, on yonder benches sat I in my wig and gown,
Looking up at Serjeant Adams, who benignantly looked down:

Many a day I noticed Clarkson holding forth, in speech sublime,
Till the Court would mildly beg him not to waste the public time.
When solicitors behind us papers in their hands exposed,
How the bar would eye their fingers for the fees they p'rhaps inclosed!

When I dipt into my pocket, down as low as low could be,
Turning over all the halfpence, I would fancy them—a fee.
Hope took up the penny piece, turned it in his eager hands,
All the copper, lightly shaken, to a golden fee expands:

Hope took up the vulgar coin, rubbed it up with frantic might,
And imagination changed it to a sovereign fresh and bright!
Many a morning to the jury did the burly Clarkson preach,
And my senses calmly slumber'd to the music of his speech:

Many a morning, by the hour, did we hear his learned dips
Into cases, till we noticed nothing but his moving lips.
Oh! attorney, shallow-hearted, not to give a brief to me,
But to dreary, dreary A., or to barren, barren B.

Am I mad, that I should cherish wig which bears but bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my head, Sir, though my hair I should uproot.
Junior lips will talk me down, my latest rival gets a fee,
Junior fingers will be clutching business that should come to me.

Never mind; I will be happy! Tell me, wherefore should I care?
I myself will bring an action, lest I wither by despair.
What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barred with interest—that's the only road to fees.

Every Court is thronged with suitors, but the bar doth overflow;
I have but my unknown merit—tell me, where am I to go?
How the jingling of the guinea probes the wound that honour feels,
And the counsel do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.

Oh! I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set,
Large success and high promotion are in store for Briefless yet.
Howsoever that may be, a long farewell to Hicks's Hall;
Now for me may all the business into other fingers fall:

Comes a vapour up from Holborn, blackening everything around,
Shutting everything beneath it in obscurity profound.
Let it fall on Hicks's Hall, in hail or sunshine, rain or snow,
Since, to pass the Long Vacation, off to Margate now I go.

J. Briefless.

PRESENT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

So many people continue to pour in presents for the Prince of Wales, that Sir Denis le Marchant has, at length, been compelled to write a strong letter to one of the would-be donors. A garbled copy of the epistle has appeared in the columns of our contemporaries. It is reserved for *Punch* to give a true copy:—

"Sir, "*Whitehall, October 5th*, 1847.

"In the absence of Secretary Sir George Grey, I have to acknowledge the receipt of a small box, containing a gold bijou, sent by you to the Queen, as a present for His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; but, in consequence of the very great number of presents which have been offered, not to offend individuals, such presents are declined generally.

"But, Sir, you will allow me to add that, thinking it a great pity that the source of generosity should be stopped by the formality of etiquette, I would advise you—the Prince of Wales being amply provided for with all things—to inquire about your own neighbourhood whether there are not very many little boys who would, to their great benefit, gladly receive the amount of any present you would otherwise send to Windsor Castle. Why, Sir, should you make a present of the contents of a salt-box to the sea, when, no doubt, there are so many who have not a morsel of the article wherewith to flavour their potatoes?

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"Denis Le Marchant."

Natural Enough.—We have heard that the enormous quantity of indigo forced upon the market for sale, has had a good deal to do with making things look so very blue in the City.

THE BLACKHEATH ECLIPSE.

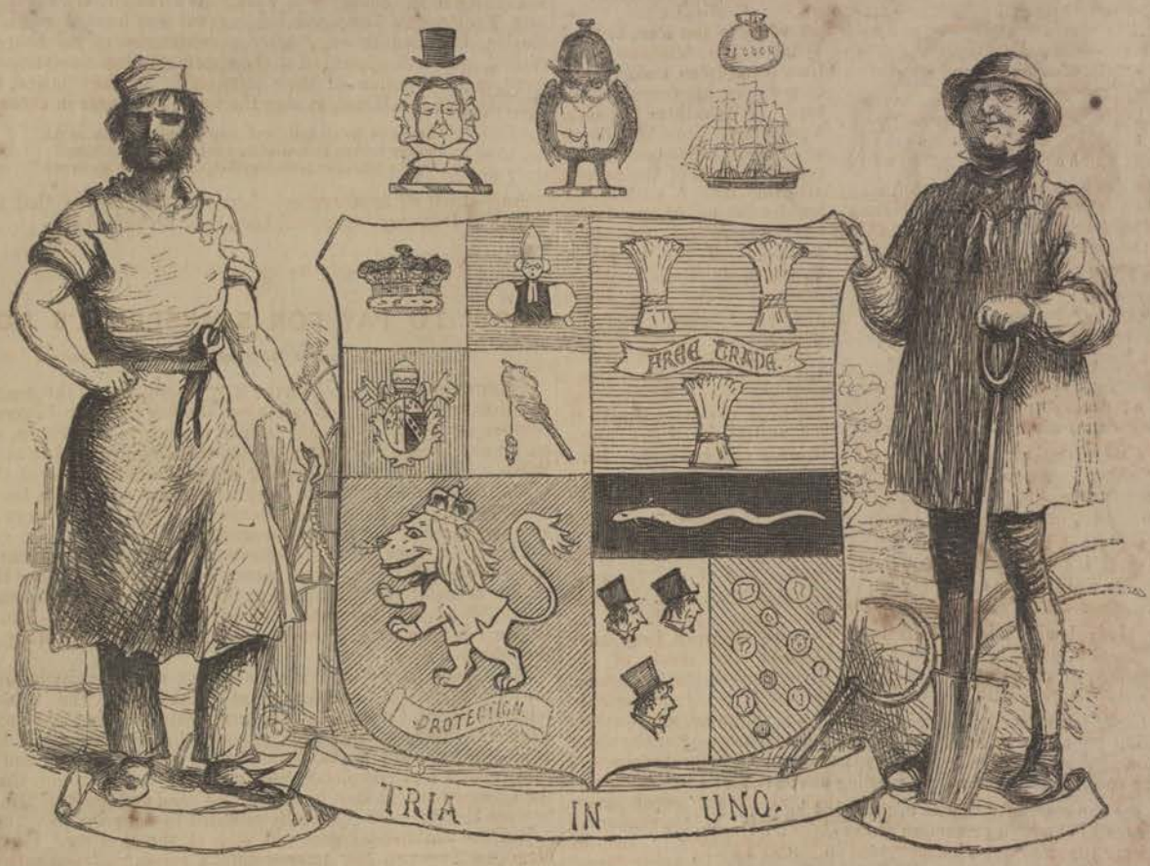
A cruel hoax was played off upon the public by some of the newspapers, in which people were advised to go all the way to Blackheath to see the Eclipse. The Heath was accordingly rendered doubly black by a dense crowd, who, telescopes in hand, were peering for hours into the clouds, which lowered darkly over-head, while rain descended from them in continuous torrents. Such a hoax as this "going to see the Eclipse" has not been equalled since the days when the whole town ran to see the Invisible Girl, and, when they complained of having paid their money for nothing, were tauntingly told that they, of course, could not see an object that was Invisible. The great luminary, however, that played the late trick, could scarcely have been suspected of such an imposition. The sun ought, really, to have been above it. We fear that there is some truth in the aspersions lately thrown upon the splendid orb, whose character has not been lately quite as spotless as it ought to be. The excitement at Blackheath on the day the Eclipse

ought to have shown itself was intense, and there was a general feeling that the shine had been materially taken out of the Sun by his uncourteous conduct.

THE MRS. HARRIS OF NATIONS.

We hear our contemporaries talk about the people of Spain. We do not believe that there is any such a people. Spain is the *Mrs. Harris* of nations. History, we are aware, speaks of such a nation; but we have heard nothing of it for above thirty years, when the Spaniards, with our assistance, expelled the French from their territory. For aught that we can make out, Spain has now no population, except a few straggling inhabitants, and even of their existence we should be ignorant, did we not know that some of them, from time to time, are shot. The Napoleon of Peace is now invading Spain unresisted. Would this be possible if there were any Spaniards? There is a Queen of Spain, certainly, and, by the last advices from Madrid, she had a Ministry; but we should be sorry to bet a shilling that she has one now. Her prime minister is one week Salamanca, another, Escosura, another, Pacheco, another, Narvaez; the next, it may be, Olozaga, or nobody at all. In fact there would be no understanding the ins and outs of Spain, if we could not trace them to the intrigues of the Tuileries. They have evidently not the slightest dependence upon the fluctuations of popular opinion. Of course they have not. There are no people in Spain to form an opinion; consequently there is no popular opinion to fluctuate. The fact that in Spain there are no men, is doubtless what encourages Louis-Philippe in his attempt to make that country a French dependency. There must be decidedly an alteration in the Spanish coinage. The obverse of the dollar may bear the profile of Isabella—but the reverse must display that of—Mrs. Harris.

NEW ARMS FOR SIR ROBERT PEEL.



THE *savants* of the Heralds' College can always find appropriate Arms for any one who is desirous of having, and willing to pay for, heraldic honours. The veriest plebeian may have an escutcheon quite as ancient as the most venerable family in the land; and we believe the date may be put back as far as you please, at the moderate charge of sixpence per century. Upon this very reasonable scale of fees one may be carried back to NOAH for little more than the fare between London and Liverpool; and, to accommodate the public generally, a quarter of a century may be had at the wholesale price, by those who cannot afford to pay too dearly for the remoteness of their ancestry. The STONES can be traced to an old Saxon stock, from "saxum," *a stone*, and hence we get the expression "a stock and a stone," which renders the matter clear, and all for the moderate sum of a few shillings: the JONESES, who are evidently of Welsh extraction, may be accommodated with a genealogy from JONAS, who came from the very centre of Whales: and even TOMKINS can be affiliated on our old friend TIMOUR THE TARTAR, without much trouble.

Seeing the facility with which the Heralds' College can find Arms for everybody that happens to be nobody, we have ventured on a design for the armorial bearings of a certain somebody whom the Protectionists make it their duty and pleasure to abuse. The Arms are those of SIR R. PEEL, and indicate in their various quarterings many events in which the honourable baronet has taken part. His reduction of the British Lion to a laughing-stock, by depriving him of Protection, which alone has furnished a pretext for his roar, occupies one compartment; and the others we will leave to the ingenuity of the public to interpret in the best manner possible.

WHERE IS CHARING CROSS?

THIS question ought really to be decided, for the benefit of omnibus travellers. We mean the twopennies and threepennies. At present, the geographical fact is left to the discretion of the conductors. Sometimes it is KING GEORGE THE THIRD'S Statue, at others the DUKE OF YORK'S, and it has even extended as far as St. James's Palace. On the other side Charing Cross is the Adelphi Theatre, and in rainy weather it has been known to reach Covent Garden, and even the Edinburgh Castle, in the Strand. This power of shifting a place from right to left, from south to north, and backwards, is for the purpose ofdrawing another threepence out of the thrifty passenger. You get out at Waterloo Bridge, and give sixpence. The omnibus rolls on, and you run after it to ask for your change. "I thought it was only 3*d.* to Charing Cross?" you exclaim, loud enough for the Buoy at the Nore to hear you. "So it is, Sir, but you have gone beyond the distance," roars the cad from his perch. "What do you mean, Sir!" you reply, still running on: "I got out at Waterloo Bridge." "Well, Sir, that's Charing Cross." And you are left in the middle of the road to determine as well as you can this new piece of topography. This sliding scale should be abolished, for at present it stretches so enormously that eventually it will take in the entire distance from Hammersmith to the Bank, and Hyde Park Corner will be Charing Cross one day, and St. Paul's tomorrow. We caution all omnibus travellers to lay in a stock of threepenny pieces before they commence their day's travels; or else, before they get into one of these vehicles of extortion, to be sure to ask the cad particularly, "Where is Charing Cross?" The present system is only the old sixpenny fare made doubly imposing.

Stuff and Nonsense.

THE *Morning Post*, in an account of a visit to an Infant School, observes that the boys were all clad alike, in stout blouses, of the stuff called "brown holland." This glorious ignorance of the stuff called "brown holland" is very amusing, and cannot fail to excite the risibility of family men with six children in pinafores. We suppose, however, that the *Post* penny-a-liner is a cut above ordinary persons, although he, doubtless, wears pantaloons of the stuff called "corduroy," and drinks pots of the stuff called "half-and-half."

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THE LOTUS-EATERS OF DOWNING STREET.

RAY what is the true Lotus? What is the delicious fruit, that, being eaten, makes a man forget even his dearest creditors? Within these few days, a paragraph—from the *Annals of Natural History*—has appeared in most of the papers, averring that MR. MUNSBY has discovered the true Lotus in the *Nitraria tridentata*, brought from the Desert of Sousa, near Tunis. All a mistake. The true Lotus grows in England. This has long been a known fact in Scotland, manifested by the truth that no Scotchman, once eating of it, ever had the least desire to return to his native ills. The Lotus wraps a man in sweetest indolence, making him careless, if not entirely oblivious, of the wants and miseries of his country.

The true Lotus, then, is the golden fruit of the Treasury, and HER MAJESTY'S Ministers have taken a bellyful of it: they are, in a word, Lotophagi. Witness the result of the Liverpool Deputation, headed by MR. MAYOR, and enriched by an Alderman, and bankers and merchants. But the whole matter—with the prophecy of the true poet—has been prefigured by the sweet singer TENNYSON, in *his* version of the *Lotus-Eaters*. Let us draw up the Downing Street curtain.—Discovered, HER MAJESTY'S Ministers, dosing; for—

> "Here are cool mosses deep,
> And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
> And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
> And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep."

—All being beautifully descriptive of the scene and atmosphere of Downing Street. And now the Deputation enter, and read the memorial, setting forth "the commercial distress existing and spreading at Liverpool, and throughout Lancashire." And MR. MAYOR (quoting TENNYSON) asks of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER—

> "Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
> *And utterly consumed with sharp distress?*"

And to this question all the Ministerial Lotus-Eaters reply, in languid chorus—

> "LET US ALONE. What is it that will last?
> All things are taken from us, and become
> Portions and parcels of the dreadful past.
> LET US ALONE."

Whereupon, MR. BROWN—not feeling disposed to comply with the desire of the Lotophagi—"proposed an issue of Exchequer Bills, on security of Consols with produce, and was supported by MESSRS. TURNER and NICOL."

And then that gluttonous eater of the Lotus, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, yawned, and stretched himself, and asked—

> "*Is there confusion in the little isle?*
> Let what is broken so remain.
> The '*Currency*' is hard to reconcile;
> 'Tis hard to settle '*Consols*' once again."

Upon this, MR. CHAPMAN "suggested the precedent of 1825, when the issue of five millions of notes restored confidence." And then MR. HORSFALL asked only for an assurance that Government would do something in the course of a week. Whereupon, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER "declined holding out any hope of relief." In conclusion, the Deputation, "after a conference of an hour and a half, retired, greatly disappointed at the apparently firm resolution of Government, and the failure of their mission." As they retired, they heard the voices of the Ministers sing the following words in chorus:—

> "Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
> In the hollow *Downing*-land to live, and lie reclined
> On the hills, like Gods together, CARELESS OF MANKIND."

And—from all appearances—there is every prospect that the Lotus-Eaters of Downing Street will keep their dreadful vow.

HOW TO PAY FOR SHAKSPEARE'S HOUSE.

"The fund is now £1400 deficient."—THOMAS AMYOT.

HENCEFORTH THOMAS AMYOT may be considered the generous rival of HORATIO NELSON. Never since the flag from the *Victory*, with its sublime simplicity of speech, thrilled the hearts of Britons, never has an appeal been so earnestly, so universally responded to as the above words of AMYOT, that, knocking at the breeches-pocket of the nation, say—"SHAKSPEARE expects every man to pay at least his tester." The *minimum* only is named—the *maximum* is left to the large heart and swelling purse of the rich and magnanimous.

The effect upon all the green-rooms has been tremendous. Actors and actresses, in fraternal and sororal embrace, have pledged themselves to play in aid of the Shakspearean fund, or perish in the attempt!

MR. WEBSTER has nobly offered the Haymarket,—MR. FARREN, in the handsomest way, having pledged himself to re-study a part for this occasion only.

MR. MADDOX—of the Princess's—was so enthusiastic in his zeal, that he surprised MR. AMYOT at breakfast. The manager was referred to the Committee, who graciously accepted the offer of the Princess's Theatre, with this proviso: that on the benefit night MR. JOHN COOPER was to be double-locked in his lodgings, and until the performance was completed, the key to be delivered into the hands of the Committee. It does honour to the hand and heart of MR. MADDOX to state that he most cheerfully assented to the proposal.

But the enthusiasm does not stop at the theatres. Certainly not. MADAME TUSSAUD has entered into a correspondence with the Dean and Chapter of Westminster and the Cathedral authorities of St. Paul's. MADAME T. expresses her willingness to give the whole receipts of a clear day's exhibition to the fund; declaring her determination—in order to make the show effective—to engage, if possible, the originals to stand in contrast with her wax. MR. JOSEPH HUME has already expressed his willingness to attend *his* effigy, and other similar offers are expected. When we went to press, MADAME T. had not received any reply from Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's; but it may be reasonably supposed that the exhibitors of the wonders of those places will each contribute a day's receipts to the general fund.

The appeal of MR. AMYOT has moreover touched some of the hearts of the aristocracy, even in their green retreats. The DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH has, in the handsomest manner, offered the receipts of two days' exhibition of Woodstock and the grounds. This is generous, to begin with; and we trust that the Committee will not fail to encourage a feeling of liberality in the superior classes; on the present occasion, it must be confessed, a little backward to assert their superiority of wealth and their true nobility of nature.

The worst of it is, just now, "money is so scarce." Nevertheless, many of the nobility and many landed proprietors, who feel a tightness of the purse-strings, that they may contribute something, have resolved to make the Game Laws productive in the cause of the house—or rather nest—of the Swan of Avon. They propose to give the proceeds of a week's shooting to the fund; and when we reflect upon the fact that hares are now selling from 3*s.* to 4*s.* 6*d.* each, and that partridges are varying from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* a brace, we may expect that aristocratic lead may for once be transmuted into poetic gold.

Punch's Gazette.

Punch has been pleased to approve of the elevation of JOHN WHIPPEM, late sergeant in the police force, to the rank of Beadledom, by the style and title of Beadle of Burlington, in the Arcade of Burlington.

Punch has been pleased to issue his sign-manual, authorising the colonisation of Exeter Arcade, and offering a quarter's rent as an encouragement to free emigrants. The Beadle is empowered to act as Rajah, whenever circumstances render such a course expedient.

GENTLEMEN'S DOG-CARTS.

We are anxious to know what are those gentlemen's dog-carts we see continually advertised. We had understood that the legislature had rescued that sagacious friend of man—our friend, and everybody's friend—the dog, from the harness that once encumbered him. We cannot conceive that the law which hurls the costermonger from his dog-carty throne has still left the gentleman to the enjoyment of such an elevation. We do not believe in these gentlemen's dog-carts, for we have never seen one of them being trolled through the streets of the

metropolis. We are sure if there was a *bonâ fide* demand for these vehicles, we should see them among the numerous turn-outs that throng our parks and principal thoroughfares. Such an equipage would be so decidedly *infra dog*, that we do not believe our aristocratic whips can possibly have adopted it.

SONG OF THE RAILWAY SPECULATOR.

By the sad sea waves I wander, while I moan
A lament o'er hopes of splendid riches gone.
In the world I stood fair, I had once not a care,
For of cash I had enough, and—unlucky! some to spare:
Now I hide me from duns by the sad sea waves.
Come again, bright days of hope and premiums past,
Come again, bright days, come again, come again.

From my cares, last night, by tardy sleep beguiled,
In my dreams I thought the City on me smiled;
For my Shares were gone up, every broker that I knew
Winked a golden welcome back, spoke in accents bland and mild;
But I wake in my bed, by Boulogne's sad waves.—
Come again, dear dream, so pleasantly that smiled,
Come again, dear dream, come again, come again.

RATHER SHABBY.

"Live and let live" has always been one of our favourite mottoes. We are among those who think that those who pay badly get served badly, but get served very rightly nevertheless. We are somewhat indignant, therefore, at what we consider very shabby treatment, practised towards the artists by the Fine Arts Commissioners, who have got together an exhibition of pictures by promising prizes—which, by-the-bye, were not distributed half as generously as the competitors were led to believe they would be—and the money gained by the exhibition is expended in decorating the Houses of Parliament. Surely the artists are fairly entitled to a share in the profits of their own work. It is very like obtaining pictures on false pretences, if the scheme is put forth under the plea of affording Parliamentary patronage to British Art, and the only patronage afforded is the opportunity of giving one's labour for the benefit of the nation, which, we are sure, would spurn the paltry economy practised on its behalf by the Fine Arts Commissioners.

THE PALACE COURT.

This dirty little Temple of Themis appears to have miraculously escaped the wholesome scavenging that has recently been extended to most of the other holes and corners into which the law had poked itself. The out-of-the-way situation of the Palace Court in Scotland Yard may have sheltered the nuisance from general observation, and it was perhaps considered, that, being under the very nose of our old friend Commissioner Mayne, the police must have their eye upon it. The proceedings generally form a diverting puzzle to the suitors, for it is difficult to say which is the judge, and whether the gentlemanly man on the Bench, or the fat boisterous individual on the seat below, is the principal personage.

The excessive cosiness of the whole concern must, however, soon be disturbed; for in these days one cannot tolerate the absurdity of exempting one dirty little Court from reform for the sake of a privileged quartette of barristers, and a couple of leash of Clifford's Inn attorneys. All the old expensive machinery for ruining any suitor in six suits—or sometimes in less—is positively kept in operation at the Palace Court, for the benefit of the Scotland Yard practitioners. Considering the outcry there is for sanitary reform, we wonder nobody has demanded the clearing away of this unwholesome remnant of legal impurity. If no one else clears it away, *Punch* will certainly try what can be done by his exterminating *bâton*.

Bank of Elegance.

It is, we believe, contemplated by this establishment to publish weekly returns, in imitation of the parent concern in Threadneedle Street. The statement will comprise an account of all the paper in circulation (including curl paper), together with the deposits of old wigs, hair-pins, and other securities. This arrangement will enable the public to judge of the resources of the Bank of Elegance, and the whole of the Bank Stock—of bear's-grease, nail-brushes, &c., &c.—will be quoted at its real value. The Bank of Elegance has been cutting its customers lately so very short, and shaving them so close, that every one is crying out against the illiberality of its treatment. The publication of the accounts will let people into the secrets of the Bank parlour, but this inconvenience will be compensated by other advantages.

THE RAILWAY SIGNAL MANIA.

Our national ingenuity, which is so very useful on ordinary, and sometimes extraordinary occasions, does now and then become a bore of the most disagreeable character. The necessity for signals to communicate between the passengers and the guard on a railway is clear enough; but who can tolerate the number of ridiculous suggestions that the want has elicited? Every gentleman or lady who has got a dip of ink, a sheet of note paper, and a postage stamp, writes off to the papers to announce his or her discovery of a Railway Signal.

We have all sorts of propositions:—1st, For pulling the guard off his perch by a rope tied round his wrist. 2ndly, By dragging the stoker out of the tender with a strong wire. 3rdly, Having a trap-door at the top of every carriage for the passenger to look up, and the guard to look down, or for the heads of both to come into collision; but the latest of all is a speaking-trumpet to run throughout the whole train of carriages, with a tube terminating in the ear of every passenger. We can imagine any one getting by accident next to one end of a tube which might have by chance Lord Brougham at the other. We pity the drum of the ear of the guard who should be exposed to his Lordship's tremendous small-talk through a speaking-trumpet.

The position is really one so painful to our ideas of personal comfort that we cannot think of it with that serenity for which we are conspicuous. In the name of humanity, let the inventors desist from devising any more Railway Signals, if it is in instruments of torture such as these that their labours are to terminate.

Louis-Philippe at La Trappe.

Order out the royal carriage, pack the royal *sac dè nuit*,
Don't forget a gross of Crosses—useful they may chance to be.
'Twill hold those bags of five-franc pieces, like its master, if you cram;
Hoist o'er all the old umbrella—modern France's *Oriflamme*.

Tell it not aloud, old Louvre—on a journey rides the King:
Lip to finger, Chamberlain—journals, prate not of the thing.
Paris is enthusiastic; modest merit loves to hide;
Shouts and shots are best avoided, so *incog.* the King would ride.

Not to Neuilly's fading alleys, there to take his *bourgeois* ease;
Not to the falaise of Tréport, for sea-bathing or sea-breeze;
Not where Young France plays at soldiers in the shadow of Compiègne,
And a few stray "*Vive le Prince!*"s poor Nemours works hard to gain.

Westward—Brest-ward—speeds the carriage, thro' Mortaigne it hurries fast—
There 's no crown upon the panels, there 's no welcome on the blast;
Passers-by but see a *bourgeois* in the corner, grey and old,
With an eye that gloats and glistens only when it lights on gold.

Northwards now it turns towards Aigle—Is it hazard or mishap,
Stops it where those ghostly yew-trees mask the entry of La Trappe?
Lo, the old man leaves the carriage—down the valley, through the wood—
Seldom, even at that grim portal, such a visitor hath stood.

Kings ere now into the shadow of the cloister crowns have cast,
There to settle future reckonings, or to scourge away the past;
In St. Justo, 'neath the Sierra, Austria, Naples, India, Spain,
Saw their king, for singing masses, making watches, quit the rein.

Sombre Philip in the Escurial found a cell and shirt of hair,
Thoughts of heretics he 'd roasted gave an unction to his prayer—
But ne'er did Spain to King or Kaiser furnish theme, or thought, or mood,
Such as those it gives old Louis whereon in La Trappe to brood.

'Tis a place for hands that labour daily digging at a grave,
Thoughts that reckoning of life-times every day perforce must brave;
'Tis a counting-house where sinners settle ghastly books of souls,
And find the balance much against them on "the tottles of their wholes."

Grimly looks thy book, old Louis,—not too soon the count is made;
Debts of honour all dishonoured—debts of duty all unpaid;
Desperate ventures where thy counters have been human lives and hearts;
Gambling tricks in turn detected upon each of Europe's marts.

Well mayst thou look blank and baffled, turn and turn the leaves again,
Turn to heads of France and England, Greece, and Italy, and Spain;
Not a page but 's blurred and blotted; not a figure fair and true:
Turn thee to thy task of settling—France, thou hast enough to do.

MUTINY ON THE THAMES.

Mutinies have happily been for some time unknown in this country, but we regret to say that the Tars of the Thames belonging to the Twopenny Squadron have recently broken out into fearful insurrection. It appears that the Admiralty of Hungerford Market had yielded to the pressure—the very high pressure—of the times, and resolved on reducing the salaries of all their seamen. Directly the news was known, an uneasy feeling took possession of all the crews, who were seen gathered up in knots—like so many ropes—in different parts of the vessels.

Nothing, however, of a serious nature transpired until the gallant Captain of the *Polyanthus* gave the signal from the paddle-box to leave the offing. The order was not obeyed, but the engine-man, the mate, the boy, the steward, and the stoker, kept sitting sullenly on the farther end of the binnacle. The Captain then addressed the men in firm language, but a suppressed sneer and a distant growl of "gammon," to which the call-boy impertinently added "spinach," was all that the speech of the Commander elicited.

In this dilemma the Captain had no alternative but to walk on shore and resign his commission into the hands of Messrs. Cattarns and Fry, the secretaries to the Twopenny Admiralty, who restored him to his rank, cashiered the whole of the refractory crew, and manned the vessel with some temporary tars, who received the Captain with three cheers, the call-boy whistling "Rule Britannia." Thus ended a mutiny which at one time threatened to stop the navigation of the Chelsea Channel, throw Battersea into a forced quarantine, and isolate Vauxhall from its numerous dependencies. The Captain of the *Polyanthus* is to be Admiral of the *Pink* on the first vacancy.

ANOTHER NEW CHAPTER FOR

"THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS OF CHRISTENDOM."

We have heard how St. George and St. Andrew in Holborn did slay the fell Dragon Cleanliness, that would have drawn the foul people of that land into the water of the bath wherein he sojourned. Now after this doughty deed St. George and St. Andrew reposed them, as they well might, and were much honoured thro' all Bumbledom. But after a while they were aweary for lack of adventure. And as they sat one day in their Hall of Vestry, behold there came a sound of many voices, crying exceeding loud, with various cries, some as it were "Apples," and some "Walnuts," and some "Oranges." Whereupon the Champions were sore amazed, and said, "Let us go forth and see who be these bold criers. Perchance they be Paynim knights, who give us challenge after the manner of their country." And they went forth into a street, called the Street of the Red Lion; and behold, there stood a rout of folk, young and old, men and women, girt with baskets about their loins, and wearing ill-favoured and tattered raiment; and it was they that uttered their cries, calling upon passers that way to buy store of divers fruits. Whereat St. George and St. Andrew waxed exceeding wroth, "For," said they, "by this rout the streets are made too small for us and our servants and our horses, and this folk is ill-favoured and unsavory, and their cries do foul displeasure to our ears and the ears of the King of Bumbleland and his Court."

And the Champions stood up in their stirrups, and shook their lances, and called out to the rout, "Silence, ye rabble! Disperse—or we will hale ye off, ye and your baskets, to the green-yard of our castle." But the rout only cried the more, protesting they were honest folk, who lived by selling such fruit; but St. George and St. Andrew knew well this could not be, else would they have sold thereof in shops, as the honest sort of citizens was wont to do. Moreover, St. George and St. Andrew, when they rode abroad, loved not to see such unsavory folk, and to hear their cries. So again they charged them to disperse, each to his own home; and when they would not, the Champions set their lances in the rest, and rode a grievous tilt on that rabble, and upturned their baskets, and trampled their fruit in the mire, and took two lads captive.*

And the rout howled sore, and said that it was ill-done and unknightly to make onslaught on poor and lowly folk, who did no man wrong, and but sold their wares as they best might for feeding of their little ones. But St. George and St. Andrew recked not of such idle talk, but sorely harassed this rabble, for they were friends to the trusty sort of burghers; but such draff and scum of the earth they did despise, as good knight must ever. So all this sort was driven out of Bumbleland, or those who remained gave up their unseemly crying of their fruit, and betook them to thieving and divers evil ways, saying how that they might not otherwise live, which plainly showed what manner of folk they were. But the glory of St. George and St. Andrew waxed mightily by such deeds, and the substantial sort of citizens loved them in their hearts, for that they slew the Dragon Cleanliness, and drove out the evil rout of fruit-sellers.

* See the Clerkenwell Police Report, *Times*, Thursday, Oct. 21.

PANIC IN THE JOKE MARKET.

Some little sensation was created in the Joke Market by the stoppage of the house of Slang, Flash, Snob, & Co. They are not expected to pay any dividend, for the securities they hold consist chiefly of old jokes that have either run off or are barred by the statute. They had drawn very largely on the house of *Punch*, but the inexhaustible resources of that concern remain wholly unaffected by the failure, for *Punch* always cautiously avoided accepting any of the paper of the parties whose failure has been foreseen from the commencement. The public out of doors have not suffered much; for the issues of Slang, Flash, Snob, & Co have everywhere but in the very lowest quarters held an exceedingly doubtful character.

The stoppage has been brought about by an attempt to carry on the joke trade without sufficient capital, and to do a disreputable retail business of a low class, without being backed by anything of a sterling quality. The parties had, however, succeeded in obtaining very little credit, and few therefore will suffer from their failure. A great deal of their paper has been forced upon the market, but it has been heavy from the first, and there has been a general disinclination on the part of the public to be encumbered by much of it.

OUR FAST MAN IN PARIS.—LE BAL MABILLE.

Fast Man. "THERE, CHARLEY, THAT'S THE SORT OF THING I WANT TO SEE INTRODUCED INTO ENGLAND. NOTHING METHODISTICAL ABOUT THAT; REAL STUNNING ENJOYMENT!"

A Land of Promise.

Now and then it is very refreshing to the Christian to read in the newspapers—cheek by jowl with "The Registered Paletot" and "Amontillado Sherry"—a notice of sale of "Church Preferment!" So many pounds—so many steps of promotion in the Army of Martyrs. Here is a specimen from the *Times*:—

CHURCH PREFERMENT.—For SALE or EXCHANGE, a valuable RECTORY, *beautifully situate, in an agricultural county.* The house and premises are of superior accommodation, surrounded by *beautifully timbered park land*, and cost a large sum in erection. The glebe extends to 40 acres. Commutation £480 per annum, *and population about* 300. Apply to MR. ——, auctioneer, surveyor, *and agent for ecclesiastical property*, &c., &c.

Our only complaint of the above is its extreme brevity—its cold poverty of description. We much want an ecclesiastical ROBINS. How, beneath such influence, the above would expand in greatness and glow with varied beauty! Such a pulpit auctioneer would call the attention of the clerical world to the pastoral beauty of the situation, "teeming with associations of JACOB and REBECCA." He might also allude to the conveniences of the house as being "even far superior to those of the tents of Kedar." And then the "beautifully timbered park land!" Why, what an opportunity is offered in it to bring in "the cedars of Lebanon," under which the fortunate purchaser might contemplate his Sunday sermons—touching discourses to melt the stony-heartedness of the world to Christian love!—sermons that should give him the widest popularity; for the righteous—*i. e.* the purchaser of Church Preferment—"shall flourish like a palm-tree, and spread abroad like a cedar of Lebanon."

The population, moreover, should not be merely enumerated. The three hundred souls to be saved ought to engage somewhat more of the attention of the advertising agent. For instance, when men advertise the sale of horses they feel themselves called upon to notify the qualities of the animals; as thus:—"Quiet and steady in harness, and free from vice," "May be driven by the most timid lady." And, following this prudent example, the clerical agent might speak of the souls to be cared for, "Steady-going churchmen—to ride or drive in harness—without any vice of dissent."

It is certainly an oversight in the agent that he should—even brief as is the advertisement—dilate so much upon the beautiful situation of the rectory—of its agricultural advantages—of the accommodation of the house and premises—of the loveliness of the timbered park land—and yet say nothing in the way of recommendation of the "three hundred" population. Souls—to be saved by rectors—ought not to be thus disposed of in the lump, without one word in commendation. We do not dispose of cattle thus cavalierly: wherefore, then, this slight upon church-going Christians—the flock of a purchasing rector?

CITY RECORDS, PAST AND PRESENT.

MR. GOODMAN, the Chief Clerk at the Mansion House, has recently discovered in a cellar of that edifice the minutes of the various mayoralties from 1686. The reading of some extracts from these old records caused much laughter in the Court of Aldermen. Among them, under the date of August 20th, 1686, was this entry—

"FRANCIS DARLEIGH permitted by his Lordship to erect a stage in Smithfield Pound, and there act as a mountebank, he and his servants doing nothing to the disturbance of the King's Peace."

We can imagine quite as much fun produced by a similar disinterring of the entry-books of our own day, some two hundred years hence. With what relish some future GOODMAN will read out to the Court, A.D. 2048, in whatever sublimated form Aldermanism may then have enshrined itself, the following parallel to the above extract, which, if the Corporation "have writ their annals true," ought to figure under the date of any Court-day during the last two years.

"SIR PETER LAURIE permitted by his Lordship to get upon a bench in Guildhall, and there act as a mountebank, he and his nephew talking much to the grievous damage of the King's English."

AH! WHY NOT!

AN ingenious propounder of oracular mysteries suggests that by consulting the *arcana* of augury, we might hit upon a plan for restoring Spain to tranquillity. The name of MENDIZABEL, being read by an orthographical fiction as MEND-ISABEL, points perhaps to the fittest man for minister. Perhaps it does. Ah, indeed! Why not?

JOHN BULL IN A FIX.

Peel. "TAKE YOUR TIME, MY VERY DEAR SIR; TAKE YOUR TIME. IT IS ONLY A TEMPORARY PRESSURE."
Bull. "OH, YES; IT 'S ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU, WHO CAN WRIGGLE THROUGH ANYTHING."

POLITICAL RUMOURS.

Our contemporary the *Morning Post* got hold of a reporter with very long ears, who had last Saturday caught a rumour of the Queen having sent for Sir Robert Peel. We are unable to confirm the rumour; but if the ex-premier was sent for, it was probably to be taken to task and told how naughty he had been, for causing all this mess and trouble through having meddled with the currency. We are not surprised at the anxiety of Her Majesty to send for anybody who can put things to rights just now; but the individual most needed is some one like Mr. Justice Midas, who might succeed with a touch in turning everything to gold. Where is little Jack Horner, who "put in his thumb and pulled out a plum"—a feat which in these days would win him the thanks of his countrymen; for if he could find a few pecuniary plums, the resources of the nation might be restored to a healthy condition.

What to Drink—and Avoid.

Galignani's Messenger states, that, in consequence of 103 hogsheads of adulterated wine having been emptied into the Seine at Paris, the river, for the distance of 200 yards, was covered by an innumerable quantity of fishes, poisoned by the deleterious liquor. This statement will advance the cause of Temperance, although it shows the ill consequences of not drinking (literally) like a fish.

Is it Innocence or Impudence.

A gentleman coolly advertises for a loan of £100, and offers to give "railway shares as security." Now, can you imagine a man having the courage, in times like these, to make such an offer? or is he a hermit, in some secluded cell, who never reads a paper, and has put wool into his ears against the rumours of the world? But the fact of his wanting £100 proves he is no such hermit: besides, his possession of the railway shares is rather opposed to the notion of his innocence. No! it must be sheer impudence; and we should be very sorry to be left alone with pens, ink, and a bill-stamp, in the same room with such a man. He must be an Irish landlord, who, having failed to raise money upon his estate in Tipperary, is trying what he can do with a worse kind of security.

BRIGHTON IN 1847.

BY THE F. C.

The very first spoonful of the clear soup at the Director's, told me that my excellent friend Paradol (the *chef* who came to Mr. Goldmore, Portland Place, when Guttlebury House was shut up by the lamented levanting of the noble Earl) was established among the furnaces below. A clear, brown soup—none of your filthy, spiced, English hell-broths, but light, brisk, and delicate—always sets me off for the evening: it invigorates and enlivens me, my dear Pugsby: I give you my honour it does—and when I am in a *good* humour, I am, I flatter myself—what shall I say?—well, *not disagreeable*.

On this day, Sir, I was delightful. Although that booby De Bosky conducted Miss Violet Goldmore down stairs, yet the wretch, absorbed in his victuals, and naturally of an unutterable dulness, did not make a single remark during dinner, whereas I literally blazed with wit. Sir, I even made one of the footmen laugh—a perilous joke for the poor fellow, who, I dare say, will be turned off in consequence. I talked sentiment to Florence (women in spectacles are almost always sentimental); cookery to Sir Harcourt Gulph, who particularly asked my address, and I have no doubt intends to invite me to his dinners in town; military affairs with Major Bangles of the Onety-oneth Hussurs, who was with the regiment at Aliwal and Ferozeshah, and drives about a prodigious cab at Brighton, with a captured Sikh behind, disguised as a tiger; to Mrs. Goldmore I abused Lady Toddle-Rowdy's new carriages and absurd appearance (she is seventy-four, if she is a day, and she wears a white muslin frock and frilled trowsers, with a wig curling down her old back, and I do believe puts on a pinafore, and has a little knife and fork and silver mug at home, so girlish is she): I say, in a word—and I believe without fear of contradiction—that I delighted everybody.

"Delightful man!" said Mrs. Bangles to my excellent friend, Mrs. Goldmore.

"Extraordinary creature; so odd, isn't he?" replied that admirable woman.

"What a flow of spirits he has!" cried the charming Violet.

"And yet sorrows repose under that smiling mask, and those outbreaks of laughter perhaps conceal the groans of smouldering passion and the shrieks of withering despair," sighed Florence. "It is always so; the wretched *seem* to be most joyous. If I didn't think that man miserable, I couldn't be happy," she added, and lapsed into silence. Little Mrs. Diggs told me every word of the conversation, when I came up the first of the gentlemen to tea.

"Clever fellow that," said (as I am given to understand) Sir Harcourt Gulph. "I liked that notion of his about *Croquignoles à la vouffarde:* I will speak to Moufflon to try it."

"I really shall mention in the Bank parlour to-morrow," the Director remarked, "what he said about the present crisis, and his project for a cast-iron currency: that man is by no means the trifler he pretends to be."

"Where did he serve?" asked Bangles. "If he can manœuvre an army as well as he talks about it, demmy, he ought to be Commander-in-Chief. Did you hear, Captain de Bosky, what he said about pontooning the echelons, and operating with our reserve upon the right bank of the river at Ferozeshah?" Gad, Sir, if that manœuvre, had been performed, not a man of the Sikh army would have escaped:'—in which case of course Major Bangles would have lost the black tiger behind his cab; but De Bosky did not make this remark. The great stupid hulking wretch remarked nothing; he gorged himself with meat and wine, and when quite replete with claret, strutted up to the drawing-room, to show his chest and his white waistcoat there.

I was pouring into Violet's ear (to the discomfiture of Florence, who was knocking about the tea-things madly) some of those delightful nothings with which a well-bred man in society entertains a female. I spoke to her about the last balls in London—about Fanny Finch's elopement with Tom Parrot, who had nothing but his place in the Foreign Office—about the people who were at Brighton—about Mr. Midge's delightful sermon at church last Sunday—about the last fashions, and the next—*que sais-je?*—when that brute De Bosky swaggered up.

"Ah, hum, haw," said he, "were you out *raiding* to-day, Miss Goldmaw?"

Determined to crush this odious and impertinent blunderer, who had no more wit than the horses he bestrides, I resolved to meet him on his own ground, and to beat him even on the subject of horses.

I am sorry to say, my dear Pugsby, I did not confine myself strictly to truth; but I described how I had passed three months in the Desert with an Arab tribe: how I had a mare, during that period, descended from Boorawk, the mare of the Prophet, which I afterwards sold for 50,000 piastres to Mahomet Ali; and how, being at Trebizond, smoking with the sanguinary Pasha of that place, I had bitted, saddled, and broke to carry a lady, a grey Turkoman horse of his, which had killed fourteen of his grooms, and bit off the nose of his Kislar Aga.

"Do join us in our ride to-morrow," cried Violet; "the downs are delightful."

"Fairest lady, to hear is to obey," answered I, with a triumphant glance at De Bosky. I had done *his* business, at any rate.

Well, Sir, I came at two o'clock, mounted on one of Jiggot's hacks—an animal that I know, and that goes as easy as a sedan-chair—and found the party assembling before the Director's house, in the King's Parade. There was young Goldmore—the lovely Violet, in a habit that showed her form to admiration, and a perfectly ravishing Spanish tuft in her riding-hat, with a little gold whip and a little pair of gauntlets—*à croquer*, in a word. Major Bangles and lady were also of the party; in fact, we were 'a gallant company of cavaliers,' as James says in his novels; and with my heels well down, and one of my elbows stuck out, I looked, Sir, like the Marquis of Anglesea. I had the honour of holding Violet's little foot in my hand, as she jumped into her saddle. She sprang into it like a fairy.

Last of all, the stupid De Bosky came up. He came up moaning and groaning. "I have had a kick in the back from a horse in the livery-stables," says he; "I can't hold this horse; will you ride him, Canterbury?" His horse was a black, wicked-looking beast as ever I saw, with blood-shot eyes and a demoniacal expression.

What could I do, after the stories about Boorawk and the Pasha

OF TREBIZOND? Sir, I was obliged to get off my sedan-chair and mount the Captain's Purgatory, as I call him—a disgusting brute, and worthy of his master.

Well, Sir, off we set—Purgatory jumping from this side of the road to t'other, shying at MISS POGSON, who passed in her carriage (as well he might at so hideous a phenomenon)—plunging at an apple-woman and stall—going so wild at a baker's cart that I thought he would have jumped into the hall-door where the man was delivering a pie for dinner—and flinging his head backwards so as to endanger my own nose every moment. It was all I could do to keep him in. I tugged at both bridles till I tore his jaws into a fury, I suppose.

Just as we were passing under the viaduct, whirr came the streaming train with a bang, and a shriek, and a whizz. The brute would hold in no longer: he ran away with me.

I stuck my feet tight down in the stirrups, and thought of my mother with inexpressible agony. I clutched hold of all the reins and a great deal of the mane of the brute. I saw trees, milestones, houses, villages, pass away from me—away, away, away—away by the corn-fields—away by the wolds—away by the eternal hills—away by the woods and precipices—the woods, the rocks, the villages flashed by me. O, PUGSBY! how I longed for the Megatherium during that ride!

It lasted, as it seemed to me, about nine hours, during which I went over, as I should think, about 540 miles of ground. I didn't come off—my hat did, a new Lincoln and Bennett, but I didn't—and at length the infuriate brute paused in his mad career, with an instinctive respect for the law, at a turnpike gate. I little knew the blessing of a turnpike until then.

In a minute BANGLES came up, bursting with laughter. "You can't manage that horse, I think," said the Major, with his infernal good nature. "Shall I ride him? Mine is a quiet beast."

I was off Purgatory's back in a minute, and as I mounted on BANGLES' hackney, felt as if I was getting into bed, so easy, so soft, so downy he seemed to me.

He said, though I never can believe it, that we had only come about a mile and a half; and at this moment the two ladies and DE BOSKY rode up.

"Is that the way you broke the PASHA OF TREBIZOND'S horse?" VIOLET said. I gave a laugh; but it was one of despair. I should have liked to plunge a dagger in DE BOSKY'S side.

I shall come to town directly, I think. This Brighton is a miserable Cockney place.

Daring Violation of Vested Rights.

IT is calculated that by the removal of the records to the proposed place of general deposit, no less than 20,000 rats will be deprived of food and shelter.

Why should not these unhappy animals, like the six clerks, receive a handsome "compensation?"

CIVIC REWARDS.

WE have not a word to say against SIR PETER LAURIE'S enthusiastic speech in honour of MR. BROOKE, nor the heartiness with which the Common Council received his motion to present that gentleman with the City freedom in the established gold box.

MR. BROOKE is an apostle of peace and civilisation, and it is not often that SIR PETER'S enthusiasm takes so rational a direction. Only we would suggest to the civic assemblage, that the apostleship of civilisation and benevolence has had as devoted members within the sound of Bow-bells as in the forests of Borneo;—that if Sarawak has had its hero, Farringdon has furnished its martyr; that if MR. BROOKE succeeded in his attempt to suppress Malay Piracy, DR. LYNCH perished in his struggle with London fever;—that "to protect the oppressed, emancipate the slave, and civilise the savage" is no nobler work than to succour the sick, toil for the suffering, and enlighten the ignorant;—that the humanity which penetrates the jungle is twin-brother to that which walks the hospital. "No selfish motive impelled" DR. LYNCH any more than MR. BROOKE; no avarice disgraced the conquests of the one over filth and fever, any more than those of the other over bloodshed and barbarity. The one triumphed, the other died in the struggle. The Common Council is justly eager to reward the victor; why should it hang back from honouring the martyr? By all means let it present MR. BROOKE with his gold box; but why should it not, at the same time, present the widow and orphans of DR. LYNCH with the gold in another form?

"NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR!"

THIS delightful, this heroic sentiment, complimentary alike to MARS and VENUS—has received the legal sanction of the Attorney- and Solicitor-Generals. These awful law authorities have just decided "that soldiers upon whom orders of affiliation may be made, cannot be legally taken into custody." Here is a charming privilege for the military; a privilege that will surely not escape the astute sense of the recruiting-sergeant, who may work up such licence in the most attractive way in his appeal to those about to enter. "Rally round the QUEEN; and a fig for the girls ye leave behind ye."

JOHN THOMSON was brought before MR. JEREMY on a charge of affiliation. But JOHN THOMSON—strong in the laws of his country—set the magistrate at defiance. If JOHN THOMSON had been guilty of a trifling act of petty larceny, why MR. JEREMY might have accommodated JOHN with a seat in a police van. But "None but the brave deserve the fair"—and JOHN was discharged.

With such a law, MR. JEREMY said, "Garrison towns would become scenes of debauchery and vice." And therefore *Punch* saith to all simple servant-maids of such gunpowder localities—"Women all, from cooks to maids-of-all-work, beware of pipe-clay!"

THE REVOLVING CRAVAT.

AMONG the various attempts that have recently been made to bring the public up with what may be called "a round turn," is the invention of a Revolving Cravat. We confess we do not see the advantages of this discovery, which seems likely to lead to the tie intruding suddenly on the back of the neck instead of remaining at the front of the throat, and thus giving the appearance of a turned head to one who is not ambitious of such a distinction.

ART BUOYS.

Art is very properly insinuating itself into everything. It has already got into our beer-jugs, our inkstands, and our mustard-pots, by the introduction of Mr. Felix Summerly; and it does not intend to stop even at our stoppers, of which an artistic series is announced as in preparation. We think, however, that Art ought not to confine itself to the land, but should go to sea—at least as far as the Nore—and ride buoyantly towards our buoys, which are sadly in want of graceful illustration. What, for example, can be more thoroughly unsightly than the skeleton-like arrangement sidling about like a tall figure in an iron mask at the spot we have indicated? How much better it would be to illustrate our buoys with some work of Art; and we might try the experiment on some of that superfluous statuary which now disfigures the metropolis. The Wellington Statue, for example, which is quite out of its element in its present position, might be found at home on the bosom of the deep; and even if it were cast away, as it had better never have been cast at all, it would not a great deal signify.

We are sure the Londoners would be delighted to get rid of the periwigged and pigtailed monarch in Pall Mall West, on the understanding that a merely nodding and bowing acquaintance should be kept up with him somewhere in the course of the passage between London Bridge and the Isle of Thanet. We hope that some one in authority, having a regard to the true interests of Art, will get our suggestion officially patronised and carried into execution.

GROANS OF "THE OLDEST INHABITANT."

"Sir,

"You ought to know me, for I have been frequently ridiculed in your pages. Yet in my own neighbourhood I am respected, I might almost say venerated. Cockneys flock to my house, as, in classical times, the Greeks to the cave of Trophonius, for oracles. I have an unequalled register of remarkable births, severe seasons, early fruit-trees, and gigantic gooseberries. I am called upon to set my hand and seal to each new prodigy of the times, and to proclaim solemnly, 'I never remember anything like it.' I stamp wonders as the Goldsmiths' Company stamp tea-spoons. Nothing of the kind is genuine unless signed by me, the Oldest Inhabitant. You will perhaps refrain from future ribaldry upon the subject of myself and other Oldest Inhabitants, when I tell you that we are a great though unseen power, like the mysterious *Vehm-Gericht*, or Secret Tribunal, of the Middle Ages. We constitute a Club, to which each parish of the kingdom sends its Oldest Inhabitant as a representative of the past. Our Club-room is the Prytaneum in which the sacred fire of Conservatism is kept always burning. It is we who shield vested rights, and hold up what you call obsolete usages and the prejudices of the past, which we, on the other hand, venerate as 'the wisdom of our ancestors.' We have myriads of these venerable forms in our asylum—not dead, as you flatter yourself and your readers, but enjoying what would be a green old age, if you, and others animated by a kindred spirit, did not molest it. They creep out into the streets from time to time, when some relict of their venerable fraternity is attacked, and lift up their feeble hands and tremulous voices in its defence. They call upon us to aid them, and I need not say, that among the rude and reckless assailants, you, *Mr. Punch*, are prominent as an image-breaker, or iconoclast. It is this which induces me to address you, that the poison of your pages may not want an antidote, if you have sufficient sense of justice to admit my communications.

"We live in perilous times. The members of our Club declare unanimously, they never remember anything like them. The era of the French Revolution was nothing to this. *Then*, the violence with which our venerable *protégés* were attacked, roused Englishmen to their defence. They were never so *féted* and honoured in this country as when *sansculottism* was cutting down their French relatives right and left. In fact, many of them attribute their present existence to the effects of the Reign of Terror.

"But *now* they *are* endangered. The pernicious progress of improvement is sapping their strength and spirit. Several died during the past summer. 'Costs,' a much respected inmate of our asylum, has been gradually sinking since the establishment of County Courts, and the formation of the 'Society for the Improvement of the Law.' The late indecent conduct of the Revising Barrister for the City of London in cutting down the bills of the Vestry Clerks has brought on another seizure, which we hardly anticipate his getting over.

"Our dear old Vice-President, 'Popular Ignorance,' has not held up his head since the Committee of Council of Education commenced their audacious system of School Inspection. The split between the Nationalists and the Voluntaries, under Mr. E. Baines, produced a slight rally, and we had hoped to see our old and interesting friend on his legs again before the opening of next Session. Sir Peter Laurie has been most kind to the invalid, who declares himself deeply indebted to the worthy Alderman; but all he can do in the way of little comforts and kind words serves but to prolong the poor old creature's struggles, and we do not anticipate his surviving many years, although he was one of the stoutest and toughest of our inmates. Again, another aged inmate, 'Vested Rights,' has been treated, of late, in a way I can only call 'brutal.' His enemies have pursued him into vestries and council-rooms, where he had hitherto reason to consider himself safe. The most vigorous efforts are used to disturb him in the enjoyment of his hardly-earned property in London and elsewhere. That property consists principally of poor tenements, and Establishments, by an effeminate sentimentalism (which, I regret to say, you have done so much to foster) styled 'nuisances,' such as knackers' yards, slaughter-houses, chemical-works, and places for preparing those staple articles of our trade and manufactures, glue, animal black, and patent manures. He is no longer allowed to do what he likes with his own. He is forced to ventilate and drain his houses, to consume his own smoke, to sweeten his own stenches, to provide water, and gas, and baths and wash-houses, and a thousand other luxuries, which no Oldest Inhabitant can ever remember the poor expressing the least want of, or setting up the least right to, until lately. The agonies of this unhappy and aged victim of modern ideas during the slow progress of Lord Morpeth's Bill through the House of Commons were frightful to witness. Luckily, the enemy was defeated in the first campaign by the bungling of their Parliamentary representatives; but it is much to be feared that next Session will see a renewal of the contest, under which, we sadly fear, our old friend must sink.

"In the hope of preventing this and similar catastrophes I have addressed this letter to you, as at once the most formidable and most generous of our assailants. If it serves to awaken a single one of your readers to the cruelties and injustices which are now perpetrated on those survivors of the past, none will more heartily rejoice than

"The Oldest Inhabitant."

HOMŒOPATHY FOR UNIONS.

We beg to call the attention of Poor-Law Guardians in general, and especially those of the Halifax Union, to a statement which has been published in the *Times* by Mr. Garlick, Medical Officer for the Township of Halifax. Mr. Garlick asserts, that during one quarter he supplied his Poor-Law patients in that district with no less than 985 mixtures, 2255 pills, 879 powders, 37 lotions, 12 liniments, 49 ointments, and 53 plasters. We calculate that this amount of physic would make about a moderate cart-load. Mr. Garlick also says that he made 685 visits in an area of 990 acres, of which the population was 19,881. This, at five shillings or so per "*iter*," would be something like doing business. But Mr. Garlick informs us that his whole remuneration was £20, or 4*s.* 4½*d.* a day. Poor Pilgarlick!

Why, he must have been considerably out of pocket by his mere medicines, unless *aqua pura* and *mica panis* entered very largely into their composition. And this induces us to offer Poor-Law Guardians a suggestion, which may at least save them from the infamy of allowing their medical officer actually to lose money. Let that functionary be a homœopathic doctor. Infinitesimal doses cost next to nothing; and the question whether their value is not equal to their expense may stand over. Homœopathy apportions the pauper's food: why should it not also prescribe the pauper's physic? Medical men will in their own defence supply homœopathic drugs, if they are to be paid homœopathic salaries.

1*st Snob.* "You know that jolly little gal, Julia Binks?"

2*nd Snob.* "All right, Go ahead."

1*st Snob.* "Well! She 's been sticking up to me like bricks, but I can't return her affection, because I'm so deuced sweet with the Plantagenet gals."

FLIGHTS OF ASTRONOMERS.

It is really beginning to be very desirable that some check should be kept on the alleged discoveries of the amateur astronomers, some of whom send a new star, or a new comet, nearly every day, to one of the daily newspapers. It is very easy to drop a comet into an Editor's box; but, unless there is some one to answer for the reality of the "round unvarnished tail" we are not justified in accepting, as a fact, the alleged discovery. Newspaper managers have not time to look after these things, and if they get a communication from a respectable party, saying "I beg to inclose you a new star, which I discovered last night in rambling through the Milky Way," the Editor is bound to accept the statement as true, for he has no opportunities of testing his correspondent's veracity.

We used to look upon the Clerk of the Weather as a fabulous officer; but we are sure that some functionary of the sort, commissioned to keep the stars posted up in a ledger, and the skies credited with any new acquisition, would be found very conducive to the real interests of science. Every twinkler should be faithfully registered; and if there should be an eclipse, or anything else out against him, a note should be made of the fact, and the record should be open to the public on payment of a small fee for searching.

This would be much better than the loose system of keeping our astronomical accounts which is now in force, and which seems to depend on amateur star-gazers, who send gratuitously the result of their observations to the newspapers. We are not surprised that the comets and stars spoken of by these gentlemen are never to be found when looked for. Our starry registration system might contain an index that should be easy of reference, and by turning at once to the page it could be ascertained whether the star was in its proper place, or whether its existence was not a mere optical illusion of the alleged discoverer.

GLARING INCONSISTENCY.

We are surprised at the conduct of the Bank Directors, after the assurance recently given that the *screw* principle was no longer to be applied to the Great Britain.

OXFORD PUBLIC ORATORY.

"You perhaps did not remark, my dear *Mr. Punch*, an extract which appeared in the newspapers one day last week, from a Sermon by the Public Orator of Oxford: in which University I am greatly interested, as I have been thinking of sending my son, Augustus Frederic, to complete his education there.

"That a Cambridge Public Orator such as Crickens (upon whose style you commented on a former joyous occasion) should not be a model of eloquence, I can understand; but, ah! *Mr. P.*, who would ever go for to suppose that a prize Oxford divine should fail in his logic? O, Sir, is there a penny-a-liner in this metropolis who would not be cashiered for such a sentence as the following?—

"'The extension of Empire which has been gradually forced, we may almost say, on the Government of this country, till those who guide our councils are themselves most inadequately aware of the vast extent of the authority, of the intricate ramification of the measures which they are called to administer, is *so* mixed a boon, involving *as it* does *such* manifold and awful responsibilities, that the most sanguine might well hesitate about reckoning *this* among our grounds for self-gratulation and thankfulness, if *it* were not for promising symptoms, *which* have recently shown themselves, *of* great improvement *in* the whole system *of* our Colonial Administration.'"

"What a treat the Public Orator's compositions must be, if they are all equal to the above sample! The sentence resolves itself into the following remarkable propositions:—

"*We may almost say* the extension of empire has *gradually been forced* on the Government of this country;

"Those who guide our Councils are *most inadequately* aware of the extent of their business;

"The extension of empire is a mixed boon.

"In fact, the most sanguine might not consider the mixed boon a boon at all, had not symptoms of improvement recently arisen in our colonial system.

"To arrive at these tremendous truths, see what you have to do. Let us dodge round parenthesis after parenthesis, and we come to the main proposition, the extension of &c., is 'a mixed boon.' What is a mixed boon? you then have to consider. Suppose a kind friend were to offer you a glass of brandy-and-water, that would be a mixed boon, and the liquor might be so compounded that you should not know which prevailed in quantity, the brandy or the water. So with the extension of empire: the P.O. is awfully puzzled to know whether it is a good or an evil.

"*Is* it a good or an evil? The most sanguine might *well* hesitate to pronounce it a good—that is, they are welcome to think it an evil, but for promising symptoms of improvement; that is, it may be a good after all. Come now, What is the P.O.'s opinion—it is not of much consequence; but what is it? I call upon the Oxford P.O. to speak up.

"Again, I want to know what the P.O. means by '*We may almost say* that the extension of Empire has been forced on this country.' How do you almost say a thing? Suppose I say a man is a donk—or a goo—, or that such and such an opinion is a humb—, I almost say a thing, to which the laws of politeness forbid me to give full utterance. But I can't say a sentence, and say at the same time that I only almost say it, any more than I could say of a mixed boon, if I turned the glass containing it down to the ground, (an absurd proposition), that I had almost spilt the liquor. Once out of the goblet's mouth, down goes the boon somewhere; and it is with words as with spirit-and-water.

"In like manner I can no more *almost* say a thing, than I can be *most inadequately aware* of a circumstance. I either know it or I don't—and the P. O. is exactly in the same case.

"Finally, is this the kind of champion, *Mr. Punch*, whom the Old University puts forward? If so, I will send my son Augustus Frederic to the New. And I would rather that he should hear such noble words as fell from Mr. Newman last Wednesday, in Gower Street, than listen to any P. O. that ever wore a Master's gown.

"Believe me, Sir, to be your obedient servant,

"Adolphus Littlego."

A GOOD SIGN.

The Directors of the South-Eastern Railway are very properly patronising a Literary and Scientific Institution for the enlightenment of their workmen. We hope this is a preliminary to the enlightenment of the passengers. They are always storming out against the darkness in which they are left, and it is only by pouring a little oil upon it that the storm of indignation will be tranquillised.

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THE PROGRESS OF SLANG.

"WHY, WHAT A PRETTY NEW FROCK ALFRED HAS!"
Prodigy (who picks up everything so readily). "AH, AINT IT A STUNNER!"

GROANS OF THE "OLDEST INHABITANT."

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR, "The insertion of my first letter has given great satisfaction to our Club. No Oldest Inhabitant belonging to it ever remembers anything so much to the purpose in your pages.

"A unanimous resolution of the Club requests me to continue my communications.

"While sitting yesterday, looking out at the demolition of some old houses opposite to our establishment—for even our asylum of the past is marked out for destruction, as standing in the line of some so-called 'improvements'—and thinking of writing to you on the subject of the dreadful inroads which are now being made on the most venerable parts of our metropolis, I was surprised to see poor old POPULAR IGNORANCE hobbling across the court to my room. When he entered, I saw the venerable creature was deeply affected. He had heard my first letter read in the Common Hall, by COSTS, (who has enjoyed a superior education in the office of that late eminent firm, DODSON AND FOGG), and he came to thank me for it, in the name of all the inmates.

"'I can't write, myself,' exclaimed the grey-haired sage, 'or I'd like to send a letter to *Mr. Punch*, now and then, telling him a piece of my mind.'

"'What if I wrote for you?' said I; 'I am just meditating a letter to that person. I never remember to have heard of any better subject than your experience would make. If you will dictate, I will faithfully take down what you say, and send it.'

"He looked at me keenly; for the old man is suspicious.

"'How am I to tell that you write what I say?' he said, after a few minutes' pause. 'I can't read writing.'

"I succeeded at last in convincing him he had nothing to fear, which was a matter of no little difficulty, (for he is terribly obstinate,) and he began—

"'I don't know what they'd have, now-a-days, I don't indeed. What with Book-Clubs, and Ragged Schools, and Education Societies, and Lecture Rooms, and Classes, and cheap books, and all that sort of thing, I don't see where we're to stop, or what things are coming to?

"'When I came of age, as you know, I came into a great property from my parents, SUPERSTITION and SELFISHNESS. I had lands everywhere in England. I couldn't walk a mile in any direction, but I came on my estate at some point or other. How did *I* treat the poor people on it? Educate 'em? Not such a fool: I knew they were born to work, so it would be folly to set them to school. They might be better employed in earning something for their parents, when they were children, and after they were grown up, there was no chance of their having any time for books or such-like. What's the use of teaching a child to read, when you might be making money of it—crow-keeping, or stone-picking? I never saw a labouring man, in my time, that wouldn't have been very sorry to be roused out of the warm alehouse settle to go to a lecture, or that wouldn't have grumbled if you'd asked him to give up his pipe and his pot and buy a book with the money. I never saw, in fact, that poor people wanted any Education, as they call it. What were they on my estates for? To work, and not to think. Why should they work better for Education? Besides, I was always a religious man. I respect my Church, and my King, and the Constitution, and I hate the French. What's to become of these glorious institutions, I should like to know, if you have poor men—that ought to go peaceably to church on Sundays, and lay their legs up, and think of nothing—arguing with the parson, and doubting, and explaining, or perhaps ending by turning Dissenters and going to Chapel?

"'And then, as for Education making people virtuous and so on, I should like to know what the Law's for? If they misbehave themselves, isn't there the police, and prisons, and hulks? When I was young, Law *was* Law; then there was something like justice, and respect for property. I've seen ten strung up at once before the Old Bailey, and nothing worse than shop-lifting among the lot. I would ask you when your Education will supply a warning like that? But people will soon be getting too educated to hang each other at all. A pretty state of things the country will have come to *then*.

"'Then there's the Ragged Schools. Of all the impudent tomfooleries, there was never anything like that! The notion of taking up the dirty little rascals out of the streets—that ought to be flogged at the cart's tail and shipped off to Botany Bay, if they had their deserts, most of them—and teaching them to read and write! Much they care for reading and writing! They'd a deal sooner be blacking each other's eyes, or picking your pockets, than doing anything of the learning kind, I can tell you. I know the little blackguards.

"'And there's the cry about the Universities, and enlarging the studies at Oxford and Cambridge, and such stuff. In my time a young fellow had some chance of coming back from College a fine, high-spirited dog, with something like accomplishments. Talk of Education strengthening the brain. Will it teach a man to carry three bottles of port steadily? What's a Gentleman good for that is always moping and milksopping over his book? Who's to play, and to drink, and to hunt, and shoot, if our Gentlemen are tied to their mothers' apron-strings at home, and made book-worms of at College in this way? And what is it has set your Oxford parsons to leave their own Catholic and Apostolic Church, to go over to the Papist,—and be hanged to them—but your book-learning? Who ever heard of a jolly, true-blue, out-and-out, fox-hunting, port-loving, orthodox parson, of the good old time, perverted to the Romish Church? Tell me that?

"'Then what's to become of wholesome and natural distinctions of rank, if everybody's to be educated, and JACK made as good as his master? It's a nasty, levelling, Jacobinical state of things we're coming to, and the country will find that out to its cost. What's a Minister now to what he used to be? He's a poor creature, who daren't oblige a friend at a pinch. What would the WALPOLES and PITTS have said to your Public Opinion, eh? It all comes of reading and writing.

"'What has ruined the potato crops? Why, patent manures and scientific farming stuff and nonsense, got out of your Agricultural Colleges. What's brought the Funds down to 80? You may say it's the Bill of 1844, or the railways, or the corn, or the cotton, or Irish famine; but I say it's Education, and nothing but Education.'

"With these emphatic words the venerable oracle closed its revelation, which is hereby forwarded to *Mr. Punch* by

"His obedient Servant,
"THE OLDEST INHABITANT."

THE QUEEN IN A MESS.

LOYALTY will indeed take alarm at the heading of this paragraph. Let us, therefore, allay all apprehension at once, by saying that it is Her Most Gracious Majesty's Statue in the Royal Exchange—not Her Most Gracious Majesty herself—that we are alluding to. It is true enough that things have been looking very black in the City, and the Statue of the QUEEN is looking as black as everything else, for want of a little friendly whitewashing. On the last visit we paid to our broker, to make a purchase in order to inspire confidence, we were almost disheartened by the dinginess of the aspect of Royalty.

We are convinced that every truly British heart would lend a hand and a scrubbing-brush to restore HER MAJESTY'S representative in the City to her original look of cheerful brightness. The application of one of those rasping instruments used for renovating statuary, would have its effect; and if, in these times, *Punch* can be of any use in helping his Most Gracious Sovereign well through her scrape, he will feel the utmost delight in doing so.

CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

WE are rejoiced to state that A. SOVEREIGN, ESQ. has recently sold out of the Blues, having come to the resolution of leaving the Government service, and mixing for the future more largely in society. This change has been received on all hands with the greatest alacrity.

BARONIAL BALLS.

The Keep at Kennington is being prepared for the series of festivities that Baron Nathan, Viscount Rosherville, is in the habit of holding at the old ancestral pile which owns his authority. Clumps of chalk have been brought from the chalk-pits of Erith, to adorn with quaint devices the old ancestral floor; and laughing girls--the Misses Nathan — have twined roseate garlands of pink muslin and green calico to adorn the massive walls of the parental edifice. Taste has hung every gas-burner with an artificial wreath, and tickets of terms dangle from the tail of the China cow on the mantel-piece. From the knobs of the shutters depend fly-catchers of curious workmanship, attached by such slender threads that they look as if they had really nothing at all to depend upon. As a grand centre-piece on the gaunt Elizabethan mantel is the identical egg over which the Baron hatched his great idea of dancing blindfold among the tender receptacles of unborn chickenhood.

The thought flashed upon the Baron one morning at breakfast, when with uplifted spoon he was about to penetrate the shelly recesses of a "sixteen a shilling, warranted," selected with the eye of experience and the hand of affection, from a newly-imported lot, during a marketing expedition of the Baroness. The Terpsichorean noble paused ere he inflicted the devastating gash, and began asking himself whether that egg, which had suggested so much to Columbus, might not be equally serviceable to him; and the brilliant thought of dancing blindfold among a whole shillingsworth, rapidly occurred to him. That egg became the foundation of his future renown, the ingredient of that pancake reputation; or, as the philosopher would say, "It formed the original batter out of which Fame—that *omelette soufflée* —was created."

We are, however, anticipating matters that should be reserved for the page when the annals of the house of Nathan come to be writ, as they must be at no very distant period. Let us return to the festive balls of the approaching season. The tickets state, with a delicacy that is delightful, and a reserve calculated to refresh, that "Ladies' Tickets, for Tea! Coffee!! Ham!!! Beef!!!! Shrimps!!!!! and Water-cresses!!!!!! price 2*s*. each, are to be taken of the attendant in the dressing-room, previously to entering the Ball-room." The Baron seems to cater so liberally for the ladies, that we begin to disagree with *Othello*, and to thank our stars, instead of lamenting,

> "That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
> But not their appetites."

There is something awful in the idea of the meal suggested by the Baron's provision for the satisfaction of female voracity. Tea and coffee would be well enough; but we recoil with horror and alarm when we think of the ladies hammering away at ham, bounding into beef, seizing upon shrimps, and finally winding up with water-cress. We do not wonder at the attractions the Baron's patrons have found in his capers among new laid eggs, when the fairer portion of his pupils seem so very prone to "walk into" the refreshments.

The concluding paragraph of the notices issued by the Baron to his guests, conveys the pleasing and hospitable intimation that "the Lemonade, Negus, and Dessert, during the evening, are entirely free." There is, however, a protective duty on the shrimps and more substantial luxuries. Lemonade may be lapped up at discretion—or beyond it, if desired; for the Negus, one has only to negotiate with an attendant, who brings it forthwith; while the Dessert, which we trust is made up in the proportion of one pennyworth of apples to every bushel of artificial flowers, may be "pegged into" with impunity. The hospitality of the old English Baron ought not to be abused, as we fear it might be if some little *ruse* such as we have named were not resorted to.

The Mons Jullien.

Gigantic reports are in circulation respecting the intentions of the Mons Jullien at Drury Lane. One rumour states that he has engaged six hundred chorus singers for twenty-one years, for the production of grand operas, and that he has taken a life-interest in Herr Pischek, with remainder over to his executors, administrators, and assigns. Another rumour intimates that horsemanship is in contemplation, and that Jullien means to go at "all in the ring;" but this the Mons indignantly denies. He intends preserving his operatic intentions in all their integrity—at least for the present. Since the Mons has returned from the Swiss Mountains, he has been seized with a sort of *mal du pays*, which causes him to yearn to return to the wild Alpine scenery, and he has been several times to the Colosseum glaciers as a subsitute for the real article.

THE NEW PEERS SPIRITUAL.

We knew that the Irish Lord-Lieutenants could make knights, but His Excellency Lord Clarendon has just created a whole batch of Lords out of the Irish Roman Catholic Episcopal Bench. And we congratulate His Amplitude the Lord Archbishop Mac Hale and his right reverend brethren, on the recognition of their Lordships.

The great fun will be to see the cordiality with which their Lordships the Protestant Bishops will receive their Lordships the Catholic Bishops, when the Romish Episcopal deputation comes to town. We hear, from the best authority, that His Amplitude the Archbishop of Tuam will put up with the Primate of Ireland in Charles Street; while the Lord Dove, of Galway, will have his nightcap got ready for him at London House.

To make matters comfortable to both parties, Dr. Pusey will act indifferently as Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of London and to His Grace the Lord Arch-Lion of Judah.

On landing at Liverpool, their R. C. Lordships will be complimented in an appropriate manner by Mr. Mac Neile, and will take a lunch at his residence previous to their departure for London.

Dr. Croly, of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, will be in waiting at the Euston Square Terminus to receive their R. C. Lordships, where the Editor of the *Standard* will also congratulate them in a Hebrew oration.

A deputation of young ladies from Belgravia, barefooted, and lighted with tapers, will march from St. Benet's, Knightsbridge, headed by the incumbent and his curates, and will sing a Latin canticle under the windows of London House (by the Abbé Prout) accompanied by Father Newman on the bassoon. Both prelates will bless the fair choristers from the middle drawing-room window, after which they will put on their shoes and stockings, and finish the evening at Almack's.

Mr. Moses, the eminent tailor, has been employed to manufacture the Court dresses, in which the Most Reverend and Right Reverend prelates will appear before Her Majesty.

The Lord Archbishop will be led to the throne by the Lord Bishop of Oxford, who will present His Grace, in company with the Lord President of the Wesleyan College, Hackney, giving a hand to each. The Chiefs of the other religious denominations are also to be advanced to the Peerage, but the titles of their Lordships have not yet been determined. Some difficulty is made about His Grace the Lord Chief Rabbi, who claims to take precedence of every one of the new nobles, and from the fact that both His Grace and the Lords Quakers persist in keeping their hats on in the presence of Royalty.

Who is the Government Broker?

We have several times asked ourselves; but inquiries of the kind don't answer, or rather, they don't get answered. Who is the Government broker? Does he deal in old furniture? Does he put in a distress for rent on the premises of those who do not pay what they owe to the Government? Does he live in Broker's Alley? Is he a pawnbroker? What is the meaning of his going into the market and "operating?" Is he a surgeon as well as a broker?

When all these questions are satisfactorily answered, we shall be ready with another batch on the same subject.

THE APPEAL OF THE ARCH.

LAST night—'twas striking twelve—I walked before
The new front they are adding to the Palace,
After the mild design of MR. BLORE;—
Which, after all, proves that we're not quite callous
To the discomforts of the Royal Family,
AUGUSTA, MARY, ALBERT, ALFRED, ALICE—
And as I slowly passed the Arch of marble,
Thinking of Blenheim, Waterloo, and Ramillies,
Sudden I heard a strange, sepulchral warble,
Like to the slow-drawn, subterraneous note
With which huge MEMNON, Egypt's sands among,
May be supposed to clear his stony throat,
Ere he salutes the sunrise with a song;
And following this prelude, sad and slow
A voice sighed, "Where on earth am I to go?"
I started—'twas no sentry on his march—
I stared—'twas no policeman on his round—
I felt 'twas from the bowels of the Arch
That came the dreary and despairing sound.
"Right," quoth the Arch, divining my amaze;
"'Tis I, set here by the late GEORGE THE FOURTH,
Turned out, unpitied, in these changeful days,
To seek a settlement, east, west, south, north.
Ugly I may be—'tis no fault of mine;
Expensive, sure, I was—not mine the blame;
Alas! I did not make my own design—
Felt I was in the way, when first I came.
Excuse me, friend, while my farewell I take
Of WILKINS' pile, which I have known so long."
And the poor Arch sobbed as its stones would break,
As sadly towards St. James's stole its song.

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old Arch,
Which to no place has ever served for door;
Which from the Palace front is forced to march,
Tho' quite as useful as it was before.

"To make me serviceable find a plan;
I'll carry anything upon my top,
Tho' 'twere another DUKE, if come there can
Another such, from even WYATT's shop.

"Oh, if the principle of *statu quo*
Secured great WELLINGTON where now he sits,
Why should not my poor stones, I'd like to know,
Remain, tho' 'twere as butts for weekly wits?

"Think how an Arch must feel (which, tho' it may
Be out of place, is still a work of Art),
Compelled to seek employ in some low way—
At Railway Station, p'rhaps, or MOSES' Mart.

"In vain imploring a poor plot of ground,
Along the Strand I soon perhaps may go;
While heartless loungers crack their jokes around,
Taking the sight, which none, alas! bestow.

"But if at last I find no work to do,
And heartless mockery reject my claims,
I'll seek the kindred Bridge of Waterloo,
And plunging, wash my woes out in the Thames!"

Enough to Fill any House.

FOR the last fortnight the Beadles of Regent Street might have hung up, with the greatest truth, the old familiar announcement of the play-bills:—

"TREMENDOUS OVERFLOW! REAL WATER IN THE QUADRANT."

Paper against Gold.

THE chief argument against a paper currency appears to be the intrinsic worthlessness of the circulating medium. If this be all, the question is easily settled. The demand for the autographs of distinguished personages will insure a certain real value for any piece of paper bearing their signatures. Paper thus marked would assuredly pass current, if we may judge by its actual value in the market: or, at the worst, *Punch* will engage to impart any amount of worth to a bit of paper, merely by inscribing thereon a paragraph of as high an order of merit as may be requisite.

SCHÖNBEIN'S LAST.

PROFESSOR SCHÖNBEIN appears bent on making every substance in Nature discharge that duty for which it seems most unfitted. He insisted on soft, white, fluffy, innocent cotton doing the work of gritty, black, explosive, and murderous gunpowder. And now he announces a discovery which gives papier-maché all the transparency of glass. A great many wiseacres last year declared that gun-cotton would end in smoke, and the same class of sages now declare they can see through the papier-maché glass. This, however, instead of a disparagement, is really a proof that it possesses one quality, at least, which the Professor claims for it.

The invention comes opportunely, when our common ale and wine-bottles are sinking so fast, under that mysterious internal disorder which wastes the Quarts of the present day into a size little exceeding that of the Pints of last century. Unluckily, the papier-maché glass, if it will not break, will bend. Its toughness may make it economical, but will injure the symmetry of articles manufached from it. We shall see our very prime old Port appearing on the table in bottles labouring under all varieties of paralysis, crick in the neck, ricketts, and crooked spine.

There would be something uncomfortable in getting elevated out of glasses so disgracefully "screwed" or "slued," as the accompanying specimens.

We see considerable inconvenience to be apprehended from the use of the papier-maché glass for mirrors. It will, of course, warp, and the shaver will run the risk of seeing, in some cases, his face even longer than it is in

the present state of the Money Market, or every feature of it flattened, as if the screw had been applied to his physiognomy instead of his promise-to-pay. This, at a gloomy period like the present, would certainly lead to an appearance of depression anything but calculated to raise the spirits of those who may patronise the new material of PROFESSOR SCHÖNBEIN.

It is, however, gratifying to think that the Professor's discovery will give an employment for much of the bad paper now afloat in the market, which is already so rotten that it will need little further preparation for his purpose. It will certainly be very acceptable to the mercantile community to find this paper worked up into forms which free the holders of them from all risk of breakage.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

A POST-OFFICE order has just been issued, prohibiting the transmission of any letter by post, measuring more than two feet in length. The announcement does not, we believe, go on to state—as it might have done—that any letter of three feet would be four-feeted (forfeited) immediately.—N.B. The perpetrator of this pun is now in custody. He refuses to speak, lest he should further commit himself.

OMNIBUSES IN THE EAST.

We are happy to hear that the establishment of omnibuses in the East, is likely to relieve our thoroughfares of some of those lumbering vehicles that now encumber our streets for no other purpose than running against each other in a double sense, to the damage of the public, and the terror of the proprietors. Several of the old Paddingtonians are, we believe, already on their way out, to be placed on the Memphis Station, while a batch of True Blues has been forwarded to Thebes, for the purpose of running at 2*d.* ALL THE WAY to the Pyramids. We can imagine HASSAN BOU acting as cad, with MIRZA MAHMOUD officiating as driver, and interchanging between them the Eastern translation of—"Hold hard!" on the taking up or setting down of passengers.

We hope a turnpike thrown across the Libyan track will permit the formation of a fund for watering, lighting, paving, watching, and otherwise improving the desert, in which the quantity of sand has proved hitherto very inconvenient.

"WE ARE SAVED! WE ARE SAVED!"

THE country is safe; and it is neither SIR ROBERT PEEL, nor LORD JOHN RUSSELL, nor the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, nor any other individual who is expected to play the part of sheet-anchor when the nation is in a mess, that will guarantee our prosperity. MR. IZOD the auctioneer, is the happy man who has revealed the resources of England, turned the National Debt into a flea-bite, and shown us how perfectly safe we shall be in bestowing unlimited confidence. The mine of wealth to which we allude is in the houses whose contents MR. IZOD is continually engaged in bringing to the hammer. Every one of these highly-favoured domiciles contains exactly "500 ounces of plate," exactly "100 dozen of wine, selected regardless of expense," and exactly one "original RUBENS, worth exactly £500 to a dealer."

Now, putting the 500 ounces of plate at 5*s.* only per ounce, this gives £125, and taking the wine selected regardless of expense at £2 per dozen—since it must be very moderate recklessness indeed that has not reached 3*s.* 4*d.* a bottle—we get £200 more; while the RUBENS worth £500 to a dealer, must be worth at least a shilling beyond that sum to a connoisseur; which calculation brings the wealth of each house, in three articles alone, to £825 1*s.*, exactly.

Now, every house has, according to MR. IZOD'S catalogues, these three things; and as every *ménage* has its little odd lots, from its bill-hook in the kitchen, to its bedstead in the attic, we are sure the credit of the country may be very safely pledged, for the purpose of meeting any emergency. The ten thousand RUBENSES, worth £500 to a dealer, that must exist in London—for MR. IZOD has always got exactly one to be submitted to his hammer—would, of themselves, relieve the country from all its embarrassments. As deputations are all the go just now, we hope a deputation of bankers and bankrupts will at once wait upon MR. IZOD, who might—or might not—put them in the way of settling the financial difficulties of the empire.

The Entertaining One.

IT seems that LORD BROUGHAM cannot be serious. He must have his joke at all times. It matters but little to him whether Parliament is open or not; he is sure to find some subject of amusement. A paragraph in the *Post* informs us in a style of sly humour—for which we scarcely gave our contemporary credit—that "LORD BROUGHAM has been *entertaining* a select circle at——." Why, of course; could LORD BROUGHAM be otherwise than entertaining? And all we can say is, that we should like to have been one of the "select circle." By the bye, we suppose when Parliament opens, the paragraph will be altered to—"LORD BROUGHAM entertained a large circle in the House of Lords last night." "BROUGHAM'S Entertainments" would form an amusing little Christmas Book, or they might be made into what the Adelphi play-bills would call "a screecher" for WRIGHT.

THOSE CARELESS PRINTERS!

BY a ridiculous error of the press, the *Eclectic Review* was advertised the other day as the *Epileptic Review;* and on inquiry being made for it at a bookseller's shop, the bibliopole replied, "He knew of no periodical called the *Epileptic Review*, though there might be such a publication coming out by fits and starts."

MRS. THREADNEEDLE'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

THE NEW REGULATION HELMET.

THE Albert Hat is capped at last by a new Helmet for the Heavy Dragoons, and the latter must now be elevated to the top of the pole in the contest of extravagant absurdity. The invention is so exceedingly rich in feathers, that it is a discovery upon which any one may very fairly plume himself. In repose, the helmet will bring to mind that emblem of peace, purity, and progress, the Ramoneur; while, shaken by the agitation of a breeze, it will assume the terrible aspect peculiar to the chiefs of New Zealand.

Considering that the grand principle kept in view of late years, in the dress and accoutrements of the soldier, is to strike terror into the foe, the recent frightful invention is quite in keeping with the plan that has lately been followed in designing the appointments of the British soldier.

HINTS FOR THE ETCHING CLUB.

THIS very praiseworthy Society employs itself, and amuses the public, by illustrating subjects of a pleasing and familiar character. The last effort is GRAY'S "Elegy in a Country Church-yard." The result is very beautiful, we understand; and the "lowing herd," in MR. CRESWICK'S hands, winding "slowly o'er the lea," gives us the whole thread of the story. While MR. REDGRAVE has hit off "the busy housewife" with wondrous fidelity, MR. TOWNSEND has thrown in the children to their father's lap with much force, and the whole effect is very satisfactory. We wish, however, that the Etching Club would take up some of our children's books, which are very cruelly used in the matter of illustration. Fancy how much might be done with "High diddle diddle;" imagine the Cat upon REDGRAVE'S portfolio, and the Fiddle in TOWNSEND'S hands! Conceive what HORSLEY might do with the Cow in the playful act of jumping over the moon; and picture to yourself, reader, what a plate CRESWICK would make of the Dish, and what the Spoon might become with a little of his clever handling.

We trust the Etching Club will take up the notion we have so amicably thrown down, and that their next publication will be "High diddle diddle," in a series of six-and-thirty etchings.

Take Care of your Hats, Gentlemen.

WE are glad to perceive that a deputation of the Quadrant Improvement Committee has had an interview with the Commissioners of the Woods and Forests. We are at liberty to state, that permission has been granted to them by HER MAJESTY, to fill up the holes in the roof of the Quadrant as soon as they like; and in the meantime, power has been vested in the Chairman to place washtubs and pails in such places where the rain pours through the fastest. In consequence of the above cheering intelligence, the Beadle illuminated in the evening with a penny Pickwick.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE next edition of MR. SMYTHE'S *Historic Fancies* will be published with a beautiful frontispiece of LOLA MONTES.

FEES FOR THE OLD BAILEY.

WE understand that, in order to meet the depression of the times, a portion of the Old Bailey Bar, including MESSRS. HORRID, FLORID, SMOUCH, CROUCH, and Co., have consented to take a moiety of their fees in kind, instead of in specie. Clerks will be empowered to accept half-and-half in all criminal cases, and counsel themselves, upon receiving an intimation what the clients are going to "stand" in the way of retainer, will regulate their demand accordingly. The refresher will resume its original character as an article of refreshment, and cigars will be taken with briefs; for it is ingeniously contended that, in olden times, the barristers at the Old Bailey frequently took a *quid* of tobacco, of which the well known *quiddam honorarium* is understood to be merely an abbreviation.

Now that the season is over at the watering-places, several touters are expected in town to officiate at some of the Metropolitan Criminal Courts, on behalf of certain members of the legal fraternity. Already there is everything short of the cry of "Barrister, yer honour!" to attract the notice of the criminal public to forensic merit; and at the present rate at which the system is progressing, we have no doubt that the mask of delicacy will be altogether thrown off within a very short period.

Astronomical Intelligence.

As every new light, however temporary, is now added to the starry system by one of the many observers who are always on the look-out to catalogue any fresh luminary, and send it off to the papers, it is in contemplation to admit the whole of the gas lights on London Bridge to the honour of stardom. Each lamp has in turn been noted as some new addition to the planetary system, and it is believed that much trouble will be saved by at once giving them a patent of precedence, enabling them to rank with ordinary stars of the first magnitude.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

PRESENT necessities make one recur with a pleasurable feeling to the age misnamed Golden, when beasts were the staple of currency, and when there was no dread of a panic in the Money-Market, unless from an over-driven bull. Truly it would be most advisable, in our present distresses, to put the currency in active circulation, which, by recurring to beast-money, we might easily accomplish; for, were the funded property in Smithfield Market once let loose upon the public, we are assured that the capitalists of the City would feel too much excited to stop, upon any inducement whatever. A bull in that case, much more a bear, would recover his wonted value even on the Stock Exchange; and the very lame ducks would be quoted at a value more than nominal. Old stags, too, though not quite in season just now, would no doubt be received readily; and the proprietors of St. Stephen's, Exeter Hall, and other bear-gardens, would derive considerable profit from the sale of their stock. Imagine ROTHSCHILD being spoken of with profound respect as a man of immense *beef*, and LORD JOHN RUSSELL hailed as first Lord of the Shambles!

The Matter settled for ever.

WE are too glad to acknowledge an error. We have taken many liberties lately with LOUIS-PHILIPPE. The following vindication, however, of his character must be more than sufficient reparation to his injured Majesty. It comes from the lips of no less an authority than MR. BROUGHTON, the Police Magistrate. The sceptical reader is referred to the *Morning Chronicle*:—

"LOUIS-PHILIPPE IS ONE OF THE BEST MEN THAT EVER LIVED, AND WOULD NOT WRONG ANY ONE OF A FARTHING."

We hope Europe is convinced.

OUR FAST MAN ON THE ARISTOCRACY.

"So at last, *Punch*, MR. ROBINS has sold SHAKSPEARE'S house—sold it, but not quite got the money. The subscription is £1400 short, and you want the nobility to make it up. I wish you may get it; but I think you won't. SHAKSPEARE, no doubt, is the people's man. Very well; the nobility will let the people have him all to themselves. I dare say he is one of the Aristocracy of Nature. All persons are, I believe, who write plays in five acts, which are very fine, and don't draw. The Aristocracy of Rank will leave the Natural Aristocrats to take care of their own order, and the earls, viscounts, and marquises of intellect to look after SHAKSPEARE, who was so great a count in that peerage. Noblemen have quite enough to do to keep up their own mansions, without troubling themselves about SHAKSPEARE'S house. They will therefore let it alone; and very properly. What do they know about SHAKSPEARE, except that they have been sometimes bored by him behind the scenes of some theatre?

"What do any men who are not literary know of him, except that he wrote *Brutus* and *Cassius*, and 'To be, or not to be,' and some other heavy lines which they had to learn, as school-tasks, out of ENFIELD'S *Speaker?* Why should a nobleman care about him? A lord knows very well that he is of more consequence than SHAKSPEARE would be if he were alive now. A writer may find it, or fancy it a good dodge, to pretend to have an interest in SHAKSPEARE. A nobleman can have no object of the sort. Of what use is it to him to be puffed by the press? He gets nothing by it, and probably would rather be abused than praised by a set that he can afford to despise.

"The nobility have pleasures of their own, which are not SHAKSPEAREAN—but jolly. They have their yachts, and their studs, and their opera-boxes. What can those who have amusements of this kind at their command care about dramas? They know what true enjoyment is; they can pay for it—they prefer it: and they are right. They see more fun in going at a five-bar-gate than in sitting out a five-act play; and so does everybody else who is wide awake. They would much sooner patronise a light jockey than a heavy dramatist: that is their taste, and they would be fools if they didn't indulge it.

"Talk of having one of the bricks in SHAKSPEARE'S house! they would rather have a wing off TAGLIONI'S shoulders than all the bricks and mortar too, in the whole building. There are plenty of them who, if they had wanted the place, could have bought it up outright. I dare say some young nob would have done so if the whim had entered his head. He might have had a prime lark by turning it into a public-house, and making all the sentimental people wild. You, of course, would have gone at him, and he would have laughed at you. A larky young peer would think it a good joke to be quizzed in *Punch*. Or a nobleman might have purchased SHAKSPEARE'S house and have had it carried clean away, and set up in his park. And then he might have had jolly parties down from town, to waltz and dance polkas in the room where the Poet was born—a proceeding which would have excited no end of indignation, and have been attended with much fun. But depend upon it the nobility are not such flats as to fling away their money to please the people or you either. For this you may sneer at them as much as you like, and go on running down the Aristocracy, who care for your abuse as little as your

"FAST MAN."

*** Our Fast Man accuses us of decrying the Aristocracy. We do not, however, consider them, as a body, empty, frivolous, and selfish, as they are represented, apparently with admiration for their character, by our Fast Man. We think that there are many of them who, with other gentlemen, venerate genius, and respect its relics. But, as the Aristocracy comprehends gentlemen, so likewise it comprises snobs, from whom our Fast Man seems to have derived his ideas of it, and with whose tastes and feelings he appears to sympathise.

The Question of the Capitalist.

IT was a man of capital, a mighty millionnaire,
Who, sipping his *Lafitte* alone, sat in his easy chair;
His brow with wrinkles manifold was furrow'd o'er and wrought,
By which 'twas plain this millionnaire was deeply wrapt in thought.

His goblet's stem the monied man with nervous gesture thumb'd,
And then anon he scratched his head, and then the table drumm'd,
And then a tune he whistled; and it wasn't very long
Before this man of capital thus broke forth into song:—

"Now I'd give a handsome sum,
If a little bird would come,
One acquainted with the secrets of futurity;
And would tell me what to do,
And what measures to pursue,
With a view to speculation and security.

"I have got an ample store,
But should like to make it more:
One of course is anxious, naturally, so to do;
At the same time, to be rash,
And to risk the loss of cash,
Is what no reflecting gentleman would go to do.

"Now that discount's eight per cent.,
Is the time when money lent
Is invested, in the abstract, most judiciously.
On the other hand, 'tis clear,
Now that matters are so queer
In the City, that one ought to act suspiciously.

"Could this panic be controll'd,
If we monied men, with gold,
On the market all came down contemporaneously?
Well, I think perhaps it might:
And suppose we stopp'd the fright,
There would be a drop in discount instantaneously.

"Who 'll be first to bell the cat?
For whoever will do that
In the nick of time, with caution and dexterity,
Taking care he isn't bit,
He will make a lucky hit,
And large winnings will repay his wise temerity.

"Matters mend when at the worst,
And my capital I've nurs'd,
Till I think they must be nearly that condition in;
And until the crisis pass,
If I tarry, of an ass
I shall find myself the laughable position in.

"Well, I really am inclined,
I have more than half a mind
(If I thought that I could venture with impunity)
To come forward with my hoard,
Ere with confidence restored,
Of aggrandisement I lose the opportunity.

"Then, whilst adding to my gains,
The distress abroad that reigns
Could I lighten, I should have the satisfaction of
Doing well for my own ends,
And the pleasure which attends
Public spirit and benevolence an action of."

A MONTH'S RESIDENCE IN MIDDLETON SQUARE.

Diary, Sept. 3rd, 1847. Aroused at 8 o'clock by the tumult of an infuriated mob. On going down stairs, found the crowd to consist of three boys quarrelling about a top.—*Mem.* Seditious gatherings of the populace in masses in the overthronged streets, should be put a stop to by the legislature.

6*th*. Nothing particular since the 3rd.

9*th*. A cab drove through the Square, No. 1031, K.K. There was a person inside.—*N.B.* The driver was rather below the middle stature.

12*th*. Rumours afloat that the Peel Ministry had resigned, and that LORD J. RUSSELL was in power.

13*th*. Another cab, but it was empty—couldn't get the number. This is a remarkable incident, for this makes the second cab which has been seen in the Square since that which brought my stepmother here last August.

19*th*. The postman called at the house opposite.

22*nd*. Found the above rumours about the Ministry correct; the

event happened some months ago.—*Mem.* Must write to thank SNOGGINS for the earliest intelligence of this.

24*th*. Postman called again. How much the penny postage has increased correspondence!

26*th*. A policeman, T. 999, passed *this very house*. He was followed by two boys, who wished to see where he could be going to. What it is to live in crowded thoroughfares which are subject to the terrors of monthly visits of the executive and conservators of the peace!

27*th*. Important event. A private carriage drove rapidly into the Square at two minutes past twelve. The coachman remained nearly four seconds in earnest conversation with a man on the pavement.

30*th*. The result of the most minute inquiries about the carriage, has convinced me that the driver had lost his way.

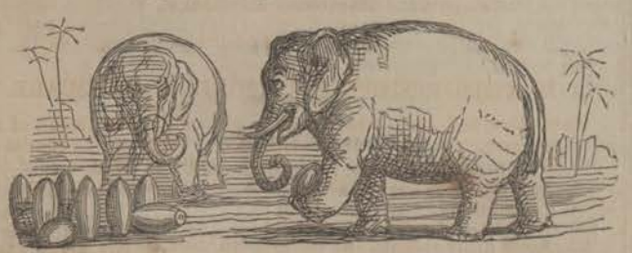
ZOOLOGICAL RECREATIONS.

A BOOK under this very promising title has been lately advertised, and we are happy to find that there is some one at last interested in getting up a series of sports and pastimes for the brute creation.

"Anything to keep the animals out of mischief" is a sentiment in which every friend of humanity, as well as every admirer of *les bêtes féroces*, will cordially sympathise. It will be a grand thing if harmless amusement is provided for that class of animals having a tendency to formidable and destructive habits. Every one would rather see the Bull upon the light and playful skip than engaged in the cruel work it frequently makes of children and nurserymaids on its way to and from Smithfield Market. Nothing personal may be intended by the angry brute when it plays at pitch-and-toss with the public; but there is something far more amiable and respectable in the pastime of the skipping-rope.

As to the Hyena, if the creature "must have its laugh," how much better that it should wear the smile of cheerfulness than exhibit the grin of ferocity! If engaged in the harmless occupation of giving an occasional back to a playful crocodile, both parties are kept out of

mischief at once; and these are, we hope, the sort of Zoological Recreations that the book to which we have alluded will point the attention of all the owners of animals. Even the Elephant may have games devised, of a nature fitted to his somewhat unwieldy bulk; and skittles—requiring no running about on his part, but a quiet aiming at



the pins set up for him to show his skill upon—would be exactly suited to his habits and character.

A LAMENTABLE CASE.

THE KING OF SPAIN is in need of distraction, and so he amuses himself by playing on the big drum. If the report be true, that GENERAL SERRANO has received a bribe of 50,000 reals, he might play a duet with the King—ASSIS on the drum, and SERRANO on the *grosse caisse*.

LATEST FROM MEXICO.

THE *Blarney Castle* has arrived at Liverpool. Her dates are from New York the 15th, Boston the 16th, and the day previous from the seat of war. She brings specie to the amount of two millions of rupees, and files of the New York papers. The correspondent of the *Locofoco* says—

"GENERAL GROWDY'S division yesterday came up with the main body of the Mexican force under GENERAL CABANAS, at Rionogo, where the *New Orleans Picayune* informs us that a severe engagement took place. Both parties won the victory, and were repulsed with severe slaughter. SANTA ANNA was present in the action, in the course of which his head was shot off. He subsequently addressed a heart-stirring proclamation to the Mexican nation, in which he described the action of the 27th, which ended in the utter defeat of the Americans, whose victory, however, cost them dear.

"Immediately after their success, they proceeded to evacuate the town, which they bombarded the next day. The American troops were annihilated after a trifling skirmish, in which SANTA ANNA lost his leg, which was amputated on the spot, before the retreat of the Mexicans upon Cacapulco. It is reported that he has yielded the Presidency to GENERAL NOSOTROS.

"GENERAL WHACK'S brigade is at Sangarbanzos, hotly pursued by the Mexicans. In this disaster the indefatigable SANTA ANNA was wounded severely, a cannon-ball from a howitzer taking off his right hand. From this place, after the operation, he wrote a pathetic appeal to the Mexican Senate, and complained bitterly of the cowardice of GENERAL PUMPANILLAS, who was at Nossa Senhora de las Podridas, harassing the flanks of MAJOR COWITCH'S Alleghany Rangers.

"GENERAL SCOTT was unwell; but it is not true that he has been compelled to take Jalapa. MAJOR BUNG'S artillery is at Todododos. A deserter from the enemy came in yesterday. He says that PRESIDENT SANTA ANNA received a twenty-eight-pounder through his body, after which he renewed the action.

"The bombardment of Los Leperos is not confirmed. SANTA ANNA received a congreve-rocket in the left knee there, and has ordained the formation of a similar corps. I shut up, as the courier is going.

"The Legion of SAINT NICHOLAS, under O'SCRAGGS, performed prodigies of valour on both sides. Plunging into the thickest of the *mêlée* at Pickapockatickl, O'SCRAGGS engaged personally with GENERAL RAGG, whose pocket-handkerchief, after a severe struggle, he succeeded in carrying off. It has been hung up in the Cathedral of Mexico, amongst the other colours taken in the campaign.

"In the engagement at Santos Ladrones, so creditable to both sides, O'SCRAGG, whose Legion was then acting with the American army, had almost taken prisoner SANTA ANNA, who had both legs shot off by our brave bombardiers; his silver snuff-box, however, was captured out of the General's coat pocket, as he fled from a field where he had covered himself with so much glory.

"CAPTAIN SCRAGGS used the snuff-box on the last day of his brilliant existence, when he died the death of a hero, being hanged before the American lines, to the delight of both armies."

THE BILL, THE WHOLE BILL, AND NOTHING BUT THE BILL.

"GOOD morning, MR. JOSEPH! Sir, I trust you are not ill:
Oh! I've just look'd in to ask if you could do this little bill;
I've been to every discounter in London, that I knew;
Each says he does not know the names—and so I've come to you.
Then will you, will you, will you, will you do it, MR. J.?
Will you, will you, &c.

"MRS. J. is in good health, I hope—and all your family—
You see the acceptor, MR. JONES, is good as good can be;
Were JONES a man of straw, what then! the indorser, MR. SMITH,
As everybody quite well knows, is true and sound as pith.
Then will you, will you, &c.

"Is this your youngest daughter? Come here, my pretty miss,
You must allow pa's oldest friend to have one little kiss:
Now, JOSEPH! my good fellow, you perceive 'tis getting late,
So just make up your generous mind, a friend to accommodate.
Oh! won't you, won't you, &c.

"The Bank shuts up at four o'clock, and now 'tis half-past-three;
I scarcely can procure a cab, and be in time, I see;
Oh, you decline!—you don't know JONES, and will not do the job?
Good morning, Sir, I always said and thought you were a snob.
And wouldn't, wouldn't," &c.

THE ROYAL DRUMMER.

FRANCISCO D'ASSIS is very fond, according to the *Observateur Français*, of beating the big drum. We must say that this was the last organ in the world likely to promote harmony in a royal household—almost as bad as QUEEN CHRISTINA. Considering the noise there has lately been in the quarrelsome palace, we should imagine that this drum must be the far-famed *Tartar* drum.

No wonder the KING and QUEEN OF SPAIN had separate establishments! A big drum would put out the best concerted *duo*. Why, it has nearly disturbed the concert of European powers! The Big Drum of Spain, and the Serpent of France, would not be tolerated anywhere, excepting at a promenade concert. Why doesn't JULLIEN engage LOUIS-PHILIPPE and ASSIS?

THE SCARCITY.

TALK of the scarcity! why, walnuts are selling at Chipping-Norton fifty for a penny; you can go to the Victoria Theatre for three-pence; and there is the whole Praslin tragedy to be had beautifully illustrated for a halfpenny! What more would you have? Really, the British Public is growing miserly, or else too much of an epicure! We are afraid the poor thing is horribly *blasé*.

COLONIAL ANNUALS.

THE publication of the first Colonial Annual has just been advertised in the *Times*, under the title of the *New Zealand* something or other, and we have no doubt the work will be followed up by a whole tribe of Caffre-land Keepsakes, Sarawak Books of Beauty, and Sandwich Islands Forget-Me-Nots.

If Sarawak is entitled to a Rajah, it undoubtedly deserves an Annual; and we hope that the enterprising MR. BROOKE will brook no delay in illuminating the Sarawakians with some light literature, in the style of our English Annuals.

The New Zealand publishers will, we hope, meet with sufficient encouragement to justify them in following up their already announced speculation with a Book of Beauty, embracing the native objects of loveliness that abound in their neighbourhood. We can picture to ourselves, and of course, therefore, can picture to our subscribers, some of the portraits that would adorn the Annual we have suggested. The contributions in prose and poetry would correspond with the style of the embellishments, and a galaxy of beauty, both real and ideal, would be constituted, by the aid of a little judicious editing. There would probably be a careful selection of the *élite* of the different styles of New Zealand Beauty, with descriptions of appropriate poesy; from which it will be sufficient to furnish the public with a single specimen:—

TO THE

SQUAW QUAREESHEE.

My bulbul, dingy is thy skin,
But yet to me thou seemest bright;
Like the dark coal, that holds within
Its shade the elements of light.
Thy voice, in purity of tone
Reminds me of the old macaw;
What bliss to think thou art mine own,
My black, my beautiful, my squaw!

THE COQUETTE.

MR. DUNUP'S FAILURE.

THE interest taken in the failure of MR. DUNUP affords a gratifying proof of the sympathy of the public with that individual; but we regret to say, that in monetary circles the good feeling to which we allude has not been responded to. The moment the determination of the Government became known to MR. DUNUP, he sent down a pile of his paper to the Bank to be discounted. His messenger—the little girl of his laundress—being unable to meet with any attention, even from the Bank Beadle—whom the child naturally mistook for the Governor—MR. DUNUP determined to go in person, and seek an interview. He made up his mind not to be over nice about the rate of discount, but boldly give two per cent. beyond the maximum, as a temptation to the "Parlour" to treat with him. On his arrival in Threadneedle Street he was not met in a corresponding spirit of cordiality, and he retired in some disgust to his private broker—a pawnbroker—with whom he invested his vest, and increased his own stock of bullion to the extent of three-and-ninepence. MR. DUNUP naturally complains that a measure intended for the relief of the country has brought no relief to him, and he feels convinced that if the Ministers knew how little he had profited by the recent arrangement, they would be exceedingly angry with the Bank authorities.

It is particularly hard upon MR. DUNUP to have become a victim to a general want of confidence, when he has on his own part given an extraordinary instance of confidence, which, when every one knows it, every one will appreciate. Such was MR. DUNUP's confidence in his own banker, that he actually overdrew his account by two-and-twenty shillings, as a delicate intimation of his assurance that the firm had a surplus beyond their liabilities.

Another Failure.

IT was reported in the City, on Saturday, that the well-known firm of ALDGATE PUMP, SPOUT HANDLE, & CO., had stopped payment, and that its draughts had been dishonoured. Of course the firm, being one of issue, would have created the utmost inconvenience by a stoppage. On inquiry, it turned out that its means of action had been temporarily tied up, and that its resources had never been dry, and some one having come forward with a friendly hand, removed at once all restriction.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Will the Macgregor send his address?*

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6th, 1847.

LES ROIS S'AMUSENT.

The Pastimes of Kings would make a very curious book. We mentioned last week the particular fancy the King of Spain, the Prince of Assis, has for playing on the big drum. After all, this is a very harmless amusement, and not half so expensive as building toy-palaces, or half so cruel as shooting stags in a fenced ring. Let us see if we can enumerate the amusements of the different Kings of the present day.

Louis-Philippe can have very little amusement at present, for he has married all his sons; and as for prosecuting the public papers, the amusement must have grown fearfully tiresome. Like the game of *beggar-my-neighbour*, a little of it is all very well, but it does not do to be always playing at it. It is true there is Algeria, but the *bulletins* have no longer that raciness and strong sense of honour which they had when Bugeaud used to kill Abd-el-Kader once a week, and send over his horse and umbrella in every steamer. The poor King of the French can only laugh now, when he reads over the account of the glorious three days of July, and thinks of the *Charte* being proved a *vérité*, as strong as cannons can make it, by the fortifications of Paris. Henri Quatre, we think, amused himself in a different way; but of course different kings have different styles of joking.

The King of Naples plays at whist, and is happy for a week if he wins a halfpenny point. He dabbles, too, a little in sulphur, which may account for his holding such good hands generally in the above game, and for his doing everybody so cleanly in all commercial matters.

Leopold's great amusement is in running about. Like the Brussels sprout, he is to be found planted everywhere but in Brussels. Next to the American sea-serpent, he is the greatest traveller of the present day. His back is always turned upon Belgium, which makes it difficult for his subjects to throw his perpetual absence in his face. If taunted with it, he would doubtless answer, "*Mes braves Belges*, I love you more than I can express—in fact, I love you quite beyond myself;" and off he runs to Paris, to convince them of the fact.

The peculiar fancy of Nicholas, besides his persecution of Poland, which is only "an amiable weakness," peculiar to Russian Emperors in general, and himself in particular, is to give snuff-boxes away to everybody. He must have given away more snuff-boxes in his lifetime than Lablache has ever received, and that number is as difficult to count as the children of the Royal Family. One would imagine that he had bought a lot cheap at some auction, and was at a loss how to get rid of them. If ever a monster statue similar to the one of Peter the Great is erected to Nicholas, it ought to be on a pedestal of snuff-boxes. We wonder how many confirmed snuff-takers Nicholas has made in his lifetime, of quiet, respectable persons, from the vanity of carrying about with them, and displaying on every possible occasion, the Imperial gift! However, it is a generous recreation, for emperors generally have amused themselves in forcing their subjects to put their hands into their pockets, for purposes of quite a different pinch.

Austria has very little amusement beyond considering himself the "Father of his people," and cutting off their privileges, and sometimes their heads, to prove it. He delights in Metternich, and has a cultivated taste for a ballet.

Ludwig, the King of Bavaria, rollicks also in the latter amusement, in which his subjects are not much inclined to join him. He has also a weakness for poetry which is of a sweet, melting kind, best suited for the mottoes of *bonbons;* though occasionally His Bavarian Majesty comes out with an epigram, which would shine round an acidulated drop, but looks rather dull in a History. Another of his amusements is newspaper editing, and it is reported he wields the editorial scissors with wonderful effect on the articles of others, but never on his own; though some of his royal proclamations about raising the price of beer would be wonderfully improved, critics do say, if they were reduced a little, or occasionally left out altogether.

Prussia amuses himself, as Penelope did with her Berlin wool, in making a constitution and then pulling it to pieces again. Another of his amusements is in reading every paper that contains a notice of His Majesty. He has a Minister, whose German title we would repeat only it occupies three lines, expressly to hunt out all these notices and submit them to him. This poor fellow has no easy berth of it, for His Majesty somehow only appreciates the compliments, and takes no pleasure in the abuse. The minister deeply deplores this depraved taste on the part of His Majesty, as he has generally to resign for giving offence about twice a week.

There are other royal amusements, such as the memorable one of a King of Abyssinia, who struts about in a cocked hat, a red coat, and a flannel petticoat, with a large broom in his hand. There is likewise the King of the Cannibal Islands; but it is hardly necessary to specify his amusements, as we believe they are already recorded in a popular song, which can be had of all music-sellers.

Running our eye over the different amusements of the sovereigns who grace the thrones of the present day, they are a great improvement, we must confess, on the amusements of kings "as used to was." Shooting stags is manly sport compared to that of firing from a balcony on a populace; and playing on the big drum is child's play by the side of a bluff old King, whose principal amusement was to take off his wife's head as soon as he had married her. Ah! those were the days for amusements! What a merry monarch that Charles the Second was! Why, there is not a King of the present day who would go into the Cheshire Cheese, and order a Welsh rabbit and a pint of stout, and when he found he had no money to pay for it, knight the landlord on the spot in lieu of payment!

By the bye, talking of royal amusements, we hear that the Duc D'Aumale (the King of Algeria that is to be) has been invited to a ball by the native Arabs of Algiers. We suppose this is in return for the many balls the French have given the Arabs; but as regards the choice of the two amusements, dancing and fighting, we think the Algerians beat the French hollow. Besides, the novelty of a party of dancing Arabs must afford immense amusement to the poor transported Parisians, who have no *bals masqués*, no *Chaumières* or *Châteaux Rouges* to beguile them at uncivilised Algiers.

Railway Stoppages.—It is not true that the Railway Works are being stopped for want of iron; but the fact is, they are delayed for want of tin. The report that the South-Eastern has disguised sheriff's officers taking its money, with an execution in the boiler of every engine—the result of hot water—turns out to be quite unfounded. The Company is, we believe, perfectly solvent, and can afford to make light of those ill-natured rumours, though it cannot afford to make light of the first-class carriages, many of which remain in utter darkness, as before.

PUNCH AT THE PLAY.

THE energy and fine taste of MR. PHELPS make a pilgrimage to Islington a primrose path. There was a time when the manager of Sadler's Wells patronised the dramatist, paying for kitchen-stuff dramas three and five pounds a-piece, and that perchance in sixpences, to dazzle the youthful intellect with the heap of minted Peru. And now, manager PHELPS lays down his hundreds for fine five-act plays; for we still incline to think that plays may be fine albeit in five acts, though there are judges who see in every additional act an additional evil—as though plays were like boa constrictors, whose power of mischief was to be reckoned by their number of joints.

John Savile of Haysted is the last new play of merry Islington: and we think it will be some weeks ere the printer of MR. PHELPS's playbills breaks up the words, which we entreat the public to read as a courteous invitation to a most noble entertainment. The founder of the feast is the REV. MR. WHITE—a name henceforth "to fill a pit" whenever the bearer shall please. This last play is the author's best, bearing about the same relation to *Feudal Times* as gold to silver. It may be—and we hope as much—that his next shall be as a diamond to the present gold that now rings so soundly and so musically upon the delighted ears of crammed, jammed audiences.

The time of the play—no, dear reader, no: we are not going to tell you the plot, to speak of the ins and outs of the story, and to number the beauties abounding: we should as soon think of counting the flowers in a rose-garden: all we wish to say is this, the time of the play is the time of CHARLES THE FIRST, and the grand catastrophe the murder of that sad, unprincipled "dog"—it is a name, aristocratic reader, that he gave himself when writing to JAMES—the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, by FELTON.

The language of the play has the true dramatic sinew; quick, compact, with life pulsating in it. There are no holiday, filagree sentences; but all is manly thinking, manly utterance. And here and there there are bits of word-painting that bring before the mental eye the whole scene dewy fresh, with morning light upon it.

The characters are finely marked, or rather, cut. BUCKINGHAM's portrait is done—after the manner of certain artists in the Strand—all in black: not a pin's point of whiteness has WHITE vouchsafed that unfortunate nobleman; and very gallantly did MR. MARSTON face out the nigritude. (That is by no means a bad word.)

PHELPS is *John Savile*, a man—like the National Debt—enough to make our country dear to us. Capital stuff, capitally rendered, is in *John*. A fine and faithful (because fine) portrait of the English mind and muscle. Bold as a lion, but, like SAMSON's lion, with honey in him. And beautifully—most touchingly—did the actor render the pathos of the wronged old man. He finely acted the tragedy of a broken heart.

A difficult piece of work is *Felton;* but MR. BENNETT grasped all the subtleties, and evolved them like a master. The way in which he conceived the idea of the murder of *Buckingham*, and suffered it to grow and stir in his brain, like a living, moving thing, was truly fine—very real. It is a high, noble thought of the author that he makes the brainsick fanatic read on the dagger's blade a scriptural line commanding the death of *Buckingham*. This is high poetry. We have, however, amusing critics. *Felton*, says the wizard of the *Morning Post*, "is a crop-eared Puritan, and goes about dreaming and doing mischief—bilious, and bullying, and bloodthirsty, all of which might have been removed by a blue pill and a black draught!" We are not infidels to medicine—are no unbelievers in the wholesome effects of blue and black—but *Felton* happens to be historical. When MR. HUME wrote his *History of England*, he could not—by means of bolus and draught—get rid of the murderer of BUCKINGHAM. Lucky, indeed, would it be for history, if physic could clear it of its fanatics, its knaves, and its simpletons. But it is not so. MR. WHITE found *Felton* made to his hands, and used him.

MR. A. YOUNG played *Master Clayton;* a part with one scene only. He, however, cut a very fine bold portrait on a cherry-stone.

MISS ADDISON was the heroine, *Lilian Savile;* the dove ensnared by BUCKINGHAM; simple, truthful, unsuspicious, and therefore more touching in her indignation, when awakened to her wrongs. Her first scene was delicious; nothing more charming than her open, happy, loveable face; and her voice, too—(though we must ask, why *will* she now and then insist upon the wrong emphasis?)—her voice as sweet and soft as honey-dew. *Lilian* takes poison for no necessary purpose whatever, which convinces us that the author is a man of ferocious disposition—a man delighting in the pen-and-ink woes of his fellow-creatures: in fact, a man whom we should be very sorry to meet. It is known, to our shame, that we are not given to hanging; nevertheless, on this occasion only, we wish there was an Old Bailey Parnassus, that we might—for the slaying aforementioned—hang the author in his own laurel wreath, leaving him suspended until *Lilian* herself came with her scissors and cut him down; which—if we know her—she would do at the very first struggle.

MRS. MARSTON was the old aunt of *Lilian;* with a disposition that reminds us of a cruet-stand, the oil and vinegar in it being such close neighbours. She was capitally dressed, according to the time, when it must have been very difficult to know where the whalebone ended and the woman began.

We can say nothing as to the manner in which the piece is produced, because nothing we can say will be praise enough. We feel, on this point, to be in a difficulty. We shall solve it for the reader "in our usual caustic manner:"—saying, don't believe anything we have said about this play, but go and see it.

The play was finely apprehended by the audience, finely received. It was a pleasant sight, in these days,—when five-act dramas are considered such evils, that young dramatists ought to be inoculated against them as against the small-pox,—to see the heathens of Islington, London, and the parts adjacent, so filling the house, that we believe it overflowed into the New River. (But "drags were on the premises.")

MR. WHITE has written a very fine play: but we feel that we have not praised him after the approved fashion. To do so, we ought to say that everybody before him—everybody to come after him—are and will be ninnies. It is not enough to put laurel upon the brow of one man, unless you throw a stale egg in the face of each of his contemporaries. This is a current style of criticism. We have now nothing but "a meaningless literature." How lucky it is for an author to be dead!

THE NEW PHILOSOPHY.

SOME philosophers are telling us that the only remedy for the existing pecuniary difficulties is to let them "take their course." This is a little at variance with the spirit of the old fable of the Ploughman and JUPITER; the former of whom was recommended by the latter to put his own shoulder to the wheel. If the *laissez aller* principle is to be adopted, we should in the midst of a fire leave the burning element to "take its course;" in the event of sickness, permit the malady to "take its course;" and with a bill to meet, about which there might be any difficulty, we should, if we are to place confidence in the doctrine of some of our teachers, allow the embarrassing document to "take its course." Fortunately, the Government cannot quite afford to let things coolly "take their course," unless the ministers are prepared to take their course away from Downing Street.

The business men of Birmingham have, however, taken their own, which is the most proper course, by putting LORD JOHN RUSSELL in possession of a few facts, that place beyond question the danger of the "Take its course" doctrine. MR. SALT's plain intimation that, if ministers will not give relief, their dismissal must be instantly arranged, will no doubt have its effect; for LORD JOHN RUSSELL is far too old and too wise a bird to be unaware of the consequence of having a little salt upon his tail.

Louis-Philippe and the Bell-Ringers.

HIS MAJESTY the KING OF THE FRENCH has been entertaining the Lancashire bell-ringers, or rather, they have been entertaining him, at the palace of St. Cloud. LOUIS-PHILIPPE, who is a perfect master of English—we mean the language, not the nation—conversed very freely with the bell-ringers, and after praising the great variety of their changes, asked them if they could by means of their bells give him any idea of the great SIR ROBERT Peal?

JULLIEN'S SCENES IN THE CIRCLE.

The Mons Jullien, long pregnant with schemes of operatic grandeur, seems likely to be delivered of a far less important result, for horsemanship is shortly to ride rough-shod over the destinies of Drury Lane. Curiosity naturally inquires what is to become of the six hundred chorus singers of whom the Mons has a twenty-one years' lease; to say nothing of the unrivalled band, many of whose members have expressed their determination to devote themselves to the Mons for the remainder of both parties' mutual existences. The trombone has murmured adhesion in one of the most elongated tones of which the instrument is capable, and the ardour of the offer of attachment has been trumped in intensity by the trumpet; while the ophicleide has breathed out its loyalty in a tone of solemnity that has never been surpassed. As to the drum, it is perhaps only one of those "hollow hearts" that wear a skin of parchment; but it has expressed its fidelity to the Mons, and clenched the affirmation with the words "This Indenture witnesseth."

All this devotion must of course be provided for by Mons Jullien in his new arrangements; and it is most probable, therefore, that musical scenes in the circle will be given when the horses are added to Jullien's Company. We have had cataracts got up with real water, illuminations with real fire, and why should we not have real horses going at their utmost speed, to give verisimilitude to a galopade? A series of running passages must be better executed when equestrian aid is called in to add to the force and brilliancy of the run; nor would there be any difficulty in getting over five bars at once, by the erection of a five-barred gate across the circle, for all the musicians to take at the same time.

The sparkling music of the *Cheval de Bronze* might be rendered lighter still by the use of a real horse in place of that high-mettled substitute which has hitherto been employed; and some of the classical compositions of Hors-ley could be got up with the aid of a stud, that would render the affair a real study to connoisseurs.

FORTUNES IN THE "TIMES" NEWSPAPER.

We really are surprised at all the nonsense now being talked about poverty and pressure, when we see at least half-a-dozen fortunes *per diem*, "waiting to be called for," in the columns of the *Times*. The extreme generosity of the adventurers in being ready to part with their secret mines of wealth, for the very smallest consideration, can never be sufficiently admired; for we find innumerable instances in which a hundred a year is promised for ten pounds down. Every adventurer of this class has, in fact, got possession of some Aladdin's wonderful lamp, but wants the means to light it, or rather to get it trimmed.

It is a matter of the utmost astonishment that these advertising Crœsuses, who have got in their hands the machinery for making other people's fortunes, are at a loss for a ten or twenty pound note as a foundation-stone for their own. They are in fact quite ready to move the world, but, like Archimedes, require a prop in the shape of a victim with a little ready cash, upon whom to rest their lever, with the intention, perhaps, of leaving him in the lurch.

The Mammoth Sale.

The general depression has caused a gloominess even in the Animal Market, and elephants, which were firm a twelvemonth ago at a thousand guineas, have given way to a hundred; while camels, which have hitherto maintained a very high position, have fallen to a dreadful discount. The antelope, so buoyant in former days, has been stagnant at less than half his proper price; and the chariot of Muscat's famous Imaum is shakey at an enormous reduction on its original value. The celebrated Elephant known as *Jenny Lind* was always said to be worth her weight in gold, and the auctioneer, acting upon the impression, was beginning to offer the sagacious creature to competition at—*per* ounce, but it was evident that there would have been a general disinclination to bid had such terms been persisted in. A slight attempt was then made to submit her at—*per* pound, but she was ultimately knocked down at 2*s*.6*d*. the hundred-weight.

The parting between the Elephant and her owner was one of the most affecting things ever witnessed, for the poor animal tried to hide its own trunk, and the experiment having failed, she shed a tear, measuring exactly one pint, and heaved such a sigh as nothing short of a whole regiment of coal-heavers could possibly have heaved. The Mammoth Dog went for £12 10*s*.; but if everything is worth what it will fetch, it should have commanded a much higher price, for the dog has been known to fetch, aye, and to carry, a pocket-book full of bank notes at its owner's command.

"DESTINY" OF AMERICA.

According to a philanthropist in the *Washington Union*, it is the high destiny of America to crush and bolt—like a boa constrictor—all within her reach. Daniel Webster, true man as he is, has denounced in burning, branding words, the atrocities committed by America upon Mexico. He distinctly charges Polk with having abetted the return of Santa Anna to Mexico, that the virtuous president might use the firebrand for his ultimate ends of a war of spoliation. "And yet," says Daniel, "we set ourselves up as models for the world!" However, the patriot of the *Union* thinks Fire and Massacre the inevitable handmaids of Freedom: they must attend Columbia in her holy progress through the whole American continent. It is prescribed by "a wise Providence." Listen to the creed of the Yankee philanthropist:—

"We believe Columbus discovered a new world under the guidance of a wise Providence, the end of which was to be the planting *of a tree of liberty*, for which there was no soil in the old world, and which should not only shelter the races of one continent, but cast a protecting shadow over the world."

Oh, that tree of American liberty—watered as it is with the blood of thousands; and under whose sheltering branches men, women, and children are bought and sold, and striped like cattle! The "growth" of the republic has been the "growth" of an ogre,—fed upon human flesh. The ogre "swallowed up the Indian races, because they could not be absorbed by civilisation; and no one doubts the beauty and benefit of the change." But American freedom "is destined by actual presence or influence to absorb all that comes in contact with it." If this be true, *Punch* will, on his next visit to the sea-side, kneel reverently upon the shore, and bless "a wise Providence" that has placed the Ocean between New York and London.

PLAYHOUSES AND PIGS'-MEAT.

An entertainment was given at the Manchester Amphitheatre a few nights since—a real, jolly thing, that has delighted the heart of even *our* "Fast" man. It was a pig drama. None of your five-act stuff, on stilts, but a real pig upon four legs, that drew a crowded gallery. Mr. Wallett, the *Clown*, with a fine appreciation of the true spirit of the age (divested of all humbug), proposed to give, upon his benefit night, a pig, to be run for in the circus "by the first six persons who should enter the gallery, who were to be blindfolded." The rush was tremendous: of course only one could obtain the pig, but there was not one of the audience who had not a squeak for it. The experiment has so well succeeded, that it is to be repeated once a week at Manchester until further notice. What—asks our "fast" friend—what are our "slow" London managers about? Why doesn't Webster or Madame Vestris give a pig; with this further addition—suggested by our "fast" correspondent—that, after the porker is won, the successful possessor should be called before the curtain, to receive a shower of bouquets of sage and onions for the stuffing.

PUNCH'S VISION AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

THE NIGHT OF THE SIXTEENTH OF SEPTEMBER.

WEARY I was of Cockney stares,
And cut-and-dry emotions,
And the enthusiastic airs
Of those who'd sailed o'er oceans,
They said, to Stratford town to pay their fares
And their devotions.

"In this room," quoth they, "he was born;
Wrote his plays at that table."
They looked, talked, went; while I, outworn
With all that brainless Babel,
Sat, from that chamber, faded and forlorn,
To stir unable,

And slept. My fancy, restless elf,
Bat-like, meanwhile, went soaring;
Hooking on every ledge and shelf,
From roof to crazy flooring,
Till, of a sudden, I awaked myself
With my own snoring.

'Twas night; but light was in the room,
Though the grate showed no ember;
And voices—whose unearthly boom
Thrilled me in every member—
Were sounding all about me, through the gloom
Of still September.

And, peeping out from filmy wings,
Sweet moonlit faces cluster
Round a pale queen of the green rings.
And still a marvellous muster
Of life went on—joys, griefs, tears, gambollings,
Tenderness, bluster.

Jealousy, with black lips, was there;
And in a fair girl's glances
Madness looked sweet, but tore its hair,
And fell on sudden trances,
In an old king, left by his daughters bare
To the world's chances.

One wrung her hands—walking, all wan,
In nightrail—stern of feature;
One curiously a skull did scan,
And found therein a teacher;
And one in man's attire, but not a man—
A gentle creature—

Beside a maid paced soft and slow,
In delicate discretion,
With voice most musically low—
While a right jovial session
Of boon ghosts set the pottle-pots aflow,
Their wits to freshen.

But through the maddest of their mirth,
A solemn diapason
Of wisdom gave each word a worth,
That served to blazon
To my dull sense whence was those beings' birth
That I did gaze on.

To their great master's home, with glee,
Trooped back his bright creation;
That day had set the dwelling free
From shameful desecration,
And made o'er SHAKSPEARE'S house, a shrine to be
For SHAKSPEARE'S nation!

A PLAIN QUESTION.

Punch. "NOW, MY LORD, WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO ABOUT THINGS IN GENERAL?"
Lord John. "WELL, UPON MY WORD, I CANNOT SAY EXACTLY; BUT AS NEAR AS I CAN GUESS—I DO NOT KNOW."

REVIEW.

Descriptive Catalogue of HUGHES's *Mammoth Establishment.*

HIS is a handsome volume, the gorgeousness of whose exterior is only to be surpassed by the variety and brilliancy of its contents.

The catalogue of the first two days' sale introduces us to the unrivalled wardrobe, which appears of a miscellaneous character, including tight-ropes, staves, stilts, a ceiling complete, sheet-iron shields, double-handed swords, a gong, a stomach-pump, a wooden leg, and other articles of apparel. We wander through the lots, dazzled by the gorgeous images which are conjured up of spangled flies, massive concaves, velvet tunics, and red-plush breeches. Nor are more solid attractions wanting.

Lot 347 places at the command of the enterprising bidder "*Two profusely-spangled Greek ladies' bodies.*" Whether these unhappy females have had their bodies subjected to the spangling process from a savage relish of ornament, or in the wanton barbarity of their cruel captor (from whom, no doubt, MR. HUGHES purchased them), we are not informed. But it is not often that a real Maid of Athens comes into the market, and the profusion of spangles must impart an additional charm to the lovely Greek profile.

There is a delight in wandering from the barbaric splendour of Lot 382, "*Genuine Chinese yellow satin dress, richly embroidered,*" to the dear home-associations of the adjoining Lot 353, "*New pair of red-plush breeches.*" By such strokes of imagination the author wafts us at a breath from Hong-Kong to Highgate, from Chusan to Camden Town. The brilliant mandarin of the Celestial Empire seems in his pages to elbow the fiery footman of our more familiar squares. There are several touches of sly satire sprinkled through these brilliant pages. Thus, Lot 167, "*Surplice and two Cloaks,*" is followed immediately by Lot 168, "*Jester's dress; Dandizette ditto.*" Here, however, the humour borders on profanity, against which we would earnestly caution the writer, whose spirits are apt to run away with him.

There is a daring appeal to our sense of the strange and startling in the sudden intrusion of Lot 95, "*A battering ram,*" among peaceful (91), "*Piping,*" and simple (96) "*Stoves;*" while the playful item (315) "*Twelve dummy guns,*" goes far to remove the apprehensions created by the warlike announcement, (320) "*Twelve soldiers' coats,*" followed by a long string of sanguinary dittos. At the same time we must advise MR. HUGHES carefully to avoid all ambiguity of language. Thus Lot 360, "*Blue Fly, with braces, belt, and white breeches,*" would seem to point to some bluebottle which has reached a point in civilisation beyond the Industrious Fleas, and appears in the garments enumerated. We are informed that this is not the true meaning of the passage; all we can say is, that if it is not, it ought to be. We may seem hypercritical, but hypercriticism is surely challenged by one who carries us with a single stroke of the pen at once into the Fairy Land—of Pantomime.

How many delightful associations of childhood and Christmas crowd round Lots 307, "*A pantomime looking-glass, a dish-cover, tray, carving-knife, two pies, six fish, a small pot and trowel,*"—309. "*Pantomime stomach-pump, wooden leg, poker, frying-pan, coffee-pot, tea ditto and milk ditto,*"—310. "*Three pantomime razors, barber's block, rattle, and Harlequin's bat.*"

It may truly be said of MR. HUGHES, that he comes home not only "to our business and our bosoms," but to our pleasures. The above lots tell their own story, and MR. HUGHES has done wisely to let them speak for themselves.

From the wardrobe, by an easy and graceful transition, we pass to the stable. The stud is described in language at once chaste and nervous. What a picture of the stately "Sultan" is conjured up by the description within brackets ["*A splendid bay gelding, known in the equestrian circles by the name of 'the London Horse!'*"]. Then what pregnancy in the sequel. ["*Would make an admirable mount for an officer or private gentleman.*"]

Again, what boldness and sly satire are combined in the remark on Lot 474, "Napoleon," ["*White horse, 15h. 2in., would embellish a park-cab*"], while we feel a positive affection for Lots 484, 485, "Norah and Jim Crow," a "spotted pair;" Norah "*a most attractive creature,*" and Jim Crow "*a thorough good horse in collar.*"

But brilliant as have proved the gay and miscellaneous items of the wardrobe, and impressive as must be acknowledged the more sober entries of the stable; it is for the carriage department that MR. HUGHES has reserved the full fire of his imagination, and the real treasures of his vocabulary. The following extract from *Seringapatam, a Tragedy,* ushers in the unequalled procession of wheeled vehicles with solemn Seringapatamish strains:—

"THE CARRIAGE DEPARTMENT, &c.

And forms grotesque, of gilded gorgeousness,
Dragons and wyverns, and chimeras strange,
Quaintly ycarved, and painted craftily,
Grinned in fantastic hideousness on every side,
Forms wild and monstrous as a sick man's dream;
Huge serpents twined, and winged pythons glared,
While everywhere barbaric gems and gold
Dazzled the eye of the surprised beholder.
'Twas, in sooth, a sight of quaint magnificence—
Such as the far Cathay alone can show."

While reading the lines, we seem to feel the creaking, jolting, and sticking of the carriages. We will not pause on the "Rath," which has already engaged our pen in a former article, but pass on to Lot 619, The Nautilus-formed Curricle; "*an elegant and commodious two-wheeled vehicle, of shell-like form and chaste design. It has a commodious boot; and for commercial purposes would be indeed a striking object on its travels.*" Judging by the representation of this unique carriage on the wrapper of the work under review, any commercial gent using it would do an immense stroke of business, especially if he traded in toy windmills, lambs of wax, lolly-pops, and other sweetstuff, for which the chief demand is from the infantine portion of the community. He would be sure to attract a large train of such customers, if the arbitrary arm of the police did not interfere.

There is something very artistic in the way in which the work sinks from the splendour of the Rath, Lot 616, by a nice diminuendo, to Lot 769, *Capital Fishing-net*, adapted, doubtless, to catching gudgeon and flat-fish, and winds up, like a strain of dying music, with the gentle finale (Lot 770), "*Five flies!*"—thus completing the circle of creation from the lordly elephant to the diminutive "*Musca vulgaris,*" or common domestic bluebottle.

A HUNTED STAG.

"MR. PUNCH,

"My troubles for the season have begun again. Can you not say one word in my behalf? Can you not teach noblemen and gentlemen the utter folly—and the stupid cruelty to boot—of turning out a poor deer like myself, (I am "RORY O'MORE," Sir, called by the reporters the celebrated Windsor Stag), to be hunted from Burnham Beeches, 'doubling round to Maidenhead Thicket, and thence right away across the country, through Bisham and Little Marlow, crossing the Thames,'—and that, when 'hissing hot'—to Marlow, and 'being taken, after a long run of upwards of three hours, in a piece of water on the estate of SIR GEORGE NUGENT?'

"And when taken, what is done with me? Why, I am not killed, to be cut into haunches, and go into pasties to fill men's bellies, but I am carted back again, to be turned out and turned out day after day, being, for the sport of the thing, tortured by fear, and harassed and worried for two, three, four hours, as it may be, at a stretch.

"Now, *Mr. Punch*, where *is* the sport of this? When HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT goes to shoot in the preserves (taking a box of sandwiches with him, for fear he should forget to return to the Castle to luncheon) there is some sense in the sport. He kills his game, and it goes to the kitchen; thence to smoke before Her blessed Majesty; but where *can* be the fun in worrying, and teasing, and almost killing twenty times over with apprehension,

"Yours,

"*Two-Mile Brook.* AN UNFORTUNATE STAG."

FINE WRITING.

EVERYBODY acquainted with newspaper literature must recollect the celebrated opening of the first leader of the *Representative.*

"Whilst sipping our claret, and cracking our filbert, the thought struck us," &c.

The fun of the above is fully equalled by the following extract of a morning paper, whilst, for fine writing, there is no comparison between the two *morceaux.*

"Like some huge collier that we have noticed, *whilst discussing a Greenwich dinner*, backing its topsails with its helm hard down, and jib quivering in the breeze, all in time to avoid a collision with some Queen's ship, anchored in gloomy grandeur in the stream, orders with trumpet voice would have desired the ready pens of inditers of leaders to go upon another tack, and beware of falling foul of the House of Peers."

There's a fine flow of nautical eloquence for you! T. P. COOKE himself could not have written anything half so "ship-shape," unless, perhaps, he had been *discussing a dinner at Greenwich.* We should say that the article had been written at the Trafalgar, after a fish dinner, somewhere about 2 A.M.!

Perhaps the *Daily News*, from whose leader of Nov. 1st we borrow the extract, can inform us under what circumstances such eloquence found its way into print?

TAX-GATHERER OF THE PERIOD.

"Oh, just tell your Master I have made another call about that little matter."

A TRIBUTE TO THE BATH BRICK.

Mr. Roebuck, having been swamped in the troubled waters of the Bath election, has been honoured by a tribute from his supporters. It is emblematic of the gentleman it is presented to, being an oak cabinet, very much carved—expressive at once of hardness and ruggedness; with five hundred guineas inside of it—expressive of Mr. Roebuck's sterling qualities and true mettle.

We have often used our *bâton* on Mr. Roebuck, provoked thereto by the liberal style in which he laid his tongue upon others; but if Mr. Roebuck has the sting of the bee, he has also its virtues of industry and usefulness. He generally buzzed about corruption, rather like a bluebottle than a wasp, and chose out the softest and most showy fruit of St. Stephen's to prick.

He has, it is true, had the art of making Truth eminently disagreeable. He has occasionally paraded the goddess, like the Lady Godiva, in a state of nudity, which shocked the decorous House of Commons. The water from the well in which that Lady resides is, unfortunately, bitter; and Mr. Roebuck had the mania of insisting on everybody's drinking it, without the usual emollient additions of Milk of Human Kindness and Sugar of Courtesy.

Still, Mr. Roebuck's seat in St. Stephen's is empty; and the "stricken deer who has left the herd," though apt to butt, was a Hart Royal, and deserved a better fate than to be pulled down by the Bath chaps. We are glad they have shown some sense of his merits, even after the testimonial fashion.

Things that only Occur Once in a Hundred Years.

Two events have excited a great sensation within the last week. The Art-Union has actually distributed two engravings to its subscribers, and the hoarding has been taken away from the Nelson Column. Our children will speak of these events as important epochs in the present century; and when we are grandfathers, and are called upon at Christmas time to recount something wonderful, we feel that the year 1847 will jump up to our hazy recollection, and we shall grow eloquent upon the two great marvels it witnessed; and the probabilities are, that some young jackanapes—some Fast Boy of 1930—will send the whisper round the merry circle, "There 's a crammer. How the old gentleman 's wandering!" But such is always the fate of Truth—especially that sort of Truth which is stranger than Fiction.

AN OFFICIAL OWL IN AN IVY-BUSH.

One of our daily contemporaries, who, in contradistinction from what he is continually calling the "unfledged writers," wishes no doubt to be considered the "very old bird," has, in a piece of delicious fine writing—so fine, indeed, that "nothing lives 'twixt it and nonsense"—announced the discovery of a regular official owl in a regular official ivy-bush. The *rara avis* has turned up, according to our ancient contemporary, in the form of Mr. James Stephen, who has recently retired from the Colonial Office, and who is thus described by our friend the "very old bird."

"For thirty years or upwards, this *sedate*, *sanctimonious*, and most *subtle* of men, (mark the alliteration), without noise or display, by the *mere* exercise of unbounded craft, *huge* dissembling, a large stock of *Italian* diplomacy, the profoundest reserve, *silence*, *solemnity*, acuteness, and intellectual power, contrived to govern a greater number of human beings, and of more diversified races, either than the Czar of Russia or the Emperor of Austria."

Was there ever such an owl in such an ivy-bush as we find here described? We have italicised some of the words in this description, that have struck us as the most absurd, and the most evidently inserted because they are words, but for no other reason that we can perceive. All this fine writing about the resignation of a subordinate office evinces a flightiness on the part of the "very old bird," suggestive of the necessity for clipping his wings. Mr. Stephens' alleged "Stock of Italian diplomacy," furnished no doubt from some fashionable Italian warehouse, is a new article of which we have not previously heard. This "silence and solemnity" are owlish and ivy-bushish in the extreme. After going carefully through Guy's *Geography*, and transcribing all the hard names of the most outlandish places, the very old bird exclaims, with more enthusiasm than grammar—"Thus east, west, north, south, *was* his name, *and* his influence too often disastrously felt." We recommend, as a general rule, for the future guidance of the "very old bird," to think of Lindley Murray in the first instance as an absolute necessity, and reserve fine writing as a luxury to be indulged in when this necessary is attained.

GUY FAWKES DAY.

Any search that would now be made into the vaults beneath the Houses of Parliament previous to the opening, would be made with a view to writs, rather than to explosive substances. We think that, for the satisfaction of those legislators who have reason to fear the missiles of the Sheriff and his officers, an inspection ought to take place on the eve of the commencement of every new session, to prove that no legal instrument lies concealed beneath the floor. Even the records, having the outward appearance of suspicious piles of parchment, would have a terrifying look in the eyes of some members of Parliament, and ought to be carefully kept out of sight, to prevent unnecessary alarm.

THE COWARD'S WEAPON.

SOME folks have their pet words of abuse, as some people their pet phrases of endearment. Now "atheist" is a good word to throw at an opponent: like a bottle of ink hurled at him, it blackens him from head to foot; and the good charitable Christian, who casts the missile, hugs himself hugely in the sense of his own purity, in the conviction of his profound religion. MR. JOSEPH COTTLE has published a new edition of his *Reminiscences of Coleridge*, which, reviewed and commended in the *Times*, will, no doubt, circulate largely. This MR. COTTLE is an octogenarian, and he says—

"It is not a light *motive* which could have prompted him when this world of 'eye and ear' is fast receding, while grander scenes are opening, and so near! to call up almost long forgotten associations, and to dwell on the stirring bygone occurrences that tend in some measure to interfere with that calm which is most desirable, and best accords with the feelings of one who holds life by such slender ties."

This is well said, and well befits the solemn time of MR. COTTLE's life; but how is it that, upon the evidence of MR. COLERIDGE—a man shown by MR. COTTLE to be most despicable; a man, according to the reviewer, "who knew not what domestic virtue meant, what social obligations lawfully imposed"—how is it that MR. COTTLE speaks of "HOLCROFT the atheist?" Are men to be thus blackened in their graves, and that too by a man himself within a few paces of churchyard earth? Is this a charity to crown MR. COTTLE's grey hairs?

MR. HOLCROFT was, as a man, as immeasurably above COLERIDGE as he was below the poet in intellect. HOLCROFT's *Autobiography* is a noble book, a true-hearted chronicle of manly work, gallantly achieved. Whilst, according to MR. COTTLE and his reviewer, COLERIDGE "preferred to manly exertion the ignoble idleness of the pitied mendicant," HOLCROFT nobly wrestled with griping want and squalid circumstance, and threw them. He was a man of iron independence of character, and the neglected, ignorant stable-boy won his own bread by the honest exercise of his intellect, and bequeathed to the country certainly one sterling English play that the world "will not willingly let die."

Wherefore, then, was HOLCROFT called an atheist? The answer is ready. He was a political reformer; and the wicked old hag, Old Toryism, spat the foul word at him as at others who openly and manfully exposed her wickedness. Atheist! Why, it was the daily poison that tipped the pens of Tory hirelings; and used on even the lightest provocation. Not to believe in the virtues of the PRINCE REGENT was to be an atheist. To deny the purity of Gatton and Old Sarum was to be "the owlet atheism" that, in COLERIDGE's own words—

> "Sailing on obscure wings athwart the noon,
> Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
> And hooting at the glorious sun in Heaven,
> Cries out, 'Where is it?'"

MR. THOMAS HOLCROFT—the eldest surviving son of the libelled dead—has written a letter to the *Times*, promising the publication of certain records that "will satisfactorily refute the calumnies preferred by MR. COTTLE." Such a vindication is, of course, honourable to MR. HOLCROFT; but we think he may leave MR. COTTLE's calumnies to die in their own unsavoriness; unless indeed he should ere his departure for those "grander scenes" that sublimate an old man's later thoughts, perform the Christian part of apologist for a deep injury carelessly inflicted—for a libel uttered upon the faith of one, as MR. COTTLE himself shows, not to be credited.

Atheist! Yes, it was a word in frequent use; and, like the thumb-screws in the Tower, has done its service to tyranny and wrong. And then it was of such easy application that any fool, with malice enough, could apply it. "Drowned, PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, an atheist," wrote the Tory scribe in the *Courier*; and, doubtless, thought his religion all the sweeter for the charity.

We have said the missile is easy to throw: nevertheless, we do not think it possible to apply it so dangerously as heretofore. And yet, there is a mixture of malignity and cowardice that even now finds—or thinks it finds—a dangerous blackness in it. Our friend HOPKINS—only yesterday—gave us an amusing instance of the fact.

We had observed to HOPKINS—whose house is ordinarily silver-clean, as MRS. HOPKINS herself expresses it—that the drawing-room windows were covered with mud. "Why, yes," said HOPKINS, "it's that mischievous fellow, TOM TANGLE, the page that some time ago I turned away. TOM was a smartish lad, but his conceit so filled the house, that I may say there was no shutting the door for it. And then he would run about, and so use the name of HOPKINS upon every and all occasions, that really, as a quiet man, I felt myself compromised by his monkey tricks."

"And so you turned TOM TANGLE off?" said we.

"Bless you! I put up with him for two years, and tried all I could to make him reasonable and decently quiet. I never took more pains with anybody. All to no use; and so at last I discharged him plump. Well, what do you think he did? He went round all the neighbourhood; called at I don't know how many shops; shouted down I don't know how many areas—'Beware of HOPKINS! HOPKINS is an atheist.'"

"Very annoying," said we.

"Not at all," said the equable HOPKINS; "it moved me no more than if he'd called me an angel. Nevertheless, the black word shews the black malice. And more than that, once a month at least the foolish fellow comes and throws mud at the windows!"

"And what do you?" said we.

"Nothing. And as for the mud, a little water makes all clean; for glass, my friend, is like a good reputation, mud may darken it for a little while, but it can't lastingly stain it. So, whenever in the month I come down stairs, and see the windows blacked with mud, I ring the bell, and show them to MOLLY; and she, turning her mop, merely says, 'Yes, sir, I see; it's that nasty little turned-off page been throwing his dirt again.'"

THE DETECTIVE DAGUERREOTYPE.

"MR. PUNCH,

"YOUR columns are often the medium of propounding moral truths, but I do not think that they have hitherto served for the promulgation of scientific discoveries. Allow me, Sir, to communicate to the public, through your pages, a most valuable invention, which is as wonderful, and will prove as useful, as the electric telegraph itself. It consists, Sir, of a modification of the Daguerreotype, so sensitive as to be affected by the faintest candlelight, and to be capable of producing a perfect picture when subjected to the agency of a dark lantern. And now, Sir, for the use to which the instrument is applicable. You have a counting-house, Sir—of course you have—the strong box of which is, even at the present period of commercial distress, full of money. You take my Daguerreotype, Sir, and previously to leaving your place of business at night, you station it on a shelf, or in some other convenient situation, commanding the receptacle of your wealth. You then lock the door, Sir, and you go away. If, during the night, a thief break into your establishment, and abstract your treasures, you will have the satisfaction of finding the next morning, in my Daguerreotype, a correct portrait of the depredator. I tested the powers of my instrument, Sir, myself, by setting it as a species of trap in my own larder, and the result is, that I possess a picture of my cook, accompanied by a soldier in the —— Guards, into whose hands she appears consigning a leg of mutton.

"I need not enlarge, Sir, on the vastness of the boon which this invention of mine will confer on society, superseding in a great measure, as it certainly will, the services of the Detective Police. Much innocent amusement, Sir, may be also obtained by my apparatus. Its capabilities have been tried, for instance, by some jealous ladies and gentlemen of my acquaintance, and the consequence, Sir, I can assure you, has been the production of some very pretty pictures.

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

"ABEL HANDY."

SEASONABLE MOVEMENTS.

THE Fog arrived in town for the season on the 2nd of November, and was received with the usual formalities. Several boys with torches were in attendance, holding in their hands those links of civilisation which unite the dark ages with our own time. Omnibus rivalry was for a time buried in oblivion, or at least in fog, and

> "Many a cab was born to bump unseen,
> And waste its fleetness on an awkward post."

All Nature, in fact, seemed to have distributed over the metropolis one tremendous ticket for soup, with which, in the shape of the densest atmospheric fluid, London and the suburbs were indiscriminately served out. We will not say we hope we shall never look upon its like again, for it cannot be the like of the late fog, if we are enabled to look upon it at all.

Literary Superannuation.

WE understand that a petition is about to be presented on behalf of numerous characters—classical, historical, and allegorical—to be permitted to retire from the service of literature, and be placed on the Superannuation Fund, on the ground of their being completely worn out. The Lernœan Hydra, CINCINNATUS, HERCULES, with his labours, and GARRICK, whose position, between Tragedy and Comedy, is becoming quite a bore, will, it is expected, be put upon the list, and allowed to retire into private life, on the score of extreme age. Any writer found dragging them forward into public notice by attempting to make them do duty any longer, will be severely punished. The Augean Stable is also to be shut up until further notice, and literary trespassers will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the critical law.

A handsome reward will be paid for any new historical or classical illustrations, to replace the veteran body, whose retirement has been considered advisable, in consequence of its strength having become utterly exhausted by being too much employed.

FASHIONS FOR FAST MEN.

Tom. "WHICH DO YOU LIKE BEST FOR TROUSERS, BILL; CHECKS OR STRIPES?"

Bill. "WELL, I THINK CHECKS ARE UNCOMMON SUPERIOR, BUT STRIPES IS MOST NOBBY."

THE CITY GENTLEMAN TO HIS INFANT SON.

AIR.—"*Oh, rest thee, my darling.*"

OH! slumber my youngster, in ignorance blest,
No thought of the Panic deprives thee of rest;
Though things e'er so bad in the City may be,
They give no concern, my young shaver, to thee.

Thou dread'st not to think of the firms that may smash;
Thou feel'st not the lowness of credit and cash;
Thou heed'st not the tightness of money a jot,
It pinches thee—happy young gentleman!—not.

The Bank may determine to put on the screw,
Thou wilt not be frighten'd; thou 'lt never look blue;
What matter to thee, little fellow of mine,
If discount 's at three-and-a-half, or at nine?

Unconscious art thou of such things as bad debts,
With nothing to hope in the shape of assets;
Thou art not dishearten'd—thou art not dismay'd,
To think of the bill to be noted or paid.

Then slumber, young gentleman, rest while you may,
You 'll surely know all about these things one day;
Sleep on, undisturb'd by the world's busy hum;
For, like a young bear, you 've your troubles to come.

Mr. Candour.

"*I do not say that I will, or I will not.*" Such was LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S answer to a deputation. How beautifully Whiggish it is! A Tory would have said boldly, "I will not;" but a Whig wants the courage to refuse, and has not the strength to promise. We can imagine a Whig could not accept an invitation to dinner without some such answer as the above. How they summon fortitude enough to pronounce the very explicit answer which a man has to give at the altar, is a mystery to us. We imagine they immediately make some mental reservation to themselves, of "I do not say that I will, or I will not."

A QUESTION FOR MR. BRIEFLESS.

A. B. has his pocket picked by C. D. of a writ. Is C. D., as the holder of the writ, bound to enter an appearance?

THE SPANISH QUADRILLE.

INTRODUCTION.

A KING is in his closet, counting out his money. Awful discovery of the loss of two centimes. SONG—"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man." Perfect stillness, broken only by the buzzing of a Bluebottle. AIR—"Fly not yet." The Bluebottle sings a French roundelay, and, after a waltz or two, takes up the first position on the map of Europe. It promenades the whole length of France, pirouettes gently over the Pyrenees, walks over Spain, and *glissés* on to Madrid. A wedding-bell heard in the distance. The Bluebottle polkas over to the other side of the room, and chooses a portrait of MONTPENSIER for its partner in a wild Spanish Dance. Post Horn Galop. OVERTURE—*Matrimonio Segreto.*

No. 1. The scene takes place in a nursery. Music descriptive of bread and butter. The calm is dispelled by the entrance of MONTPENSIER, who runs round the room in pursuit of the children. ASSIS, too, joins in the wild chase. Awful shrieks of the children, who fly in dismay. IMPOSING FINALE. Entry of CHRISTINA. SOLO—"Thou hast been the cause of this anguish"—*Birch.*

No. 3. Dialogue for first and second fiddle by BRESSON and CHRISTINA; conclusion of *La Fiancée*, principal airs by MESSRS. MONTPENSIER, BRESSON, and CHRISTINA. The grand *motif* taken from LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

No. 4. A storm is in the course of brewing. The Sun of France sets; LOUIS-PHILIPPE buys an umbrella for a rainy day. The hurrahs of a Reform banquet are heard in the distance. The *Marseillaise* is played first upon one drum, and then upon the other, of the royal ear. DIRGE—*L'or est une chimère.* Dreadful crash. The *entente cordiale* is rent asunder. The terror of the King increases with the violence of the storm. The *Mont-de-Piété* is shaken to its centre by the overwhelming torrents of indignation. The bursting of the Banks and the fall of the Funds are mingled with the cries of the Infantas, and the pitiful crowing of the Gallic Cock. The throne of the Tuileries begins to totter. Madrid is convulsed, and the King and Queen separated for several days. LOUIS-PHILIPPE takes refuge in his cellars. AIR—"When I view these scenes so charming." A tear is seen to descend the royal cheek. CHRISTINA visits him. The storm increases; the King is frightened. Affecting parting between LOUIS-PHILIPPE and 50,000 reals.

No. 5. Sudden apparition of CHRISTINA in Madrid. The Escurial bell rings with joy; the sound of silver resounds through the palace, and French intrigue again is restored. GRAND CHORUS DES VACHES ESPAGNOLES. This national melody has such an effect upon Spaniards, that directly the familiar sound of a five-franc piece is heard, they become the most passive instruments in the hands of those who play upon them. This weakness has been carried sometimes to such an extent that they have been known to abandon their country, and to run all the way from Spain to France, quite carried away by the silvery sounds. Spanish noblemen have this susceptibility stronger than others; but all officials connected with government offices are more or less subject to it. The Queen's household is not free from this *maladie du pays*; for all its officers have deserted on several occasions under its irresistible influence.

No. 6. Grand Jubilee. AIR—"To-night we 'll merry, merry be." The Sun of France is relighted, and the Gallic Cock is heard once more on the towers of Notre Dame, with its merry "Cockadoodledoo." CHORUS of all parties, "*Jamais, Jamais, Jamais,*" (repeated fifty times), "*l'Anglais ne régnera.*"

"WAR" WITH PUNCH!

A CORRESPONDENT—unnecessarily anxious for our welfare—assures us that a "fast" band of brethren have vowed to "smash" *Punch*. "Their cry is"—says our nervous friend—"War to the knife?" The answer of *Punch* is—"War to the *spoons!*"

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THE RHIME OF THE SEEDY BARRISTERE.

Part I.

A seedy Barristere meeteth Punch on his way to ye House, and detaineth him.

It is a seedy Barristere,
And he barreth the way so free—
"By thy long limp band and rusty wig,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The Commons' doors are open'd wide,
And I 'm to be sworn in;
The Speaker is set, the Members met,
And business will soon begin."

Punch is moved by ye seediness of ye man, and sitteth down to hear his tale.

He showeth me his empty bag—
"It once was full," quoth he:
He showeth me his faggot brief,
Marked with a monstrous fee.

I sat me down beside the door—
I could not choose but hear,
As thus spake on that mouldy man,
That briefless Barristere:—

The Barristere tells how ye Railway Mania grew up, till it reached a climax.

"The kites were flown, the bubbles blown,
Merrily went the scrip;
Directors schemed, nor ever dreamed
Of chances 'twixt cup and lip.

"The Stag comes out—'over the left;'
The market riggeth he:
The men with cash, by dealings rash,
Are fleeced right horribly.

"Higher and higher every day
Went up the bubble shares—"
No step I stirred, altho' I heard
The Speaker was at prayers.

Punch heareth that ye Speaker is at prayers, but the Barristere continueth his tale.

He 'd made me wait—I was too late;
Yet I could not choose but hear,
As thus spake on that shabby man,
That briefless Barristere—

"And now November came, the Law
Was tyrannous and strong;

Ye Plans and Sections are sent in according to Law.

The thirtieth day all Plans must stay,
And Sections, right or wrong.

"Thro' day and dark the sleepy clerk
Must toil and moil with care and cark;
Lithographers, with fingers stark,
Must never go to bed.
The time flies fast, the Plans at last
Are all delivered.

"And now, to sift the monstrous drift,
Committees are enrolled,
And they must hear each councillere
His brief at length unfold.

The Session of Committees, and of fearful Barristeres that must be listened to,

"With weary head, from A to Z—
I trow it was no play—
The members sat, to be argued at,
From eleven till four each day.

"Committees here, Committees there,
Committees all around;

till the Barristere's practice waxeth mightily, and eke his fees.

While counsel roared, and joked, and bored,
And fought, and fumed, and frowned.

"Ten guas. per day, and ten briefs alway,
Unto my share there came;
One half, I knew, I could not do,
But I took them all the same.

"And I grew rich, and behaved as sich,
And never the tide did drop,
And the duns had flown that I once had known
On my staircase for hours to stop.

And, lo! he giveth himself airs on the strength thereof.

"And my lanky bag did swell and swag
With the freight of briefs it bore;
I new curled my wig, and in letters big
Wrote 'Committee' on my door.

"Twelve briefs one day on my table lay,
With heavy retainers on each,
When a knock at the door ushered in one more,
My attention to beseech."

The seedy Barristere wickedly refuseth a brief.

"Now save thee, seedy Barristere,
And send thee quick relief!
Why look'st thou so?" "Ah, shame and woe!
I did refuse that brief!"

Part II.

The Railway market suddenly groweth stiff, and Railway business falleth off.

"The Market now grew rather stiff,
And shares not quite so free;
Many Directors went abroad,
And many an Allottee.

"And briefs fell slack, and no more at our back
The agents in crowds did follow,
Nor ten times a day, with papers or pay,
Came to the Barristere's hollo!

His brethren cry out against the seedy Barristere for refusing the brief.

"I had done what was quite irregular,
And it would work them grief,
For all averred that the worst had occurred
Since I refused the brief.
'Ah, wretch!' said they, 'to turn away
The fee upon a brief!'

The Panic cometh,

"The Panic grew, the bills came due,
Directors crossed the sea;
Who knows which first of the bubbles burst?
They went, and so did we.

and Railway business ceaseth altogether.

"Down dropt our work, our fees dropt down:
'Twas bad as bad could be;
Not once a week had we to speak
Upon a Committèe.

"All in the hot Committee-rooms
The Barristeres, at noon
Must yawn, and linger round the doors,
Or thro' the lobbies moon.

The Barristeres are thereby suddenly water-logged,

"Day after day we pined away,
So idle you 've no notion;
As idle as a long debate
Upon an Irish motion.

"Business, business, everywhere—
The Courts it seemed to fill;
Business, business, everywhere,
But not one Railway Bill!

and the refused Brief begins to be avenged.

"Yea, even young men just called—oh dear,
That such things e'er should be!—
By mere half guinea motions made
A better thing than we!

"About, about, in busy rout,
Attorneys and Q.C.s,
Within our sight were paying down
And pocketing of fees!

His brethren in their sore distress throw the whole guilt on the seedy Barristere, in sign whereof they hang ye rejected brief round his neck.

"Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young! [brief
And, for starched kerchief, the rejected
About my neck was hung.

"Farewell, farewell; but this I tell—
As sure as there thou 'rt set,
He best shall thrive who most shall strive
To keep all he can get.

"He fareth best, who loveth best
All fees, both great and small;
For the Bench declares that the etiquette
Of the Bar is 'Pocket all.'"

He appendeth a moral to his story, and goeth on his way.

The Barristere whose bag is light,
Whose wig with age is hoar,
Passed from my sight—a thoughtful wight
I crossed St. Stephen's door,

And heard debates my brain that stunned,
'Bout currency and corn.
A sadder and not wiser man
I woke the morrow morn.

JULLIEN'S BAND.

THE orchestra collected by the musical MONS, though containing many celebrities, is known less for its individual members than for its general excellence. It is a pity that fame should be thus sacrificed, and that the accomplished soloists should be known by their instruments, rather than by their names. Nobody has ever heard of HERR GRUFFENBLOW, for instance, but the Drury Lane Oboe is in everybody's mouth; and though MONSIEUR MESQUIN is quite unknown, the shrieks of the Clarionet at JULLIEN's concerts are in everybody's ears. It is a pity that the reputation to which each performer is entitled does not attach to himself personally, instead of to the instrument on which he plays. Now that JULLIEN is about to begin his opera season with unusual spirit and splendour, it is but fair that the individual merits of each member of his musical company should be known. We must no longer sink the man in the ophicleide, or bury the accomplished drummer in the big drum. We must separate the fiddler from his fiddle, detach the executant from the triangle, and look at the trumpeter, not the trumpet, as the great card—the trump card indeed—which JULLIEN has to play.

THE NEW PERFORMER IN JULLIEN'S BAND.

There is one performer upon whom the MONS relies for an effect of a most extraordinary nature in his Swiss Quadrille. This is our old friend Silence, who, in conformity with his usual custom, "reigns around" at a certain portion of the composition. But there are rebels in every dominion, and even such a peaceful monarch as Silence cannot have altogether a quiet life of it; for in the Swiss Quadrille his reign is "disturbed only by the chirping of birds."

The "bird" kept for this purpose in MONS JULLIEN's aviary, was detected peeping out of his nest in the flies a few evenings ago, and an artist having caught a glimpse of him, has sketched his portrait. The last new performer of JULLIEN must always be an interesting personage, and we accordingly present his similitude in the work of Art annexed.

Things are not quite so Bad in the City.

WHILE seriously owning, and deeply bemoaning
The fact, that the state of the nation
Is gloomy at present, at least it is pleasant
To think we have one consolation.
The manifold messes, the scrapes and distresses
Of mercantile men whilst we pity,
We've the comfort of knowing, howe'er the world's going,
Things are not quite so bad in the City.

Our citizens' troubles, through dabbling in bubbles,
Or otherwise capital sinking,
Have still left them treasures to spend on their pleasures,
In pageantry, eating, and drinking.
The ninth of November—Lord Mayor's Day, remember—
The burden suggests of our ditty,
The correctness displaying of what we are saying—
Things are not quite so bad in the City.

If people are able to put on their table,
Embellished with laurel and myrtle,
By way of beginner, just merely, for dinner,
Tureens near three hundred of turtle,
And dishes by dishes of all sorts of fishes,
They must be more wealthy than witty—
Oh! whate'er our disasters, 'tis certain, my masters,
Things are not quite so bad in the City.

The board that is cumber'd with viands unnumber'd,
Ribs, barons, legs, sirloins, and haunches,
With turbots and mullets, fowls, turkeys, and pullets,
Sufficing some hundreds of paunches;
The feast so tremendous, the feed so stupendous,
Must come to a trifle full pretty:
So, for all our mischances in point of finances,
Things are not quite so bad in the City.

Creams, woodcocks, and widgeons, tarts, peacocks, and pigeons,
Prawns, custard, blanc-mange, lobster-salad,
With oysters and jellies, for many more bellies
Than all we could name in this ballad,
Are proof in redundance of wealth in abundance—
No case in all ARCHBOLD or CHITTY,
More plain is related than what we have stated—
Things are not quite so bad in the City.

Then think of the bottles, to moisten their throttles,
Drain'd off by the citizens merry;
Let any man's "gumption" compute the consumption
Of claret, champagne, port, and sherry.
This feasting and treating, the House, at its meeting,
Without going into Committee,
Will resolve, has shown clearly, that though looking queerly,
Things are not quite so bad in the City.

ANARCHY AT HOME.

WE regret to find that anarchy has found its way, not simply to the heart, but to the very gizzard of the metropolis. The Exeter Arcade is in a state of revolt, and the boys have risen against the beadle. Two apples of discord have been thrown in his eye from the adjacent stall, and may be considered the first fruits of a want of decision which he has evinced on more than one—say six—occasions. A natural objection on the part of the autocrat—we mean the beadle—to have his dominions turned into a leap-frog ground, has fermented a spirit of revolt, which has at last broken out into open resistance.

The boys have been "backing their friends" to such an extent, and have brought matters to such a pass, that the Arcade was getting quite impassable. The beadle, who holds the position of auxiliary Czar, has sent forth a sort of verbal ukase, in the shape of a loud cry of "Come, you boys, start off!" but the conjunction of "come" and "start," in the same sentence, gives it an ambiguity which the young rebels take facetious advantage of. The fact is, that the dissensions of which the Arcade is the scene, are rendering it a dangerous neighbour, and there are already threats of annexation from the *Morning Post* Office. In this case, the beadle would be deposed, the cane wrested from his hand, the golden rim—fit type of absolute power—torn from his hat, and the Arcade itself would be scratched out, cut out, or rubbed out of the map of Europe. We should be sorry to see such a result to a new colony into which the arts of tooth-extracting and shaving had already found their way; but after reading GIBBON's *Decline and Fall of Rome*, we must be prepared for a similar catastrophe.

TRAVELS IN LONDON.

He had appointed me in St. James's Park, under the Duke of York's Column, on Guy Fawkes' Day; and I found the venerable man at the hour, and at the place assigned, looking exceedingly sweet upon the gambols of some children: who were accompanied, by the way, by a very comely young woman as a nursery-maid. He left the little ones with a glance of kindness, and, hooking his little arm into mine, my excellent and revered friend *Mr. Punch* and I paced the Mall for a while together.

I had matters of deep importance (in my mind at least) to communicate to my revered patron and benefactor. The fact is, I have travelled as *Mr. Punch's* Commissioner in various countries; and having, like all persons of inquiring mind, from Ulysses downwards, a perpetual desire for locomotion, I went to propose to our beloved chief, a new tour. I set before him eloquently the advantages of a trip to China: or, now that the fighting was over, a journey to Mexico I thought might be agreeable—or why not travel in the United States, I asked, where *Punch's* Commissioner would be sure of a welcome, and where the natives have such a taste for humorous description?

"My dear Spec," said the sage, in reply to a long speech of mine, "you are, judging from your appearance, five-and-twenty years old, and consequently arrived at the estate of man. You have written for my publication a number of articles, which, good, bad, and indifferent as they are, make me suppose that you have some knowledge of the world. Have you lived so long in this our country, as not to know that Britons do not care a fig for foreign affairs? Who takes any heed of the Spanish marriages now?—of the Mexican wars?—of the row in Switzerland? Do you know whether a Vorort is a gentleman, or a legislative body, or a village in the Canton of Uri? Do you know a man who reads the Spanish and Portuguese correspondence in the newspapers? Sir, I grow sick at the sight of the name of Bomfim, and shudder at the idea of Costa Cabral!" And he yawned so portentously as he spoke, that I saw all my hopes of a tour were over. Recovered from that spasm, the Good and Wise one continued—"You are fond of dabbling in the Fine Arts, Mr. Spec—now pray, Sir, tell me, which department of the Exhibition is most popular?"

I unhesitatingly admitted that it was the portraits the British public most liked to witness. Even when I exhibited my great picture of *Heliogabalus*, I owned that nobody—

"Exactly—that nobody looked at it; whereas every one examines the portraits with interest, and you hear people exclaim, 'Law, Ma! if it aint a portrait of Mrs. Jones, in a white satin and a tiara;' or, 'Mercy me! here's Alderman Blogg in a thunderstorm,' &c., &c. The British public like to see representations of what they have seen before. Do you mark me, Spec? In print as in Art, Sir, they like to recognise Alderman Blogg." He paused, for we had by this time mounted the Duke of York's Steps, and, panting a little, pointed to the noble vista before us with his cane. We could see the street thronged with life; the little children gathered round the column; the omnibuses whirling past the Drummond Light; the carriages and flunkies gathered round Howell and James's; the image of Britannia presiding over the County Fire Office in the Quadrant, and indeed over the scene in general.

"You want to travel?" said he, whisking his bamboo. "Go and travel there, Sir. Begin your journey this moment. I give you my commission. Travel in London, and bring me an account of your tour. Describe me yonder beggar's impudence, Sir; or yonder footman's calves; or my Lord Bishop's cob and apron (My Lord Bishop, how do you do?) Describe anything—anybody. Consider your journey is begun from this moment; and, left foot forward—March!" So speaking, my benefactor gave me a playful push in the back, in the direction of Waterloo Place, and turned into the Athenæum, in company with my Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy, whose cob had just pulled up at the door, and I walked away alone into the immensity of London, which my Great Master had bidden me to explore.

I staggered before the vastness of that prospect. Not naturally a modest man, yet I asked myself mentally, how am I to grapple with a subject so tremendous? Every man and woman I met was invested with an awful character, and to be examined as a riddle to be read henceforth. The street-sweeper at the crossing gave me a leer and a wink and a patronising request for a little trifle, which made me turn away from him and push rapidly forward. "How do I know, my boy," thought I, inwardly "but that in the course of my travels I may be called upon to examine *you*—to follow you home to your lodgings and back into your early years—to turn your existence inside out, and explain the mystery of your life? How am I to get the clue to that secret?" He luckily spun away towards Waterloo Place with a rapid flourish of his broom, to accost the Honourable Member for Muffborough, just arrived in town, and who gave the sweeper a gratuity of twopence; and I passed over the crossing to the United Service Club side. Admiral Boarder and Colonel Charger were seated in the second window from the corner, reading the paper—the Admiral, bald-headed and jolly-faced, reading with his spectacles—the Colonel, in a rich, curly, dark-purple wig, holding the *Standard* as far off as possible from his eyes, and making believe to read without glasses. Other persons were waiting at the gate. Mrs. General Cutandthrust's little carriage was at the door, waiting for the General, while the young ladies were on the back seat of the carriage, entertained by Major Slasher, who had his hand on the button. I ran away as if guilty. "Slasher, Boarder, Charger, Cutandthrust, the young ladies, and their mother with the chesnut front—there is not one of you," thought I, "but may come under my hands professionally, and I must show up all your histories at the stern mandate of *Mr. Punch*."

I rushed up that long and dreary passage which skirts the back of the Opera, and where the mysterious barbers and boot-shops are. The Frenchman who was walking up and down there, the very dummies in the hairdressers' windows seemed to look at me with a new and dreadful significance—a fast-looking little fellow in checked trowsers and glossy boots, who was sucking the end of his stick and his cigar alternately, while bestriding a cigar chest in Mr. Alvarez' shop—Mr. A. himself, that stately and courteous merchant who offers you an Havanna as if you were a Grandee of the first class—everybody, I say, struck me with fright. "Not one of these," says I, "but next week you may be called upon to copy him down;" and I did not even look at the fast young man on the chest, further than to observe that a small carrot sprouted from his chin, and that he wore a shirt painted in scarlet arabesques.

I passed down Saint Alban's Place, where the noble H. P. officers have lodgings, without ever peeping into any one of their parlours, and the Haymarket, brilliant with gin-shops, brawling with cabmen, and thronged with lobsters. At the end towards the Quadrant, the poor dirty foreigners were sauntering about greasily; the Hansoms were rattling; the omnibuses cutting in and out; my Lord Tomnoddy's cab with the enormous white horse, was locked in with Dr. Bullfrog's purple Brougham, and a cart-full of window-frames and shop-fronts. Part of the pavement of course was up, and pitch-caldrons reeking in the midst; omnibus cads bawling out "Now then, stoopid!" over all. "Am I to describe all these, I thought; to unravel this writhing perplexity; to set sail into this boundless ocean of life? What does my Master mean by setting me so cruel a task; and how the deuce am I to travel in London?" I felt dazzled, amazed, and confounded, like stout Cortes, when with eagles' eyes he stared at the Pacific in a wild surprise, silent upon a peak in Whatd'yecallem. And I wandered on and on.

"Well met," said a man, accosting me. "What is the matter, Spec? Is your banker broke?"

I looked down. It was little Frank Whitestock, the Curate of St. Timothy's, treading gingerly over the mud.

I explained to Frank my mission, and its tremendous nature, my modest fears as to my competency, my perplexity where to begin.

The little fellow's eyes twinkled roguishly. "*Mr. Punch* is right," said he. "If you want to travel, my poor Spec, you should not be trusted very far beyond Islington. It is certain that you can describe a tea-kettle better than a pyramid."

"Tea-kettle, tea-kettle yourself," says I. "How to begin is the question."

"Begin?" says he, "begin this instant. Come in here with me;" and he pulled at one of four bells at an old-fashioned door by which we were standing.

Spec.

LITERARY SMASHING.

JUST as the Court was breaking up, an individual who refused to give his name, was brought up before the sitting magistrate on the charge of uttering a counterfeit joke. Several "smashers" having lately been busy in the literary world, attempting to get into circulation a large quantity of base coin, the case excited some interest.

MR. JOHN GREEN stated that he had taken the joke from the man at the bar, believing it to be a good one. He soon, however, found his mistake, for upon offering the joke at the first place he came to, he could not get it to pass. He had given sixpence in exchange, and of course was a loser to that amount, besides the annoyance and disgrace of being found with such an article in his possession.

The first witness was about to be examined, when the worthy magistrate said he thought it would greatly facilitate the inquiry if the joke were to be brought into court.

The policeman said it was so very heavy that he was afraid he could not manage it by himself.

The magistrate said he was surprised at this, for weight was generally some test of value, and if the joke was really so bad as it was described, he should have thought it might be placed before him very easily.

The policeman explained that weight was not always a test of value in these matters. "And besides," he added, "those people who are regular "smashers" by profession put a great quantity of lead in their jokes, which is a very deceptive process, and at a first glance it appears as if the jokes would be sure to go down."

The magistrate nevertheless wished to see the joke, and it was accordingly, with much difficulty, brought into court. It exhibited a most melancholy spectacle, for everything it had about it was completely threadbare, and it seemed to be utterly worn out with extreme old age. The magistrate expressed his wonder how such a thing could be allowed for one moment to pass without suspicion, for it had not even a new dress, or anything to disguise it.

The policeman said it was true, but people were sometimes imposed upon by the audacity of the "smashers," and would not believe they would have the effrontery to attempt the frauds that were really carried into execution. The case was then proceeded with, and MR. JOSEPH MILLER was called.

This witness, whose appearance excited much respect, was accommodated with a chair. He knew the joke, which had formerly belonged to himself. He could point to the very page in the catalogue of his collection, where the exact description of the joke would be found. Had now no personal interest in the joke, for he had been robbed of it so often, and reclaimed it so frequently, that he did not intend to trouble himself about it any further. It must now take its course. He would almost be ashamed to own it himself, after the uses it had been put to, and the company in which it had been found.

The magistrate mildly remonstrated with MR. JOSEPH MILLER on the unbecoming tone of his remarks upon his own offspring; but the old man declared that he and the joke had been parted for years, that the joke had always been a bad joke, and never did him any credit at all.

The next witness was the policeman, who had taken the utterer of the joke into custody. He had several more of the same sort about him at the time, but he swallowed a great many on the spot, for it is a common trick of these smashers to do so when they cannot get rid of their illicit stock by cramming any of it down other people's throats.

The prisoner, on being asked what answer he had to offer to the charge, pleaded extreme destitution, and the utmost distress of mind. He knew he had uttered a counterfeit joke, but he had nothing else to depend upon. Previous to the magistrate's decision, a gentleman who attended from the *Punch* mint was requested to examine it. He looked at it very carefully, and recognised it as one of a batch of base imitations, some of which are dealt in so audaciously that the "smashers" have the impudence to offer them even at the *Punch* mint, where they are always refused as a matter of course.

The worthy magistrate said, that in pity to the prisoner's destitute condition, a lenient sentence should on this occasion be passed. The judgment was, imprisonment for one week, with hard labour, the hard labour consisting of an attempt to make a good joke, which he knew was the severest work in which the prisoner at the bar could be employed.

The delinquent was removed in an advertising van, which had been provided by one of his friends, and of which he was allowed to avail himself.

THE CHURCH AT BOULOGNE.

WHILE we in England are complaining of not having sufficient church accommodation, there is actually a glut of the article at Boulogne-sur-Mer. There are no less than four Protestant clergymen, with a chapel each, doing their utmost, by advertisement, exhortation, appeal, puff, or placard, to draw the English church-goers of Boulogne to some particular place of worship; and such is the fierceness of the competition, that decency is lost sight of in the tremendous struggle.

If the rivalry continues much longer without interference from the Bishop, the walls of Boulogne will soon be covered with posters calling upon the community to "try our commodious sittings at eleven francs;" or an affectionate intimation to "bring your children to be christened to the chapel in the Rue de l'Ecu," with a Nota Bene announcing "a reduction on taking a quantity, and a liberal allowance for twins." A rival establishment will then put forth its claims for "cheap and expeditious weddings;" while another concern will outbid its rival by advertisments, having for their purport the coaxing words—"When you marry, go to the chapel in the Rue Siblequin." As each offer must go beyond the other in liberality, it will be perhaps desirable to intimate that "Parties unprovided with fathers and mothers, or guardians, to give them away, can have these indispensable requisites, with a stock of relations in any quantity that may be required."

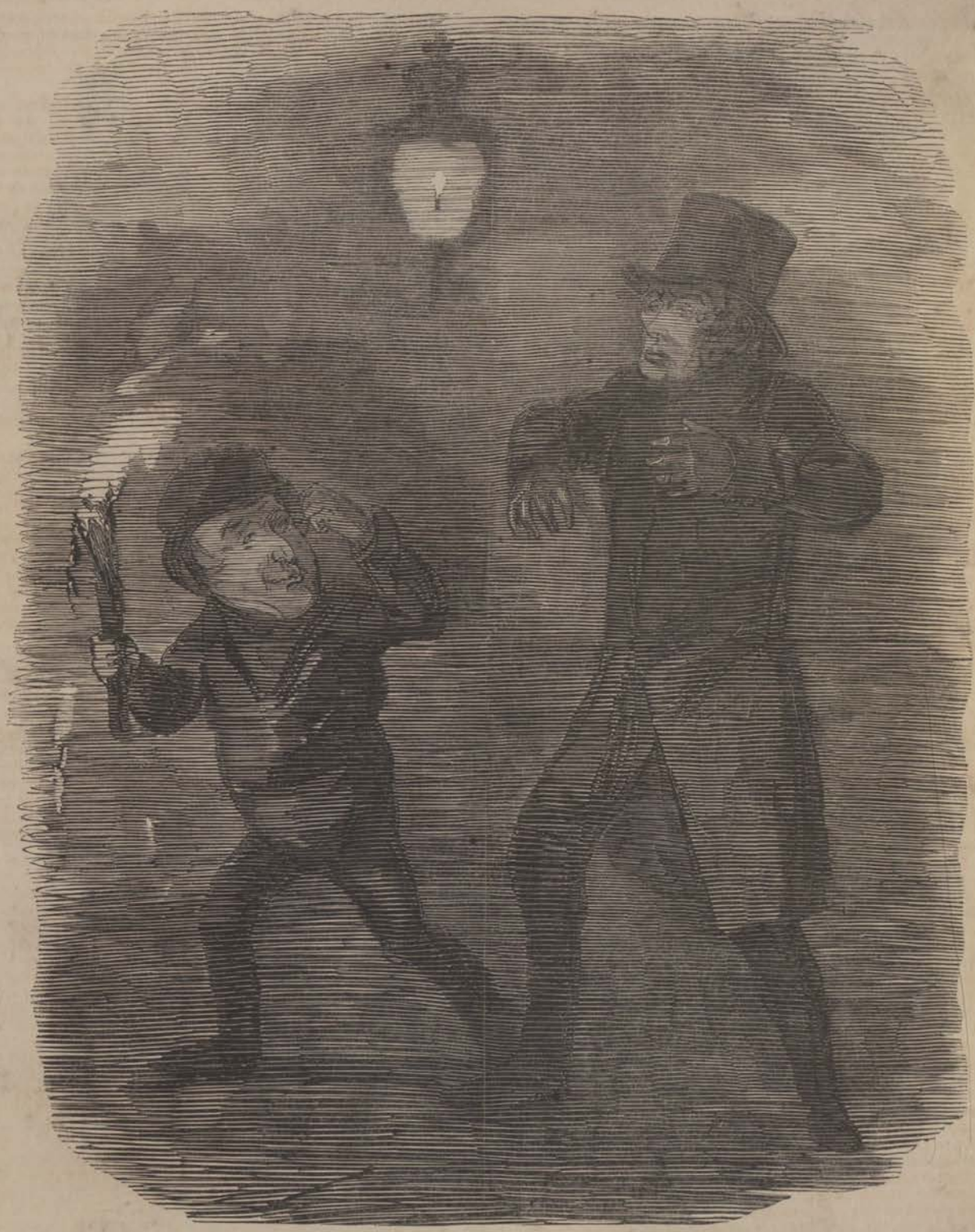
We believe the touting for congregations has become so unblushing and desperate, that the chapel-wardens make no secret of their readiness to treat with steamboat captains on terms of mutual confidence, and every sitting let on board the boat entitles the commander of the vessel to 2½ per cent. on the transaction, with a small bonus on every marriage or other ceremony that he is able to recommend. It is high time that the scandal of these clerical struggles should be put an end to by some episcopal interference.

CURIOSITIES OF COSTUME.

A SORT of academical epidemic has broken out among the medical students at the northern end of the town; and the youths at the University in Gower Street have not only trenched upon the collegiate trenchers, but have assumed the gown, which ill assorts with the paletot of private life. This strange association of the garb of learning

with the habits of the medical students as they live, produces a curious effect; and the neighbourhood of Gower Street has been accordingly startled by the appearance that the combination presents.

We have not heard by what authority the assumption of the toga has taken place among the youths of Gower Street; and indeed it requires no less a person than old GOWER himself to come forth and explain the mystery.



LORD JOHN IN A FOG.

A Sketch for November, 1847.

Peel. "A Light, your Honour! I 'll show you the way."

Our Fast Man on the Decline of the Drama.

"I SUPPOSE, *Punch*, you'll think I am going to come it something in your own style, when I tell you I mean to take up the Decline of the Drama. Not a bit of it, old Muff. You won't catch me complaining that BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, and old BEN JONSON, and FARQUHAR and CONGREVE, and all that lot, have been choked off at our two great theatres. No, no. To crib a bit of your Swan of Avon, I only hope we shall never look upon their likes again. It is no intention of mine to go in for your five-act plays. I shan't set to and slang the Aristocracy as a set of miscreants, because they don't choose to cut their Clubs of an evening, and go and sit out a dim comedy. I mean, by the Decline of the Drama, the falling off that has taken place of late years in genuine, out-and-out, stirring, exciting, lively, theatrical amusements, which used to afford us a good evening's entertainment, and were often the means of our having a jolly spree.

"You stick up for 'the good old days of the Drama.' Ditto. Don't suppose, however, that I fall in with your cant and gammon about them. Oh, no—don't upon any account. When I use the words I have put in inverts, I've no notion of alluding to the good old times of QUEEN BESS, and the Globe Theatre, and all that rot. The good old times that I want to see again are those of about a dozen years ago—the times of KING BILL. I don't rake into antiquity further back than that. You may think what you like; but what I call the Drama was then flourishing like beans, and since then it has withered like the Irish wall-fruit. I believe you've done all you possibly could to blight it—for reasons of your own, no doubt. Never mind, my buck. Here's at you, and we shall see who'll be the winner in the long-run.

"I consider the stage to have been in its greatest glory when we used to have at the Lane and the Garden such pieces as *Gustavus the Third*, and the *Revolt of the Harem*, and good, striking, effective melo-dramas at the Adelphi and the other minors. It's all very well to laugh at red and blue fire, and call it clap-trap. It may be very illegitimate; but it took—that's all I know. Murders, maybe, are revolting: very well; so much the better. Give us atrocious crimes and broad fun. The stock materials of the old melodrama—the desperate ruffian, the unjust steward, the simple peasant girl, and the comic baker—depend upon it, were the ticket. These performances were suited to the common mind; and that's the thing to go for. They did occasion, as the playbills used to say, floods of tears and roars of laughter. That was their 'tendency,' as you would call it; and it was slap-up. According to you, I suppose, it ought to have been moral or intellectual. Walker! Grand Moral and Intellectual Effect!!! What a notion for a poster!

"Well, now about the performances at the larger theatres. What could be more plummy than the masked ball scene in *Gustavus*, or more spicy than the *bivouac* in the *Revolt of the Harem?* We don't see anything now like the *danse des folies*. We have no such sight as three hundred *coryphées* at once going through their exercise as female warriors. How prime that was! Those, *Punch*, were the true 'palmy days' of the drama. Then we had brilliant, flare-up spectacles, and regular stunning operas. And then, those who went the right way to work could have a jolly lark behind the scenes. So you could before the curtain, for the matter of that. Now, wherever you go, the upper boxes are nearly as slow as the dress circle.

"The theatres have all become so proper! You don't hear even a whistle in the galleries. You have the Pumps of Islington going to a playhouse which they would formerly have been shocked to be seen in; but which is now as dreary and dummy, and correct as themselves. I say, give us back Sadlers' Wells with its real water. Let us have Drury Lane and Covent Garden as they were in the 'good old times' that I speak of. Restore the old system of puffery, and stars, and all that was so go-ahead, and meretricious, and pleasant. I only wish JULLIEN may have the pluck to do it. I hope he won't be gammoned by the syncretics, and æsthetical, and high-art, and lofty tone people. He was flat enough, I see, the other night to play a lot of lumbering old BEETHOVEN, instead of sticking to our favourite quadrilles and waltzes. However, I have heard some talk of his intention to make Drury Lane a Circus. I'm sure I don't mind if he turns it into a menagerie. At present there is not a theatre in town that can afford a refuge to

A FAST MAN."

*** To our Fast Man things evidently appear inverted. What he means by the Decline of the Drama, is its ascent—in the scale of intellect and respectability. One would think that our Fast Man's views were modified by the clown's practice of standing continually on his head. We hope M. JULLIEN will not turn Drury Lane into a menagerie; but if he does, it certainly will be an asylum for our Fast Man.

DEBATE OF THE COMMONS.

IMITATED FROM OVID.

ERE BORTHWICK twenty words successive spoke,
Throughout the House a general coughing broke,
And, strange to say, each legislative chest
Appeared to be by sudden cold oppress'd.
The Premier scarce his laughter can restrain,
And e'en the Speaker hides a sneer with pain.
One would the Currency at once review;
But all agreed PEEL's Bill would never do.
Some were for turning paper into cash,
Which might postpone but not prevent a smash.
A. would a bill eternally renew;
B. would dishonour every one he drew;
C. would the one-pound notes at once restore;
D. from the country would a loan implore.
Thus various interests did the row increase,
Till *Punch* arose—he spoke—all tumults cease.
"Is reverence paid," said he, "to our advice?
The knotty point we'll settle in a trice.
Who of events can the quick course subdue?
Not PEEL, nor RUSSELL: no; nor you, nor you.
'Tis confidence—not cash—we must obtain;
Bereft of Credit, Trade aspires in vain.
What but the giving way to idle fears
Has many a house brought down about our ears?
Large firms, of ample surplus still possess'd,
Victims to panic fell among the rest.
The washing-bill for SNOBSON'S shirt and socks,
The speculator for a rise in stocks,
For Railway calls a too extensive claim,
No matter what, the end is all the same;
So, PEEL or RUSSELL, in or out of place,
A remedy in unison embrace;
For England's benefit continue friends;
Accept the plan *Punch* boldly recommends.
What shall it be? Alas! we feel perplex'd.
For our tremendous project see—our next."

FRENCH FEELING AND FRENCH TASTE.

IN the dearth of native talent, the managers of the Royal Academy of Music in Paris formed an engagement with our English vocalist, MISS BIRCH. Being free-traders in talent, we are quite prepared to act upon the give-and-take principle between the two nations, and we have no objection to an importation of DORUS GRAS or THILLONS with an exportation of BIRCHES and other vocalists of British manufacture. We believe our theatrical audiences behave with kindness and courtesy to foreign performers, and we hope such a system will always prevail in this country; but we are afraid this is one of the matters they *do not* "manage better," nor even so well, in France.

MISS BIRCH has, we learn from the *Musical World*, been annoyed by a great deal of rudeness and unkindness during her rehearsals at the Grand Opera in Paris, and it is now said that she has been sent away to study the French accent before she can be allowed to appear before the Parisian public. If we had required a perfect English accent from every foreign *artiste*, as a preliminary to appearing on the English stage, we suspect we should have entailed a great deal of injustice on genius, and the loss of much enjoyment upon ourselves. We hope this story of the treatment of our fair countrywoman in Paris may be capable of explanation, for otherwise the management of the Royal Academy will merit the Rod rather than the Birch.

Down with the Tolls!

A MOVEMENT has commenced against the Metropolitan Toll-bars, and in St. Pancras the enemy is at the gates. The Popular party acting in opposition to the Bar-bar-ians, will, it is understood, take for a motto, "War to the pike!" and "That's the ticket!" will be the watch-word of the opposite side. The civic turnpikeman, who is stationed at the foot of Chancery Lane, and gets run over regularly twice a week, begins to feel the stool of office tottering under him; as well he may, for it is continually getting jammed in between the lamp-post and the wheel of some passing vehicle. The poor fellow has enough to do to obtain the money from a passing cart; for, in consequence of the crush of conveyances, there are "wheels within wheels" all day long.

PUNCH TONANS.

THOUGH *Punch* unites, on ordinary occasions, the noble daring of the lion with the gentlemanly bearing of the lamb, he can, when roused to a pitch of indignation, combine the ferocity of the wolf, the tearing tendencies of the tiger, and the *brusquerie* of the bear. It is only, however, when the object is one of real provocation that his fierceness can be excited, and his tremendous vengeance put forth. Circumstances may occasionally arise to ruffle his placidity; and an incident has occurred within the last few days, which has excited in him a degree of irritation by which his equable bosom is, happily, seldom disturbed.

The rage of *Punch* is not very easily aroused, for he does not find it worth while to get up the steam of his indignation on every paltry occasion; but he candidly confesses that his blood, at last, is fairly on the boil. JUPITER TONANS is mildness itself in comparison with *Punch Tonans;* for if the Eagle of the former

has an aversion to taking flies, the Dog of the latter is quite as aristocratic, and never sullies his mouth by snapping at foul things. But *Punch* can remain patient no longer under a provocation that has just been offered him. He is roused at last; and what does the world imagine can have ruffled the smooth coat of the faithful *Toby,* or made the *bâton* of *Punch* tremble in his indignantly agitated hand? The fact then must come out: *Punch* is furious at not having been invited to the dinner of the new LORD MAYOR. What can be the meaning of the slight that has been thus put upon him? RUSSELL was there; and though RUSSELL deserves honour as the Premier of the Government, is not *Punch* the People's Premier, and as such entitled to be present at the civic feast? We may be told that our wooden nature precludes us from the enjoyment of such luxuries as a Lord Mayor's dinner; but this can be no excuse, for GOG and MAGOG, who are made of the same tough materials as *Punch* himself, were there. Besides, is it not the true *lignum vitæ* of which we are composed? We shall not easily pardon the insult passed upon us by the new LORD MAYOR, who never asked us to partake of the luxuries that formed his inaugural repast.

Our heart has been leaping about our bosom like an egg in a saucepan full of boiling water, ever since our eye rested upon the civic bill of fare. To think of 80 roast turkeys and 250 jam tarts, 13 sirloins of beef jumbled temptingly together with 250 ice creams, and, worst of all, 400 penny cheesecakes, followed up by 600 custards—for which our weakness is known! *Punch* is not generally vindictive, but it will take him at least a week to get over the insult passed upon him by the new LORD MAYOR.

Panic in the City.

WE believe no one has felt more severely the "temporary pressure" than the two Men in Armour in the LORD MAYOR'S procession, on the 9th of November. It was so great that it was thought at one time that they must have sunk under it. They rallied, however, towards the afternoon, owing to a little *bouillon* and several *coupons* of bread, which they received from a large ox-joint Stock Bank over Blackfriar's Bridge, upon their lodging their words as their bonds for payment. Without this relief they must have fallen; and there is no doubt the crash would have been frightful, owing to the heavy amount of their numerous drawbacks; for they were involved head over ears in copper, for which they had given no kind of personal security. The City, however, was spared this awful shock, for the two Men in Armour remained firm for the remainder of the day.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

"MR. PUNCH, I have read in the *Presse* French newspaper these words, attributed to M. DUMAS: 'I had resolved never to believe in the mystery of animal magnetism until I should have myself put some somnambulist to sleep without his being aware of my intention.'

"This is a curious coincidence; for I had come to the like conviction, but am now a perfect believer; inasmuch as with my last novel I put hundreds to sleep without even my publisher knowing my intention.

"Your constant reader,
"*Walmer.* G. P. R. JAMES.'

A Million of Facts.

SOME three years ago we commenced a series of articles under the above promising title. They were very popular as far as they went; but the success was not properly sustained, for the Facts were never continued after No. 1. We are happy to state, however, that we have made arrangements with the same talented contributor, and he has entered into a heavy bond, and "no end" of respectable sureties, to furnish us with a fresh Fact every week until the whole number is completed. The one for this week will be particularly welcome to all our readers:—

A MILLION OF FACTS, No. 2.—A child with a lighted candle may explode a barrel of gunpowder.

THE LONDON WEATHER.

THE public ought to be very much obliged to those patient and ingenious gentlemen who make a point of watching every variation in the London weather, and sending an account of it to the newspapers. We purpose adding to our establishment a gentleman whose duty it will be to dot down the fluctuations of heat and cold, by a careful reference to the tips of his fingers, the points of his toes, and the end of his nose. Our own observations in this line have not been satisfactory, though we have remarked that the mean quantity of rain, upon an average of five years, has given us an inch and a half in our umbrella-stand as the highest extreme. From a series of twenty yawns against our drawing-room window, we have made the deduction that the humidity in the atmosphere is $\frac{8}{32}$, as applied to a surface of sixteen superficial barleycorns, and we thus get nineteen barleycorns, minus $\frac{1}{16}$, to every pane.

TRILLS FOR TERM-TIME.

How sweet 'tis to stroll by the streams of Demurrer,
Where Detinue sighs to the evening breeze;
Where groves of Mandamus are mellowed in colour,
And high soar the Costs in Exchequer of Pleas!

'Tis there that the sisters Assumpsit and Trover
Disport with the Mortgages sitting in banc,
While around the fierce Chattels and Cognizance hover,
And Rejoinders gnash rage as their fetters they clank.

Dark Venue broods there, 'mid the bleak Certiorari,
The coo of the distant Avowry is heard;
But the sprightly Malfeazance trips light as a fairy,
With the mild Surrebutter and Judgment Deferred.

Oh, 'tis there I would muse, and I'd dream of Assizes,
And feast on ripe Codicil and Assignee;
Or, soothed by the strains of the dulcet Demises,
I'd quaff foaming goblets of Felo-de-se.

Double Site.

THE Marble Arch of Buckingham Palace is upon the hands of the public, and the public, like an old gentleman who has been given a baby to hold, does not know what to do with it. We propose, as it is impossible to have too much of a good thing, to put the arch on the top of the arch at Hyde Park Corner; for, being the smaller of the two, it will easily stand there—and then to put the Duke's Statue at the top of them both. This would be combining a point of site and distance too. The thing is worth trying, if "only for the fun of the thing," and our embellishments seem to be erected for no other purpose. There would be also this advantage in making the experiment—when once it was up, it would never come down. We expect the Commissioners for the Improvement of the Metropolis will do it therefore next week.

AIR-CANNON EXTRAORDINARY.

THE *Eco del Comercio*, a Spanish newspaper, has published a petition from a M. DE MONTEMAYOR to the QUEEN OF SPAIN, setting forth that he has discovered the means of aerial navigation in a new species of balloon which he has invented, and which he calls an *Æolus*. By the aid of this contrivance, he assures Her Majesty that with somewhat less than 15,000 piastres, he can take up with him two pieces of cannon, and discharge them on the enemies of Spain. But cannon in the air, we should think, can only be mounted on castles in the same situation; and we suspect that the invention of DON MONTEMAYOR is one of the various *Châteaux en Espagne*. The truth probably is, that *Æolus* is meant to raise the wind—to the extent of 15,000 piastres.

An Apology.

WE stated last week, on the confidence of "A Sincere Friend," that the hoarding had been taken away from the Nelson Column. It seems it still remains. Our readers must excuse this ignorance on our part; but, as we make it a principle never to pass through Trafalgar Square, owing to the violent effect the sight has upon our nerves, as a passionate lover of Art, "A Sincere Friend" succeeded easily enough in playing the above malicious hoax upon us. We do not envy him his triumph. The man who would joke upon the Nelson Column must indeed be a Monster in Human Form. We should be sorry to trust that man with one of our children, or even sixpence.

THE LABOURS OF JULLIEN.

WHO has not witnessed the Herculean exertions of JULLIEN in the *British Army and Navy Quadrilles?* His arms and legs seem to be carrying out bodily the different movements of the opposing corps, and his *bâton* falls at times with such overwhelming force that we picture to ourselves some mighty seventy-four has sunk under its tremendous waive. We have often felt for JULLIEN in such active moments, when he has been throwing his whole body and two soles of his boots into *Cavalier Seul*, or warming himself up to a beautiful state of frenzy through *L'Eté*. He is all fire, when suddenly a shrill note from the forgetful fife chills him all over, and makes him turn round and dart a look that conveys an avalanche of reproof upon the head of the offending instrument. A note too low from a violin, or semi-demi-quaver too high from the trombone, recals him from the heights of musical grandeur, and brings him back in a moment from the *Bay of Biscay O*, to Drury Lane. JULLIEN, when so disturbed, cannot speak; his voice would not be heard, for the musical tempest is raging too high: so he borrows a hint from the lightning conductor, and is silent, asserting himself with a most vivid stroke on his pulpit, which flashes through the whole musical horizon.

These strokes are often repeated, and then the clamour grows stronger—the ophicleides blow their loudest, the cornet shrieks, the fife whistles, the drum bellows—and Chaos reigns in the orchestra! JULLIEN then goes through his popular series of *Poses Plastiques*. He turns to the right and to the left—his curly head whirls round and round, spreading fright in every direction—his legs rise convulsively—his arms beat the air, in the absence of some victim on whom to vent their fury: he illustrates in every limb COLLINS'S *Ode on the Passions*, till at last he sinks into his *fauteuil*, the horrible picture of Despair. These Pythonic inspirations must convulse JULLIEN'S nature terribly, and must, if the shocks are repeated, leave him in time a perfect wreck. We shall have the white kid gloves, it is true, and the cambric frill, and the wristbands as spotless as ROWLAND'S Kalydor; but what will they be without the man? We beg, therefore, to propose a remedy, which may save us JULLIEN for many, many years to come.

We propose that he have a corps of aide-de-camps stationed around his position. They should convey his instructions to the different wings of the orchestra. If the triangle did not advance sufficiently quick, an aide-de-camp should be dispatched to him, with orders to step out a little quicker. If the ophicleide came out a little too strong, another aide-de-camp should be sent to him, with a request to retreat rapidly, and fall back behind the piccolo. These musical officers would ease JULLIEN of the heavier part of his labours, and spare the public the painful sight of a conductor brow-beating—for it is a curious fact, which should be noticed, that JULLIEN'S brows beat time beautifully—his grand army of instruments around him.

City Economy.

LORD MAYOR'S Day and GUY FAWKES' Day succeed each other so rapidly, that we think one day might really suffice for the two. There would be no difficulty in finding a good Guy—considering the number of Common Councilmen—and the LORD MAYOR'S carriage would add considerably to the absurdity of the occasion. This would be a happy combination of fun and solemnity, which would make the shopkeepers on Ludgate Hill and Cheapside less likely to complain of the suspension of their business on the 9th of November, merely to witness a cavalcade which Astley's would be ashamed of. If the opening of Parliament could be joined to the above amusements, all London would close its shutters for the day, to witness such a concentration of absurdities. Such an august—or rather November—ceremony would remind us of the "ryghte merrie sporttes of ye Merrie Englande."

A QUEER QUERY.

A CORRESPONDENT, whose name we have no wish to learn, inquires whether it is not perfectly natural that BERNE (the wretch writes it BURN) should set the whole of Switzerland in a blaze?

OMNIBUS LITERATURE.

AN Omnibus Conductor on the Hammersmith Road, who is given a little to literature, (and who is not, now-a-days?) calls the two monster houses at the Albert Gate, "*Stories without an End.*"

DOMESTIC BLISS.

Domestic (soliloquising). "WELL! I'M SURE MISSUS HAD BETTER GIVE THIS NEW BONNET TO ME, INSTEAD OF STICKING SUCH A YOUNG-LOOKING THING UPON HER OLD SHOULDERS." *(The impudent minx has immediate warning.)*

CIVIC STATISTICS.

AN ingenious contemporary has furnished some curious data relative to the number of dishes cooked, and the persons employed in cooking and serving them up at the LORD MAYOR'S Dinner. It appears that 8000 plates were in requisition; and supposing each plate to have had the usual complement of knives and forks, there must have been 40,000 silver prongs, taking 5 prongs to each fork, put into requisition, as well as 8000 sharp blades, and —exclusive of the guests themselves—not less than 16,000 spoons. Presuming each plate to contain twenty mouthfuls, we get the alarming aggregate of 160,000 mouthfuls at the dinner of the LORD MAYOR; and supposing each mouthful to require the application of the dental powers three times, we obtain the truly terrific result of nearly half-a-million movements of the jaws. This calculation, however, leaves altogether out of the question the vast amount of maxillary motion required for the speech-making, conversation, and hip, hip, hurra-ing of the festive night. An arithmetician has been engaged to get at the prodigious total, but the result has been so horrible that we do not feel ourselves justified in making it known.

THE LAST APPEAL.

WE beg our correspondents will send us no more jokes upon Statues, such as "*Statu quo*," "The Statue of Limitations," and the like enormities, which every leader of every newspaper now commits. Though we are Editors, we have feelings as well as other men. We make the above request as a favour, and we are sure every reader of *Punch* is too much of a gentleman to refuse it. The matter is now over, and we promise not to say another word about it.

THE POPULAR IMPRESSION.

WE have discovered at last the true reasons for the interference of the Government in the money crisis. The subjoined letter, addressed to LORD JOHN RUSSELL, completely proved its point, and was as convincing to the Premier, as it will be to all who thoroughly understand it:—

"MY LORD, *Land's End, October* 20.

"There is nothing more distressing in the present painful state of the commercial world, than the needless confusion in the statements of those who endeavour to unravel the cause of the money pressure. I beg to submit the following as the true cause of our disorders, and the only safe remedies we may apply to them. It will be remembered that monetary affairs were affected by the discount on premium, when consolidated promissory notes were at par. This naturally reacted upon the exchange of dishonoured specie, causing a run for debentures, and even making bullion negotiable. Now what followed? Why, of course Exchequer bills were dishonoured by being put in the Stocks, and Scrip became no longer a provisional assignee. To remedy all this, we have but to let the currency be confined to monetary annuities, the deposit being at the minimum rate of assets, thus stimulating the mortgage of interest by giving a fair remuneration to the manufacturer, and lowering the price of bread.

"I am, my Lord,

"Your obedient and humble servant,

"A. NOODLE."

A Rare Goose.

WE have always thought it impossible that a stranger bird than the owl could be conceived as the representative of Wisdom. But we were mistaken. "People," says "ANTI-BECCARIA" writing, otherwise sensibly enough, in the *Morning Post*, "want practicality, they tell us; but a fig for your intellectuality; that is to say, to use a homely illustration, they want the golden eggs, but not the goose that lays them." INTELLECTUALITY A GOOSE! Are "ANTI-BECCARIA'S" lucubrations the golden eggs of the *Post*, and is his intellectuality the goose that lays them?

EMANCIPATION FOR THE OMNIBUS HORSE!

EVERY one knows—or ought to know—that in the present state of the Assault Market men may be knocked down at prices varying from five pounds downwards: and it is a truth which deserves to be so widely diffused, that cruelty to omnibus horses may be "done" at an equally moderate figure, the principal difference being, that in the latter case payment is required in advance, and that a reduction is made in proportion to the amount of brutality stipulated for. All men are said to be equal in the eye of the law, though all men that we have met with are exactly the reverse. Be this as it may, it is an indisputable fact that the legal eye, by an *un*pleasant fiction, looks upon all omnibus horses as equal—to any amount of labour that may be imposed on them, provided always a proportionate tax is paid, as fixed by Act of Parliament.

Imagine two "noble animals," as MAYOR says, drawing an omnibus with thirteen passengers, and thirteen passengers' umbrellas, carpet-bags, and band-boxes in the interior alone: and we could produce a good deal of pathos out of such materials without going outside:—well, imagine such a burden, and it would seem that the force of omnibus horses could no further go. All a mistake. An increase in the sum paid for the license effects (let us hope so at least) a corresponding one in the powers of the cattle; for on payment of "something extra" to the Government, fifteen, eighteen—in fact, an indefinite number of passengers—are stowed in and on the vehicle with total impunity, and without compunction.

We have actually gone so far as to remonstrate with the drivers on their inhuman conduct; but they have no pity for the poor beasts, and uniformly replied that "It served them right." However, the omnibus horse must be emancipated. Their masters are a hard-hearted race, and although in many cases the equine labourers are doubtless worthy of their hire, there must be some limit to cruelty; or, in other words, to the number of passengers conveyed. At present, there is only one consolation for the poor horses—that when they are overloaded, their masters are invariably the losers.

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TRAVELS IN LONDON.

THE CURATE'S WALK.

It was the third out of the four bell-buttons at the door at which the Curate pulled; and the summons was answered after a brief interval.

I must premise that the house before which we stopped was No. 14, Sedan Buildings, leading out of Great Guelph Street, Dettingen Street, Culloden Street, Minden Square; and Upper and Lower Caroline Row form part of the same quarter—a very queer and solemn quarter to walk in, I think, and one which always suggests FIELDING's novels to me. I can fancy CAPTAIN BOOTH strutting out of the very door at which we were standing, in tarnished lace, with his hat cocked over his eye, and his hand on his hanger; or LADY BELLASTON's chair and bearers coming swinging down Great Guelph Street, which we have just quitted to enter Sedan Buildings.

Sedan Buildings is a little flagged square, ending abruptly with the huge walls of BLUCK's Brewery. The houses, by many degrees smaller than the large decayed tenements in Great Guelph Street, are still not uncomfortable, although shabby. There are brass-plates on the doors, two on some of them; or simple names, as "LUNT," "PADGEMORE," &c., (as if no other statement about LUNT and PADGEMORE were necessary at all) under the bells. There are pictures of mangles before two of the houses, and a gilt arm with a hammer sticking out from one. I never saw a Goldbeater. What sort of a being is he that he always sticks out his ensign in dark, mouldy, lonely, dreary, but somewhat respectable places? What powerful Mulciberian fellows they must be, those Goldbeaters, whacking and thumping with huge mallets at the precious metals all day. I wonder what is Goldbeaters' skin? and do they get impregnated with the metal? and are their great arms under their clean shirts on Sundays, all gilt and shining?

It is a quiet, kind, respectable place somehow, in spite of its shabbiness. Two pewter pints and a jolly little half-pint are hanging on the railings in perfect confidence, basking in what little sun comes into the Court. A group of small children are making an ornament of oyster-shells in one corner. Who has that half-pint? Is it for one of those small ones, or for some delicate female recommended to take beer? The windows in the Court, upon some of which the sun glistens, are not cracked, and pretty clean; it is only the black and dreary look behind which gives them a poverty-stricken appearance. No curtains or blinds. A bird-cage and a very few pots of flowers here and there. This—with the exception of a milkman talking to a whitey-brown woman, made up of bits of flannel and strips of faded chintz and calico seemingly, and holding a long bundle which cried—this was all I saw in Sedan Buildings while we were waiting until the door should open.

At last the door was opened, and by a porteress so small, that I wonder how she ever could have reached up to the latch. She bobbed a curtsey and smiled at the Curate, whose face gleamed with benevolence too, in reply to that salutation.

"Mother not at home?" says FRANK WHITESTOCK, patting the child on the head.

"Mother's out charing, Sir," replied the girl; "but please to walk up, Sir." And she led the way up one and two pairs of stairs to that apartment in the house which is called the second floor front; in which was the abode of the charwoman.

There were two young persons in the room, of the respective ages of eight and five, I should think. She of five years of age was hemming a duster, being perched on a chair at the table in the middle of the room. The elder, of eight, politely wiped a chair with a cloth for the accommodation of the good-natured Curate, and came and stood between his knees, immediately alongside of his umbrella, which also reposed there, and which she by no means equalled in height.

"These children attend my school at Saint Timothy's," MR. WHITESTOCK said; "and BETSY keeps the house whilst her mother is from home."

Anything cleaner or neater than this house it is impossible to conceive. There was a big bed, which must have been the resting-place of the whole of this little family. There were three or four religious prints on the walls; besides two framed and glazed, of PRINCE COBURG and the PRINCESS CHARLOTTE. There were brass candlesticks, and a lamb on the chimney-piece, and a cupboard in the corner, decorated with near half-a-dozen of plates, yellow bowls, and crockery. And on the table there were two or three bits of dry bread, and a jug with water, with which these three young people (it being then nearly three o'clock) were about to take their meal called tea.

That little BETSY who looks so small is nearly ten years old: and has been a mother ever since the age of about five. I mean to say, that her own mother having to go out upon her charing operations, BETSY assumes command of the room during her parent's absence: has nursed her sisters from babyhood up to the present time: keeps order over them, and the house clean as you see it: and goes out occasionally and transacts the family purchases of bread, moist sugar, and mother's tea. They dine upon bread, tea and breakfast upon bread when they have it, or go to bed without a morsel. Their holiday is Sunday, which they spend at Church and Sunday-school. The younger children scarcely ever go out save on that day, but sit sometimes in the sun, which comes in pretty pleasantly; sometimes blue in the cold, for they very seldom see a fire except to heat irons by, when mother has a job of linen to get up. Father was a journeyman book-binder, who died four years ago, and is buried among thousands and thousands of the nameless dead who lie crowding the black churchyard of St. Timothy's parish.

The Curate evidently took especial pride in VICTORIA, the youngest of these three children of the charwoman, and caused BETSY to fetch a book which lay at the window, and bade her read. It was a Missionary Register which the Curate opened hap-hazard, and this baby began to read out in an exceedingly clear and resolute voice about—

"The island of Raritongo is the least frequented of all the Caribbean Archipelago. Wankyfungo is at four leagues S. E. by E., and the peak of the crater of Shuagnahua is distinctly visible. The *Irascible* entered Raritongo Bay on the evening of Thursday 29th, and the next day the REV. MR. FLETHERS, MRS. FLETHERS, and their nine children, and SHANGPOOKY, the native converted at Cacabawgo, landed and took up their residence at the house of RATATATUA, the principal Chief, who entertained us with yams and a pig," &c. &c. &c.

"Raritongo, Wankyfungo, Archipelago." I protest this little woman read off each of these long words with an ease which perfectly astonished me. Many a lieutenant in HER MAJESTY'S Heavies would be puzzled with words of half the length. WHITESTOCK, by way of reward for her scholarship, gave her another pat on the head; having received which present with a curtsey, she went and put the book back into the window, and clambering back into the chair, resumed the hemming of the blue duster.

I suppose it was the smallness of these people, as well as their singular, neat, and tidy behaviour, which interested me so. Here were three creatures not so high as the table, with all the labours, duties, and cares of life upon their little shoulders, working and doing their duty like the biggest of my readers; regular, laborious, cheerful—content with small pittances, practising a hundred virtues of thrift and order.

ELIZABETH, at ten years of age, might walk out of this house and take the command of a small establishment. She can wash, get up linen, cook, make purchases, and buy bargains. If I were ten years old and three feet in height, I would marry her, and we would go and live in a cupboard, and share the little half-pint pot for dinner. 'MELIA, eight years of age, though inferior in accomplishments to her sister, is her equal in size, and can wash, scrub, hem, go errands, put her hand to the dinner, and make herself generally useful. In a word, she is fit to be a little housemaid, and to make everything but the beds, which she cannot as yet reach up to. As for VICTORIA's qualifications, they have been mentioned before. I wonder whether the PRINCESS ALICE can read off "Raritongo," &c., as glibly as this surprising little animal.

I asked the Curate's permission to make these young ladies a present, and accordingly produced the sum of sixpence to be divided amongst the three. "What will you do with it?" I said, laying down the coin.

They answered, all three at once, and in a little chorus, "We 'll give it to mother." This verdict caused the disbursement of another sixpence, and it was explained to them that the sum was for their own private pleasures, and each was called upon to declare what she would purchase.

ELIZABETH says, "I would like twopenn'orth of meat, if you please, Sir."

'MELIA: "Ha'porth of treacle, three-farthings'-worth of milk, and the same of fresh bread."

VICTORIA, speaking very quick, and gasping in an agitated manner. "Ha'pny—aha—orange, and ha'pny—aha—apple, and ha'pny—aha—treacle, and—and—" here her imagination failed her. She did not know what to do with the rest of the money.

At this 'MELIA actually interposed, "Suppose she and VICTORIA subscribed a farthing apiece out of their money, so that BETSY might have a quarter of a pound of meat?" She added that her sister wanted it, and that it would do her good. Upon my word, she made the proposals, and the calculations, in an instant, and all of her own accord. And before we left them, BETSY had put on the queerest little black shawl

and bonnet, and had a mug and a basket ready to receive the purchases in question.

Sedan Court has a particularly friendly look to me since that day. Peace be with you, O thrifty, kindly, simple, loving little maidens! May their voyage in life prosper! Think of the great journey before them, and the little cock-boat manned by babies venturing over the great stormy Ocean. SPEC.

THE LOVES OF THE NEW POLICE.

'TWAS when the summer noonday's heat
Had given way to evening's cool,
That three policemen, off their beat,
Sat playing pleasantly the fool.
'Twas at the Station's open door,
When each, his gallantry to prove,
Consented to run briefly o'er
The story of his early love.
The first who spoke was one with look
The least important of the three,
Whose oilskin cape had lost its hook,
And hung around him seedily;
His bull's-eye had a broken glass,
There seemed no gaiety for him;
His hat was crushed, as if, alas!
The cup of grief ran o'er the brim.
His fingers through his hair he ran,
Cleared his parch'd throat, and thus began:—

FIRST POLICEMAN'S STORY.

'Twas in a square that far away,
Northward of Burton Crescent, lies,
Where the dull beadle spends the day
In thrashing boys and killing flies.
One morn, upon the beat despatched,
For want of something else to do
Mine eye a kitchen window watched,
When a fair maiden met my view.
Her hands were in a wooden bowl,
A vegetable-dish she washed,
And from her upturned eye the soul
Of melancholy beauty flashed.
At length, as from the area's height,
I threw her down a playful wink,
The gesture seemed to strike a light—
A spark fresh caught from CUPID'S link.

Never shall I forget her look,
With face upturn'd she still remained;
In admiration of that cook,
I to the area rails was chained.
In pity to the wondering maid,
Without her name or wages learning,
My progress I no more delayed,
But vanished down the nearest turning.
Lexicons cannot tell the power
Passion held o'er me from that hour.
When on or off my daily duty,
In winter's cold or summer's heat,
My heart around that home of beauty
Remained for ever on the beat.
No more my bull's-eye gaily shone;
My very staff of life was gone.

You may suppose it was not long
Ere I revisited the spot;
A ballad-singer's mournful song
Would call me thither like a shot.
"Move on!" my lips would gently say,
To Harmony's itinerant child;
But downwards would my glances play,
Upon the spot where she had smil'd.
Thus time roll'd on! at last I learn'd
My love was by that maid return'd.
'Twas not an ordinary flame,
Like human passion poor and brief;
'Twas lasting, and its produce came
To me in shape of bread and beef.
Well I remember at her side,
The joint when cold I would divide:
When turning to the door she said,
"Thank goodness, Missus is a-bed!
"Oh! that it were my fate to look
For ever on those manly features;
Or only turn away to cook
Chops for the noblest, best of creatures!"

That very night my love had grown
By that on which it had been feeding;
But while I lingered, time had flown:
And of my duty all unheeding,
I twice had heard them cry—"Police!"
And twice the sound appeared to cease.
Twice I had left my seat, to go—
And what the row was straight discover;
But passion murmured boldly, "No!
Sink the policeman in the lover."
Thus for an hour at least I stayed,
Beside that captivating maid.
Twice I had nearly said "Good Night;"
The very word was all but spoken;
Twice I had taken up my light,
Put on my cape, resolv'd on flight—
She smil'd; and my resolve was broken.
Between the door and me she stood,
A pint pot dangled on her fingers;
Resist such witchery who could?
Though lost, quite lost, is he who lingers.

Thus, having once confessed her power,
Whene'er I was on duty sent,
Always at the accustomed hour,
To where she lived my steps I bent.
Until at last, one fatal night,
We thought that everything was right,
All had been quiet over head,
We deem'd the household snug in bed.
Sitting, as we supposed, alone,
By love possessed, devoid of fear,
I dallied with the devilled bone,
While she with egg had flipped the beer.
I was about to quench my thirst,
But—sad and horrible disaster!—
A cupboard door wide open burst;
"Good gracious," she exclaimed, "my master!"
That moment I blew out the light,
Drew down my hat across my brow,
And fled—but since that fatal night
Became—the thing you see me now.

I was reported, and of course—
(Though they retained me in the force)—
They placed me on a distant beat,
In some far off sequester'd street,
Where daily I am growing old,
And looking back on former joys;
With feelings crush'd, but not yet cold,
I vent my passion on the boys.
Here the policeman bent his head,
In shame that of itself would tell
How bright the prospects lying dead,
How grand the height from which he fell.
Then, with a hurricane of sighs,
The tear-drops in a torrent rise.
His two companions, prompt and kind,
Tender the strength-sustaining draught,
But peace returns not to his mind
Until its whole contents are quaff'd.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—THERE are now 2000 miles of Electric Telegraph in operation, and the penny-a-liners are fearful that they will be superseded by the mechanical mode of reporting. Their fears are, however, groundless, for the Electric Telegraph cannot give very copious details, the reports furnished by its agency being naturally rather wire-drawn.

THE LADY AND THE LION.

We have heard it reported, that the noble beast into whose jaws the lady—who is in everybody's mouth—confidingly thrusts her head, is the veritable British Lion, who, having retired in disgust from the political world, has gone into the exhibition line. We are sorry to hear of the reduced circumstances into which the animal has fallen; but it is highly creditable to him that he should be doing his best to get an honest bit of bread by making a show of his mouth, which is open from twelve till dusk, as a sort of receptacle for the head of the lady. Though we have the fullest confidence in the honour, integrity, and gentlemanly feeling of the British Lion; though we know him to be incapable of a malicious or a dirty action; we should, we confess, be sorry to trust our own head between his teeth, for fear of accidents, unless we had some dull Parliamentary speech, or one of the old jokes pilfered by a "fast" writer, or something of the same description, to be read aloud, for the purpose of keeping the British Lion safely on the yawn during the operation. One of Mr. Borthwick's speeches, for example, would be worth its weight in lead to be recited while a head remains in the British Lion's mouth; for it is certain that the gaping process would never stop; and consequently the noble brute's jaws would never meet while an harangue from Peter B. was in course of delivery.

PUNCH IN PARLIAMENT.

The bosom of our beloved country had scarcely subsided from the tremulous thrill that ran through and through it on learning that *Punch* was returned to Parliament as Member for All England, when Thursday, the 18th of November, arrived. We arose on that morning with a new weight upon our head, and shaved with desperate calmness. We took our ten cups of coffee, three English rolls, eggs, and spicy sausage (such as Rabelais loved)—hungrily, yet withal reflectingly; for we knew that, on that morning, calumny, like an awakened lurcher bitch, would rise up, and stretch and shake herself, and open her jaws to be ready to have a snap at us.

"Yes, yes; *Punch* is all very well upon paper; strong enough, perhaps, with a goose-quill in his fingers—having it all his own way upon foolscap; but when he gets into Parliament, he'll be nobody: he'll find his level, depend upon it."

"Do you suppoge they'll ever listen to the feller?" asks Mrs. Gamp, with her head out of her garret window in Shoe Lane.

"A nasty, low cretur!" cries Betsy Prig, who has a back-attic at the *Morning Post*.

"A demycrat and an infidel!" sighs a hollow voice; the utterance of the shadowy Mrs. Harris, with spectral bellows blowing the *Standard's* dying fire.

And Chorus repeats—"*Punch* is all very well upon paper; but in Parliament he'll find his level, depend upon it."

With our quick long ear—so long that it reaches into futurity—we knew, from the moment of our election, that this would be said; and on the morning of the 18th we rose with the prophecy ringing like bells in our head. And we sat down to our breakfast, and with savage benevolence—thinking benignly of these our enemies—resolved to disappoint them.

When St. Bride's clock struck eleven, we ventured to look from our window into Fleet Street, and beheld a multitude that grew with every ticking of our repeater. "This will never do!" we thought. "No, we will not proceed to take our seat with such an escort. It will be thought by our brother M.P.s, that *Punch* comes to crow over them. There will be a look of triumph and arrogance in such a body-guard that is very, very foreign to our simple nature." And so pondering, we in due season threw our new Parliamentary toga about us, (we shall probably, in our next, print a pattern of the same for the use of the House of Commons generally), and, slipping out at the back door, passed rapidly through Bride Court, and ere the words could be written that chronicle the movement, *Punch* found himself in a waterman's wherry at Blackfriars Bridge.

"Vhere to, yer honour?" asked the badged Argonaut.

Whereupon we rose, and pointing towards Westminster, and looking very classically, we cried—

"Tu vehis Cæsarem, et fortunam ejus!"

The waterman, a little awe-struck, lifted his fore-finger to the rim of his hat. Poor fellow! we thought; had we been upon the Tiber a few hundred years ago, how very well he would have understood us. Therefore, as is our philosophy, accommodating ourselves to circumstances, we vouchsafed to the man a free translation of the Latin.

"Thou carriest *Punch* and his little bundle."

The man's face immediately brightened—his very coat blushed a newer, deeper scarlet—and stretching himself to it, he pulled with a joyful vehemence. For he had heard—who had not!—of *Punch's* return for All England, and concluded that the new aggregate Member was going to the House to take his many-sided seat, *Punch* ever being a hero of infinite bottom.

Warily avoiding all public notice, we glided into the House of Commons a little after one, just as Mr. Bellamy had taken the mace out of silver paper, and was placing it under the Speaker's table. "No doubt,"—we thought, in our innocence—"for a game of the whole House at hide-and-seek."

Well, *Punch's* Parliamentary brethren came tumbling in as thick as peas. And after all, very pleasant it was to see them; and most delicious, too, to our own feelings—but no; we pass over the cordial squeezes of the hand, the embraces, the words of congratulation—yes, and of affection, that welcomed *Punch* from all parties. (We felt that All England was right, and that we were not out of our place.)

Members, old and new, mingled together, fresh as prize-fighters from raw beef and gunpowder; and all shaking hands with one another so very heartily before they set-to. Lord John Russell looked bright as a butter-cup—contented, happy; as a man ought to look who knows that he has, locked up "in his own clear breast," a remedy for Ireland. And Bentinck's stable mind, beaming from his face, seemed none the worse for last year's "oats." And Sir Robert Inglis, too, shook hands with Lord John; and really seemed as if, in his heart, he had no fear that Baron Rothschild, when once in Parliament, would break into Lambeth Palace, carry off the revered Archbishop to the synagogue, and compel him to become a Jew. No; Sir Robert looked as though he felt that Mother Church knew that he was out; and that he, her son, believed the aforesaid Mother to be in no danger whatever.

Disraeli—our future Prime Minister—looked somewhat pale and worn; his cheek scored, as it were, by goose-quills. He has, no doubt, we thought, just written "finis" to his new political, Peninsular novel, *The Spanish Onion;* of which Mr. Colburn already speaks so very highly.

And King Hudson—that electrotyped stoker—was present, with Dutch cheek lustrous as Dutch metal. And Feargus O'Connor, wearing a large bunch of shamrocks over his heart, and among the shamrocks scarlet beads, to signify to the ingenious that his heart's blood was ready at the shortest notice to "thrickle in the cause of the Imerald Oisle."

And the pattern Plumptre—with a Bill in his pocket to prevent the Thames from flowing and violets from giving odour on Sundays—faintly grinned on the fire new democrat, G. Thompson, from the Tower Hamlets; and the meek Spooner—with, it may be, a syllable too many in his political name—founded a cast-iron Brummagem smile, as his brass-button eye—(for there is no "gilt" in it)—fell upon the new member for Oldham, the radical, the republican, the silver-voiced Fox.

And the courteous, radiant Talfourd—fresh from his school-boy Reading—with *Ion* laurels so leafy and so full that they well-nigh reached Sibthorpe's ears; and Lord Morpeth, the mild and gracious Minister for Soap; and Muntz, with meteoric beard; and Milner Gibson, the freshest Manchester print; and Nugent, foe to the hangman, friend to all that 's just: and Wakley, new from Rydal Mount, on a visit to Wordsworth; and many others were there; many, whose names, if not given here, may all be found—it is a comfort for *Punch* to know it—in *Punch's Pocket-Book* (price 2*s.* 6*d.* with a roan tuck).

We looked for one man; the man Peel: he was not there. Where was he? We will now answer that question. At that hour Sir Robert was at Tamworth; seated in his library, on the left side of the fire; his right leg crossed over his sinister; his hands folded; his eye bent upon the tuft of the tail of the British lion worked in his hearth-rug; his whole soul divided into two parts; and one part asking this question of the other—"*What is a Pound?*"

Mr. C. S. Lefevre was voted speaker, and congratulated thereupon. Congratulated! We never felt our heart fill so full of compassion as

when we saw him seat himself in that uneasy chair. And then, with bitter mockery, they laid the golden mace before him. We say it,—mockery; for if, availing himself of the elasticity of the Constitution, the Speaker were allowed to stretch it a little, in order now and then to knock down a PLUMPTRE when tedious, or a SPOONER when prosy—the weapon would be a useful, nay, a valuable instrument. As it is, it is a mockery and a shame: laid before the Speaker only the more to test his patience; for often, we are sure of it, his fingers must itch to be at it, that he might adjourn the House, as a policeman with his staff adjourns a mob.]

LEFEVRE, new Speaker of the new Commons—*Punch* compassionates thee! Doomed for hours and hours to sit into "the deep waste and middle of the night," listening to nothing—listening, when, it may be, those dear to thee think thou wert better in bed. Talk of impaling! why, what would the sharp punishment be for an hour or two, and so have it over at once, to the sitting night after night upon dull points of form or law, or bits of broken arguments, comfortless, though not as clear, as bits of broken glass!

And then looked we round, and pitied the doomed silent members. Morbid victims of miserable ambition! Doomed silent all as Turks in a toy-shop! Men, who would tremble at the thought of a speech! Men, who, if tempted in an unguarded moment to open their mouths, would drop again, covered with such fiery blushes as would make their Parliamentary seats too hot to hold them.

For the present, we shall say nothing about the QUEEN's speech; that in our next; which will also contain our own maiden speech in the House of Commons—a speech to the which all the ears of All England will, we know it, graciously incline, even as the million ears of a field of golden wheat bent by the southern wind.

Punch would not print his own many speeches in Parliament—for there are few subjects upon which he will not say something—but that there is a conspiracy against him. The hollow hearts of the newspaper press have at last thrown off the mask, and have declared their intention to ruin *Punch* in the opinion of his great constituency—All England, be it remembered—by not printing his speeches.

Ha! ha! *Punch*, jocund, skips to his own cases, sets up his own type in glittering row—"dews of morning, strung on slender blades of grass"—and then, covering himself with his own ink, comes from his office, singing to the world, like a big bumble-bee full of honey from the heart of a flower.

And so much for *Punch* in Parliament. Yet a moment.—*Punch* had almost forgotten to state, that when he visited the House the following day for the purpose of tendering as M.P. his ceremonial loyalty to his beloved QUEEN, the Constitution, &c. &c., he proceeded to the House, and then to the Speaker's table, to perform the usual formalities, led thither by, on one hand, SIR ROBERT PEEL, and on the other, LORD JOHN RUSSELL. This was handsome; and the loud cheering of the House showed that the whole Commons appreciated the courtesy.

WHERE ARE THE RAILWAY SURVEYORS?

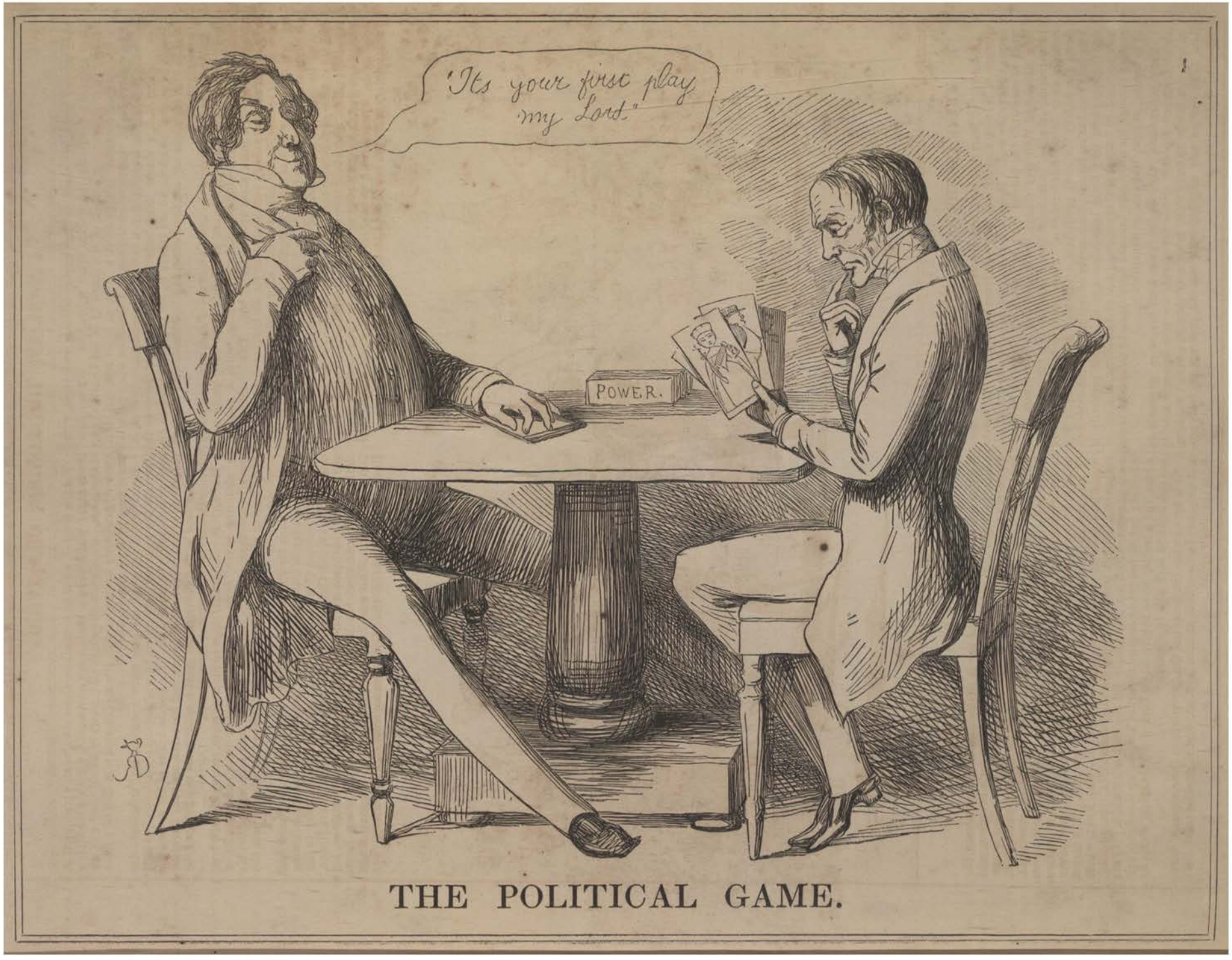
A COUPLE of years ago, such was the fertility of the soil in consequence of railway speculation, that surveyors sprung up like mushrooms all over the land. Those who had never been in any line at all, went at once into the railway line; but, alas! they have all of them long ago found their very dumpy levels, and the only cuttings they have recently studied, have been those forming the curious art of cutting away from their creditors. They have, in fact, been going down the hill by the most precipitate gradients; and, though it is a long lane that has no turning, their career of decline has not exhibited one friendly curve they could take advantage of. Their ingenuity is now required to manage that ingenious piece of tunnelling, the act of getting through the difficulties brought upon them by fallacious hopes of becoming, in time, BRUNELS or STEPHENSONS.

Many enthusiasts, who, in the year forty-five, were prepared to throw a viaduct half-way across the world, are now scarcely able to construct a bridge to carry them safely over their last week's washing-bill. The tear of pity mingling with our ink, prevents us from proceeding further.

THE DUAL VOCALIST.

AMONG the novelties of the age is an individual who possesses the ability to sing a duet all by himself, taking both parts in unison, and executing the bass and treble at the very same moment. This is certainly wonderful if true, and surpasses even the talent of which PEEL and others have given the world the most astonishing specimens. There have been many political performers who could vary their voices in a marvellous manner, and sing at one time extremely high, at another profoundly low; but there is something quite new in the alleged power of keeping up contrary sounds at the selfsame moment. The secret would be a valuable one to a statesman like SIR ROBERT PEEL, whose transitions, though sometimes very startling and sudden, are, after all, mere changes, which we may admire for the tact with which they are effected; but he has yet to acquire the art of keeping up simultaneously a bass and a treble, so as to give him a kind of double voice, which he has not hitherto been able to acquire.

It is true he has the benefit of the two voices in their separate form; but to profit by them both at once is an accomplishment he must learn from the dual vocalist.



THE POLITICAL GAME.

THE SILENT ORATOR.

JUDGING from last week, and every other week, poor MR. MEAGHER, the DEMOSTHENES of the Irish Confederation, is never allowed to speak! He no sooner rises than he is immediately put down. His eloquence is always buried in his own bosom. He makes pathetic appeals—he endeavours to intimidate; but it is of no avail. He even threatens that he will stop all night—that he will not stir from the spot till they hear him; but this threat is only the signal for renewed uproar. The more he begs to be heard, the less he is listened to. Sometimes an assault is made upon the platform, and an attempt is made to carry off by force the orator, with his speech undelivered in his pocket. Then the Hibernian DEMOSTHENES asserts himself. He declares he will not move the breadth of a hair, unless he is a corpse. This makes a sensation; silence is obtained for a moment; the pause is taken advantage of; and the speech, after two hours' preface of groans, at last is begun. But it is only the beginning of the end. The Kentish fire again bursts out—Old Ireland raises its stentorian voice once more—the brickbats come uninvited through the window, and the report generally ends with the dampening paragraph, "MR. MEAGHER, after a scene of disturbance which has never been surpassed, even in Ireland, was compelled to resume his seat."

These continual disappointments must be very galling to an orator; and we should advise MR. MEAGHER for the future to begin his addresses with, "Beloved countrymen! Don't hear me." And perhaps by the spirit of contradiction, which is the only thing Irishmen are ever unanimous upon, he may obtain a hearing. We are only afraid, when he does get a meeting to listen to him, that his speech will be a little out of date and application, if it is the same which he has been interrupted in at every town in Ireland for the last year. He will have to begin it with—"My devoted fellow-sufferers. Twelve months ago, I intended, if you had listened to me, to have told you;" and so on all the way through. No doubt it will answer just as well as one prepared expressly for the occasion. When the event, however, does occur, we shall be too happy to record it as follows:—

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON IN IRELAND.

MR. MEAGHER after years of undaunted perseverance and unconquerable courage, has succeeded in obtaining a hearing. A meeting at Belfast listened to him for full ten minutes without a single interruption. Such an event has never occurred before within the recollection of the "Oldest Inhabitant."

THE BELLY AND THE MEMBERS OF LINCOLN'S INN.

VERY sad complaints are made by the students of Lincoln's Inn, respecting the dietetic arrangements which prevail in the hall of that society. It is well known that gentlemen, in order to arrive at the dignity of barristers-at-law, are under the necessity of devouring a certain number of dinners; or, in professional parlance, eating their terms. These terms, it appears, at Lincoln's Inn, are of a miserably low description, and the members of the Institution in question complain that the courses which form part of their course of study are very much inferior to their desert. They say that those who sit at the lower end of the board can get nothing but a meal of broken victuals, served up half cold, from the benchers' table. If they are to cut their way to the bar with knife and fork, it is but just that they should be furnished with materials whereon to employ those implements. Substantials should be provided for that exercise of the jaw which is deemed requisite as a preparative to the practice of pleading.

The members have a very fair quarrel with the belly—which would seem to be represented by the benchers—of Lincoln's Inn. On the other hand, it may be alleged on behalf of the latter gentlemen, that they may be laudably anxious to discourage the practice of cramming as the means of obtaining a qualification for the bar. Still, it will be discreditable to those authorities to reduce the student of an honourable profession to make that degrading exhibition of himself which, we fear, will shortly be witnessed in Lincoln's Inn. It is but too probable that the future barrister will be seen extended on the hall floor, and chalking out the abject inscription, "I am starving."

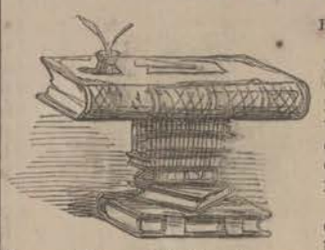
A STATE PAUPER INDEED!

"IT has been stated," says a correspondent of the *Times*, "that there are 60,000 beggars in London, and that the alms they obtain amount to £1,200,000 a year, an average of £20 a year for each beggar." The following paragraph occurs in the *Daily News*:—

"The Board of Ordnance have, after repeated applications, awarded a pension of £20 per annum to the widow of the late J. MARSH, whose test for the detection of minute quantities of arsenic, and other discoveries in chemistry, had given to his name an European reputation."

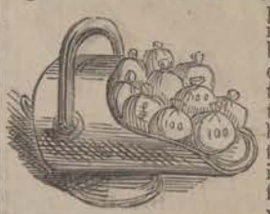
The stipend thus allowed by the Government to MRS. MARSH, therefore, equals exactly the average annual income of a common beggar. With strict propriety, then, may MRS. MARSH's salary be called a beggarly pittance.

THE BANK PARLOUR.



THE notice we have been taking for some years of the Bank Parlour has rendered that apartment an object of considerable interest, and those individuals who humbly borrow all their ideas from *Punch*—a very becoming practice when it is modestly done—are venturing to take a peep into the room we have immortalised.

For the gratification of public curiosity, we have penetrated further into the Bank Parlour, and are happy to be enabled to give a sort of catalogue or inventory of some of the furniture. In this cold weather, the fire-place is the spot to which we first direct our attention, and there we perceive the conventional mode of keeping the pot boiling by means of money most strikingly realised. A Bank coffer filled with coffee rests on the bars, which are made of real bullion, and the fire is kept alight by the agency of little bags of a material that may be seen piled up in a neighbouring coal-scuttle. On the rug before the fire-place is a little footstool, with a delicious stuffing of Bank Notes—a material considered extremely useful in keeping people on their legs, and giving them a firm footing. The seats, supplied from the broker's shop of the Government Broker, serve the purpose of chests as well as chairs, and are filled with £. *s. d.*; for every seat in the Bank Parlour has a good stock of the precious metals for its foundation. The works of Art in the Bank Parlour are rare, and the celebrated drawing of a Bank Note for one million pounds, inclosed in a frame of gold, is the chief ornament to the walls of the apartment.



It is not true that the Bank intends to let an attic, with the use of the Parlour, in order to increase the amount in its vaults, though it is possible that such a measure was in contemplation during the pressure, that, but for the relaxation of the Currency Act a week or two ago, would have ended in a national bankruptcy. There is also, we are happy to say, no foundation for the report that every passenger who gets into an omnibus to the Bank is actually running to that establishment for gold, or for the purpose of obtaining discounts. The rumour of an intention to put on the screw again originated, we are delighted to find, in a conversation between the driver and cad of a 'bus, who, in consequence of the "sudden indisposition" of a horse recently purchased, agreed between themselves that "the screw"—meaning a retired animal belonging to the stud—"must be put on again."

HEAVY ON THE HEAVIES.

"*Mr. Punch*,

"I HAVE the misfortune to be a heavy dragoon. I ride twenty stone when in full fig. I am not a little man, as you will conclude from the above startling fact in regard of my weight. I am, in fact, what is commonly called "stout"—but symmetrical at the same time.

"Now, Sir, we heavies are a hardly used body of men as any in the service. There was the New Regulation Helmet absolutely forced on our heads, with the hair on the top of it standing on end at its own ugliness. As JACK GRIGSBY of ours says, 'It makes all the heavies "top heavies."' Our Colonel, who is a judge, considers the new helmet essentially un-English. His Royal Highness, it must be confessed, runs rather wild in Hats, whether civil or military.

—"So much for our tops. But now the Board at Whitehall Yard have decided on cutting off the skirts of the coat, or docking them to the most insignificant dimensions.

This is a view, taken from the rear, of what I am.

This is a view, also *jour à derrière*, of what I am to be.

I leave you to guess what my feelings are, as a man and a soldier.

"Then there 's the expense. It may be all play to H.R.H., but it is all *pay* with the H.D.G. (Heavy Dragoon Guards). My bills would astonish you, as a father. I wish you could have seen how the governor stared at last year's, and swore at H. R. H. in a style I didn't quite like to listen to, as bearing HER MAJESTY'S Commission. I had had a complete rig last year when I joined. Here 's a bit of the bill:—

"S. SOLID, Esq., 3rd Dragoon Guards, *April 1st*, 1847.

Dr. to MESSRS. BADGER & BUCKRAM.

To Full Dress Coat, Laced, Skirted, Gilt-stared, Fangled	£22	0	0
To Pair of Epaulettes	7	0	0
To Regulation Helmet	20	0	0
To Do. Shabracque	21	0	0
	£70	0	0

"There. Not a bad haul out of the governor's pocket, with BOB'S ticks at Cambridge coming on, the tenants hard up, and the Irish property not paying a rap.

"Well, Sir, every blessed article in that bill was 'cast' twelve months after. I've only worn that Shabracque twice—once on the QUEEN'S Birthday, and once on the glorious 18th of June. And now that infernal old screw, LEVI, won't give more than £7 for the lot, and insists on my taking out £3 of that in Eau-de-Cologne, which I'm certain he manufactures on the premises in Greek Street. So much for 1846. Here is the bill for 1847:—

"To Coat of 1847, do. do. do.	£22	0	0
To Aiguillettes	15	0	0
To New Regulation Helmet (Ramoneur pattern)	20	0	0
To Do. Shabracque	21	0	0
	£78	0	0

"How the governor will stand this bill I daren't attempt to conceive. By Gad, Sir, I expect I shall have to sell out, and go into the Church, though the family living is booked for BOB. My pay, as Cornet, is £140 per annum, and out of that I'm to pay such bills as those I've sent you, besides my outfit, keep up my buggy (and perhaps a share in the drag next year), three bull-terriers, my subscription to the boat, not to speak of wine, cigars, spirits, mess, and forage-money (8*d*. per day for each charger), and miscellaneous expenses, such as charity.

"I can't do it, Sir, without getting into debt. It 's no use. LEVI 's not a bad fellow, if you can draw any cash out of him. Unfortunately, he runs on Champagne, cigars, Eau-de-Cologne, and pictures; and I don't want these articles, which fellows are sure to lose money by if they sell them again.

"Hoping you will notice these hardships, and do what you can for us,

"I remain, dear *Punch*, your constant reader,

"SAMPSON SOLID,

"Cornet 3rd Drag. Guards."

THE CITY TURNPIKE-MAN.

IT is an observation no less beautiful than true, and as philanthropic as it is remarkable, that if it is worth while to keep a horse, it is worth while to feed and take care of him. We wish the City authorities would feel this with regard to their turnpike-man who is consigned to the unstable accommodation of a high stool immediately under the Chancery Lane lamp-post. Surely, if he is worth planting at all as a picquet or pike-man, he has a right to insist that his post—lamp-post though it be—should be well and sufficiently fortified. Such, however, is the excessive shakiness of his situation, that when he darts forth for a toll his stool is frequently shoved by some malicious urchin into the midst of the crash of coal-waggons, carts, carriages, vans, 'buses, and barrows; when, upon endeavouring to extricate his seat of office, he finds himself abandoned, like WOLSEY,

"To the mercy of a rude storm,"

that must (or may) "for ever hide him." The populace, looking upon the City toll-man as the last remnant of feudalism, show no sympathy with him when he falls among a hostile band of carters or waggoners, who are endeavouring to evade the toll; and the Institution—represented by a tumble-down stool—is evidently no longer respected. We call upon the City authorities either to abolish or protect their toll collector; but to set him up as a mere nine-pin, at the corner of Fleet Street—an unprotected skittle to be bowled down half-a-dozen times a day by the rude hand of ruffianism, for the idle pastime of the people—is a piece of cruelty that the humanity of the nineteenth century utterly revolts against.

THE FASHIONABLE TIE.

THE archæology of Fashion would form a very interesting study, for there are many peculiarities of dress of which the origin is wrapped in the profoundest mystery. Who would suspect, for instance, if we did not inform them of the fact, that the fantailed hat is only a modification of the old Spanish *sombrero*; and that the highlow may be first seen on one of the ankles of one of JULIUS CÆSAR'S uncles? The pinafore was introduced by the Celts, who made these useful articles out of the skins of animals, and the Polka pelisse was brought from Egypt by our old friend SEMIRAMIS. The modern wrap-rascal may be seen on the back of HENRY VIII., in the pictures of HOLBEIN; and the old familiar jack-towel may be seen twisted about the neck of HELIOGABALUS, which is the first position in which we meet with it.

Our experience in these matters has induced us to trace the origin of some fashions of a more recent date, and the loose neckcloth of the Fast Man—how natural is the connection, by the bye, between fast and loose!—has become the subject of our ingenious speculations. We very rapidly discovered the original in the costume of that extraordinary character, the British Dustman, whose neckcloth has evidently furnished the pattern from which the Fast men—and boys—have selected their throatal appendages.

Despotism.

"The Gentlemen-at-Arms have recently been ordered, by authority, to promote the growth of hair on the upper lip."—*Globe*.

THIS is very hard; but nothing so bad as what *Punch* suffered in the late panic: for he was more than once very rudely requested to produce, not a moustachio, but the *tip*.

GRIMALDI'S MANTLE.

About this time of the year the discussion is generally renewed as to who is the Clown upon whose shoulders the mantle of Grimaldi has fallen. We were not particularly aware that Grimaldi ever wore a mantle. It certainly does not form a part usually of a Clown's dress; and the *Life of Grimaldi*, which we looked into purposely, at a book-stall, does not tell us that a mantle ever formed part of his wardrobe. From the frequent mention that is made of this mantle, one would imagine that Grimaldi was never without it—that he ate, walked, dined, played, and slept in his mantle. However, the question is not whether Grimaldi ever had a mantle or not; as public historians, we are bound to take facts as they come, and not inquire too minutely into them; so we will take it for granted, that the great child of *Mother Goose* really had a mantle. The real question is, Who, at present, has this celebrated mantle? We do not think there is a Clown extant who does not lay claim to it. It must be a mantle of the most expansive dimensions, considering the number of shoulders it falls upon regularly every November.

We could publish a list of some fifty Clowns, who all maintain that their shoulders are the only real genuine shoulders upon which this elastic mantle has fallen. We are confident the question at last will come to a regular contest, like an aldermanic gown, and we shall be solicited to "Vote for Tom Matthews and Hot Codlins," or to "Poll Early for Jefferini and Forty Mutton Pies." Perhaps, however, the struggle will become so severe that the Clowns will not wait for the election, but proceed to draw lots amongst themselves. The consequence will be, a strong pulling match, open to all Clowns under the age of sixty. The poor mantle will be torn into some sixty pieces, and there will be an end to it. We hope, however, the

Garrick, or the British Museum, will purchase this wonderful relic before the rupture takes place. By the bye, we never hear of the dress of any other actor. Hadn't Barnes a flannel waistcoat? and where are Betterton's highlows? We wonder who has possession of them? Happy is the Pantaloon who can press the former to his bosom! Twice happy is the *Romeo* who walks proudly in the latter!!

THE MINISTRY IN DANGER.

The Protectionists were to have had a grand meeting a week ago, but it never took place. An awkward fatality generally attends all their intentions. We recollect Lord George was to have been Prime Minister a twelvemonth ago, but somehow it never took place. The defeat of the ministers, and total annihilation of Sir Robert Peel, were arranged several times last session, but somehow they never took place. The *Morning Post* generously informs us that it was the intention of the meeting—that is to say, supposing it had taken place—to have considered "the propriety of neither individually or collectively opposing the Government till they knew what measures they intended to bring forward." How very kind! Imagine Spooner pledging himself not to overthrow the Ministry just at present! We can picture to ourselves also the great Newdegate nobly promising to wait for two entire weeks before he turned up his wristbands to "smash" the Cabinet. The Resolutions, too, passed at the Protectionist meeting must have partaken of the same self-denying character. We are not violating any particular confidence in printing the following, for, like the meeting, the Resolutions never took place.

First Resolution, (*that probably would have been proposed by* Lord George Bentinck, *supposing he had been present, and seconded by anybody who had lent himself for a second, providing always there had been any seconds at the meeting*). "This Meeting pledges itself to allow Lord John Russell time to bring forward his measures before it opposes them."

Carried, with a few dissentients, and a cry of "Nonsense!" from Sibthorpe.

Second Resolution, (*that* Mr. Disraeli *possibly would have proposed, and* Mr. Peter Borthwick *probably would have seconded, if they had both been present.*) "This Meeting, composed of all the wealth and talent of the country, thinks it highly essential to the extension of commerce and the promotion of its own ends, as well as for the benefit of History in general, and rents in particular, that Lord George Bentinck should occupy the highest position in the councils of Her Majesty."

Carried unanimously.

Third Resolution, (*proposed by Anybody, and seconded by Nobody, supposing each of those influential Protectionist members had addressed the meeting that never took place*). "That a deputation be formed to wait upon Lord John Russell, to urge upon him the necessity of immediately retiring."

Carried with tremendous cheers, "and a little one in."

Fourth Resolution, (*which doubtless would have been proposed by the able Door-keeper, and might—there's no knowing—have been seconded by the talented Charwoman, if they had liberally given their valuable services to the stupendous meeting that unfortunately never took place*). "That if Lord John will not go out, every step must be taken to make him do so."

But we have no doubt that the Protectionists have formed this last resolution long ago amongst themselves. It yet remains to be seen whether they will carry it this session. No expense has been spared. A grammar even has been purchased. Really what a pity it was that the meeting never took place!

In the meantime, Bentinck expects that every Protectionist this session will do his duty; and, if necessary, something beyond it.

Mr. Dunup's Failure.

The winding-up of this little affair is not going on very satisfactorily. It was hoped that several of the liabilities would have run off, but Mr. Dunup himself has since run off, and has thus considerably shortened the operation of settlement. Several of his creditors have met, and his laundress, who is the chief sufferer, has been appointed perpetual chairwoman for special purposes. Mr. Dunup's flight amounts to a civil death, by which several young bills, on the eve of arriving at maturity, are left totally unprovided for.

A STRANGE WANT.

The difficulty of accounting for tastes is—and considering all things, well it may be—proverbial. A young gentleman has just advertised for "a bed-room, with a French bed that may serve as a sitting-room after eight in the evening." Now, we are really not aware of any bed, anywhere, except the Great Bed of Ware itself, which could by any contrivance be made available as a *salon*. We have heard of a bachelor calling his lodging his "crib," but we never believed it possible that a bed could be really made available for the purposes of a sitting-room. Such, however, is the facility for getting everything one wants in London, however absurd may be the article desired, that we have no doubt the gentleman, whoever he is, had hundreds of answers to his advertisement, offering him beds calculated to form entire *suites* of rooms, including, perhaps, a conservatory under the sacking, and approached by a splendid colonnade, into which a couple of bed-posts are very easily magnified.

An Unpalatable Remedy.

Everybody seems to have a fatal presentiment that the expedient which Government will adopt for the relief of our financial difficulties will be an increase of the Income Tax. We are suffering from an inanition of the pocket: and to cure that disease our pockets are to be made yet emptier. This mode of treating the national complaint will be very much like bleeding a patient in the last stage of exhaustion.

RUINOUS AMUSEMENT.

By a provision in the Town Police Clauses Act, liability to a penalty of 40*s*., or fourteen days' imprisonment, is incurred by "every person who flies any kite." It is a great pity that this wholesome enactment has not been enforced, for there can be no doubt that the commercial distress of the country has in no small measure originated from the reckless practice of kite-flying in our large towns.

NOTHING LIKE SYSTEM.

"Aw! Pummell, what do I owe you?"

"Oh! not much, Sir. It's of no consequence."

"Aw! No! But I think of taking the Benefit of the Act about Christmas; and as a Man of System, I am very particular about exact amounts."

BOOTS AND BRIEFS.

Mr. Bounce the barrister, a month or two ago, paid—beforehand, remember—John Spraggs, his bootmaker, 20*s.* for a pair of Wellingtons, to be delivered on Tuesday. When the day arrived, Mr. B. called to know why the boots were not sent home. Spraggs answered, that he had forgotten the matter; but his memory being thus refreshed, he remembered that he must have for the boots 5*s.* more. Strange to say, Mr. Bounce paid the money. Still the boots were not sent home. Mr. Bounce again called on Spraggs, when the fellow said he had too much time to look to all his business, and, in a word, he would not send home the boots at all. "You'll return the money," said Bounce. "Certainly not," said Spraggs. Whereupon the barrister summoned the bootmaker, who was compelled to refund the cash, the judge at the County Court calling him a shuffling, dishonest fellow.

A few days ago, Spraggs fell into trouble, and was called to the bar at the Middlesex Sessions. He had retained Mr. Bounce to defend him, had moreover given him "a refresher;" but Mr. Bounce had other business—did not defend Spraggs; and Spraggs was found "guilty." Bounce refused to refund a single sixpence.

Spraggs served his time upon the mill, and left the House of Correction; not, however, before he had chalked the following reflection upon its walls. "It is better to deal in briefs than in boots; because, when you once get the money, there's no law to make you send home the goods."

ABSURD LIBEL.

A report appeared in a weekly paper that the Duke of Wellington had sent a subscription of £5 to the Fund for the purchase of Shakspeare's House. This statement went the whole round of the Press as a piece of great news. The Duke, however, with his characteristic love of truth (and writing letters), has sent the following letter:—

"F.M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to the Editor of the *Penny Whistle*, and begs to state most emphatically that he never recollects having sent £5 to the subscription for the purchase of Shakspeare's House, or to any public subscription whatever."

As the Editor of the *P. W.* has taken no notice of the Duke's communication, we hope the Press, which always loves fair play, will aid us in giving the greatest possible circulation to the above denial.

BEADLEDOM—ITS USES AND ABUSES.

Certain persons labour under an impression that Great Britain is over-beadled, and that we are in fact a staff-ridden and gold-band-begirt people. It is true that Beadledom meets us at every turn; for if we take the first on the left, after passing Bond Street, we come face to face with Beadledom in the Burlington Arcade; and if we continue our course along Vigo Lane, the first on the right will bring us upon more Beadledom in the bosom of the Quadrant. Taking the air up Air Street into Golden Square, Beadledom, in the modified form of a square-keeper-archy, forces itself on our attention; and we cannot go far in any direction without lighting on Beadledom in the Bazaar of Soho, the Place of Stratford, or the Arcades of Lowther and Exeter. It is true that Beadledom is a blot, but it is not the blot on the liberties of the British people. There is not too much of the thing itself, if its distribution were effected on more reasonable principles. It is the adjustment, not the suppression of Beadledom, we are desirous to promote by all the means in our power. We do not object to the form of government; but to its being occasionally wasted on localities unworthy of its dignity. The British constitution, for example, is a first-rate thing in its way; but who would start a throne and altar at the Eel-pies, or plant a Parliament, with all the paraphernalia of royalty, on the Isle of Dogs. Such, however, is the spirit in which we find Beadledom introduced among peaceful populations, where nothing of the sort is required; while in some lawless thoroughfares, abounding with rebellious urchins and other scourges to civilised society, not a vestage of Beadledom can be found. There are three squares in the western suburbs of London, where nature seems to have provided every inducement for the planting of the official staff, and geography appears to have chalked out the very places as the seats of Beadledom; yet in those three squares Beadledom is still unknown.

Brompton, Kensington, and Edward's are the squares where anarchy looks gloomily on, while rebellion perches on the railings, throws stones into the garden, or, worse than all, grinds organs in the affrighted ears of the outraged inhabitants. Each of these squares has a gardener to cultivate the mirth-provoking marigold, the pleasant polyanthus, the crafty crocus, which peeps out upon us in spring time unawares; but the gardener, though a despot on the flower-beds, and a very tyrant on the turf within the inclosure, is powerless on the other side of the railings, though an army of organ-boys and a bevy of bagpipers should sound defiance in his ears.

The Square of Brompton, abandoned to a beadleless state of lawlessness, is already a prey to an organised Italian conspiracy, in which the Italian organ-boys are concerned, and which is determined to make itself heard, by raising the note of defiance under every window. In vain do the infuriated natives or residents call upon their tormentors to retreat; for, powerless because beadleless, the inhabitants cannot enforce their orders at the point of the cane.

The dissensions also between the Italian party and the Scotch party, for the privilege of exacting tribute from the surrounding fastnesses in the areas, or the pinnacles—we mean the attics—that form a sort of Alpine cincture round the square, add materially to the horrors of the position which the square-ites occupy; and Brompton, as well as Kensington and Edward's squares, pant in unison for some of that superfluous Beadledom which chokes up in petty arcades the channels through which we ought to inhale the breath of freedom. Let us hope that these observations will bring the breeze of liberty into every lung that feeds that monstrous heart of civilisation—the Great Metropolis.

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TRAVELS IN LONDON.

A WALK WITH THE CURATE.

FOLLOWING the steps of little BETSY, with her mug and basket, as she goes pattering down the street, we watch her into a grocer's shop, where a startling placard with "DOWN AGAIN!" written on it, announces that the Sugar Market is still in a depressed condition—and where she no doubt negotiates the purchase of a certain quantity of molasses. A little further on, in Lawfeldt Street, is MR. FILCH'S fine silversmith's shop, where a man may stand for a half hour, and gaze with ravishment at the beautiful gilt cups and tankards, the stunning waistcoat-chains, the little white cushions laid out with delightful diamond pins, gold horse-shoes and splinter-bars, pearl owls, turquoise lizards and dragons, enamelled monkeys, and all sorts of agreeable monsters for your neckcloth. If I live to be a hundred, or if the girl of my heart were waiting for me at the corner of the street, I never could pass MR. FILCH'S shop without having a couple of minutes' good stare at the window. I like to fancy myself dressed up in some of the jewellery. "SPEC, you rogue," I say, "suppose you were to get leave to wear three or four of those rings on your fingers; to stick that opal, round which twists a brilliant serpent, with a ruby head, into your blue satin neckcloth; and to sport that gold jack-chain on your waistcoat. You might walk in the Park with that black whalebone prize-riding-whip, which has a head of the size of a snuff-box, surmounted with a silver jockey on a silver race-horse; and what a sensation you would create, if you took that large ram's-horn with the Cairngorm top out of your pocket, and offered a pinch of rappee to the company round!" A little attorney's clerk is staring in at the window, in whose mind very similar ideas are passing. What would he not give to wear that gold pin next Sunday in his blue hunting neckcloth? The ball of it is almost as big as those which are painted over the side door of MR. FILCH'S shop, which is down that passage which leads into Trotter's Court.

I have dined at a house where the silver dishes and covers came from FILCH'S, let out to their owner by MR. FILCH for the day, and in charge of the grave-looking man whom I mistook for the butler. Butlers and ladies' maids innumerable have audiences of MR. FILCH in his back parlour. There are suits of jewels which he and his shop have known for a half century past, so often have they been pawned to him. When we read in the *Court Journal* of LADY FITZBALL'S head dress of lappets and superb diamonds, it is because the jewels get a day rule from FILCH'S, and come back to his iron box as soon as the drawing-room is over. These jewels become historical among pawnbrokers. It was here that LADY PRIGSBY brought her diamonds one evening of last year, and desired hurriedly to raise two thousand pounds upon them, when FILCH respectfully pointed out to her Ladyship, that she had pawned the stones already to his comrade, MR. TUBAL, of Charing Cross. And, taking his hat, and putting the case under his arm, he went with her Ladyship to the hack-cab in which she had driven to Lawfeldt Street, entered the vehicle with her, and they drove in silence to the back entrance of her mansion in Monmouth Square, where MR. TUBAL'S young man was still seated in the hall, waiting until her Ladyship should be undressed.

We walked round the splendid shining shop and down the passage, which would be dark but that the gas-lit door is always swinging to and fro, as the people who come to pawn go in and out. You may be sure there is a gin-shop handy to all pawnbrokers.

A lean man in a dingy dress is walking lazily up and down the flags of Trotter's Court. His ragged trowsers trail in the slimy mud there. The doors of the pawnbroker's, and of the gin-shop on the other side, are banging to and fro: a little girl comes out of the former, with a tattered old handkerchief, and goes up and gives something to the dingy man. It is ninepence, just raised on his waistcoat. The man bids the child to "cut away home," and when she is clear out of the court, he looks at us with a lurking scowl and walks into the gin-shop doors, which swing always opposite the pawnbroker's shop.

Why should he have sent the waistcoat wrapped in that ragged old cloth? Why should he have sent the child into the pawnbroker's box, and not have gone himself? He did not choose to let her see him go into the gin-shop—why drive her in at the opposite door? The child knows well enough whither he is gone. She might as well have carried an old waistcoat in her hand through the street as a ragged napkin. A sort of vanity, you see, drapes itself in that dirty rag; or is it a kind of debauched shame, which does not like to go naked? The fancy can follow the poor girl up the black alley, up the black stairs, into the bare room, where mother and children are starving, while the lazy ragamuffin, the family bully, is gone into the gin-shop to "try our celebrated Cream of the Valley," as the bill in red letters bids him.

"I waited in this court the other day," WHITESTOCK said, "just like that man, while a friend of mine went in to take her husband's tools out of pawn—an honest man—a journeyman shoemaker, who lives hard by." And we went to call on the journeyman shoemaker—Randle's Buildings—two-pair back—over a blacking manufactory. The blacking was made by one manufactor, who stood before a tub stirring up his produce, a good deal of which—and nothing else—was on the floor. We passed through this emporium, which abutted on a dank, steaming little court, and up the narrow stair to the two-pair back.

The shoemaker was at work with his recovered tools, and his wife was making women's shoes (an inferior branch of the business) by him. A shrivelled child was lying on a bed in the corner of the room. There was no bedstead, and indeed scarcely any furniture, save the little table on which lay his tools and shoes—a fair-haired, lank, handsome young man, with a wife who may have been pretty once, in better times, and before starvation pulled her down. She had but one thin gown; it clung to a frightfully emaciated little body.

Their story was the old one. The man had been in good work, and had the fever. The clothes had been pawned, the furniture and bedstead had been sold, and they slept on the mattress; the mattress went, and they slept on the floor; the tools went, and the end of all things seemed at hand, when the gracious apparition of the Curate, with his umbrella, came and cheered those stricken-down poor folks.

The journeyman shoemaker must have been astonished at such a sight. He is not, or was not, a Church-goer. He is a man of "advanced" opinions; believing that priests are hypocrites, and that clergymen in general drive about in coaches-and-four, and eat a tithe-pig a day. This proud priest got MR. CRISPIN a bed to lie upon, and some soup to eat; and (being the treasurer of certain good folks of his parish, whose charities he administers) as soon as the man was strong enough to work, the curate lent him money wherewith to redeem his tools, and which our friend is paying back by instalments at this day. And any man who had seen these two honest men talking together, would have said the shoemaker was the haughtiest of the two.

We paid one more morning visit. This was with an order for work to a tailor of reduced circumstances and enlarged family. He had been a master, and was now forced to take work by the job. He who had commanded many men, was now fallen down to the ranks again. His wife told us all about his misfortunes. She is evidently very proud of them. "He failed for seven thousand pounds," the poor woman said, three or four times during the course of our visit. It gave her husband a sort of dignity to have been trusted for so much money.

The Curate must have heard that story many times, to which he now listened with great patience in the tailor's house—a large, clean, dreary, faint-looking room, smelling of poverty. Two little stunted, yellow-headed children, with lean pale faces and large protruding eyes, were at the window staring with all their might at Guy Fawkes, who was passing in the street, and making a great clattering and shouting outside, while the luckless tailor's wife was prating within about her husband's bygone riches. I shall not in a hurry forget the picture. The empty room in a dreary back-ground; the tailor's wife in brown, stalking up and down the planks, talking endlessly; the solemn children staring out of window as the sunshine fell on their faces, and honest WHITESTOCK seated, listening, with the tails of his coat through the chair.

His business over with the tailor, we start again. FRANK WHITESTOCK trips through alley after alley, never getting any mud on his boots, somehow, and his white neckcloth making a wonderful shine in those shady places. He has all sorts of acquaintance, chiefly amongst the extreme youth, assembled at the doors or about the gutters. There was one small person occupied in emptying one of these rivulets with an oyster-shell, for the purpose, apparently, of making an artificial lake in a hole hard by, whose solitary gravity and business struck me much, while the Curate was very deep in conversation with a small-coalman. A half-dozen of her comrades were congregated round a scraper and on a grating hard by, playing with a mangy little puppy, the property of the Curate's friend.

I know it is wrong to give large sums of money away promiscuously, but I could not help dropping a penny into the child's oyster-shell, as she came forward holding it before her like a tray. At first her expression was one rather of wonder than of pleasure at this influx of capital, and was certainly quite worth the small charge of one penny, at which it was purchased.

For a moment she did not seem to know what steps to take; but, having communed in her own mind, she presently resolved to turn them towards a neighbouring apple-stall, in the direction of which she went without a single word of compliment passing between us. Now, the

children round the scraper were witnesses to the transaction. "He's give her a penny," one remarked to another, with hopes miserably disappointed that they might come in for a similar present.

She walked on to the apple-stall meanwhile, holding her penny behind her. And what did the other little ones do? They put down the puppy as if it had been so much dross. And one after another they followed the penny-piece to the apple-stall. SPEC.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

THIS document, that comes so gracefully and glibly from the lips of Royalty, or ponderously and portentously from the tongue of some noble Commissioner appointed to execute the task of delivering that heaviest of all political parcels—the QUEEN's Speech—that looks so little in print, and costs so much trouble in concoction, has been sent forth at last. The public can form no idea of the mode in which the discourse is produced. Some think HER MAJESTY is the authoress of the composition, and that she sits poring over it as laboriously as a young lady writing her holiday-letter, and that she begins as many sheets of paper with "My Lords and Gentlemen," as the youthful inmates of the boarding-school sacrifice to failures in the caligraphy of "My dear Mamma and Papa." It is a popular fallacy that the Royal writing-desk is, just before the opening of Parliament, crammed with half-sheets of satin note half-filled with half sentences about some half measures that are to be proposed in the coming session.

We are glad to have the opportunity of stating, that nothing of the kind occurs. The composition of the Speech is usually arranged in various ways. Sometimes the Premier goes to the Palace to take a quiet chop and arrange the heads of the discourse. Sometimes two of the Ministers meet together of an evening to discuss the "topics" over a mild cigar. The Speech recently delivered has been prepared upon a newer principle, which we are happy to be able to make the world acquainted with.

The proceeding was arranged in the form of a masque, for HER MAJESTY very naturally declared herself bored to death with the old jog-trot mode of Royal Speech-making, and insisted on something new. This was happily and ingeniously hit upon in the form we have already mentioned.

The following scene will give a vivid and graphic representation of the ceremony of preparing the Speech from the Throne, for the meeting of the New Parliament in November, 1847:—

A Room in Buckingham Palace—the QUEEN *discovered surrounded by her Ministers.*

Chorus of Ministers.
Vain is the racking of this head,
For something novel to be said.
Must the QUEEN's Speech be o'er and o'er
The same dull mixture as before?

The QUEEN, *coming forward.*
I've an idea! a fancy bright but strange,
Which to the process may impart a change.

Chorus of Ministers.
Ha, ha! how strange!
Impart a change!

Air—THE QUEEN.
As on my couch at eve I lay,
Wrapt in reflection deep,
Of what the Royal Speech should say,
I quickly fell asleep;
And then I thought a motley crew
Came round within my reach;
They were—for most of them I knew—
The topics of the Speech!

[*At the conclusion of the verse a noise is heard, and some supernatural Form appears in the background.*

Recitative—THE QUEEN.
What's that I see? What do mine eyes behold?
I'd not believe it, if I had been told.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.
Her meaning will my Gracious Queen explain?

THE QUEEN.
The forms I spoke of have returned again.

[*Hurried music is heard, and every instrument in the Orchestra makes a shake. The Panic rushes in.*

Song—THE PANIC.
I'm a true British Panic of wonderful power,
That's lately been ruling the Town;
My growth was increasing from hour to hour,
Till reason threw on me a frown.
Since then, I've been dwindling as fast as I grew;
But, restore me again, I beseech;
You can give me an aspect quite lively and new,
If you'll just bring me into the Speech.

Chorus of Ministers.
What shall we do? Shall we his claims admit?
Shall we keep up the Panic?

THE QUEEN (*impressively*).
Not a bit.
The Panic we will mention but to say,
That like a cloud of smoke he's passed away.

[*The Panic gives a despairing shriek, and disappears, upon seeing the Spirit of last year's Harvest standing before him.*

THE QUEEN (*pointing to last year's Harvest*).
That's a more welcome theme to introduce—
Remain, good Harvest, you will be of use.

[*A figure of Ireland crosses the stage, making gestures of violence at one moment, and then assuming the attitude of a mendicant.*

THE QUEEN.
That frantic form its fury must restrain,
She comes to mar the Royal Speech again!
With her indeed I know not what to do;
My Ministers—I hand her o'er to you.

[*Ireland threatens Ministers, who, after some hesitation, meet her face to face, bursting out into the following bold*

Chorus.
Really, this is worse and worse;
What's to be done? Coerce! Coerce!

[*Ireland, at the word* "Coerce," *expresses great anger, but presently seems to reflect, and becomes calm.*

Chorus of Ministers (*continued*).
The strength that you in rage expend,
Might to your own advantage tend.

[IRELAND *seems subdued, and retires.*

Final Chorus of Ministers.
The labour is over, the trouble is done,
The different topics are met one by one;
If we only get over such subjects as these,
The rest of the Speech is provided with ease.
At foreign relations 'tis easy to glance,
Omitting just now any mention of France;
The usual subjects, Finance and Supplies,
With Estimates form'd on Economy wise,
With other small matters experience teaches,
Will make us up one of our average Speeches.

[*At the conclusion of this full Chorus, the curtain falls.*

Panic in the Army.

THE readers of *Punch* will, no doubt, be incredulous at reading the above words, and one general shout of "Panic in the Army! Pooh! pooh!" will bubble up from the national heart, to burst on the national lip at such an announcement. It is, however, a fact that the brave fellows who never flinched at the sight of NAPOLEON's battalions, and were always ready to say yea to a challenge from his NEY, have at last been panic-stricken! They who never quailed at the report of the hostile cannon, are utterly prostrate and terrified at a report that HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT is going into the hat line again.

THE LAMENT OF ERIN.

Alas! for the mournful eclipse of my glory,
The loss of the name that I formerly bore,
For which I was famous in song and in story;
Her ancient renown is poor Erin's no more!

The land of the gallant, warm-hearted, and grateful,
I once was esteem'd by the nations to be;
Malignant, unthankful, cold-blooded, and hateful,
Were words never breathed with the mention of me.

And whence hath my light thus disastrously faded?
To whom must I say that I owe my disgrace?
Not Saxon invaders have Erin degraded;
Her shame hath been wrought by her own native race.

My children, by graceless declaimers imbruted,
And madden'd, have learned to do evil for good;
The mouths of my sons are with slander polluted,
With slander cast back in requital for food.

My fields are ensanguined with slaughter unsparing;
By murder the noble and bountiful die,
The crime unredeem'd e'en by ruffianly daring—
Deliberate, dastardly, sneaking, and sly.

With sorrow and shame I behold, broken-hearted,
My once verdant shamrock now redden'd with gore;
My fair fame is tarnish'd, my glory departed:
Oh! call me, my children, Mavourneen no more!

THE FAST MAN'S PHRASE-BOOK.

Artists have a phraseology of their own; actors indulge in technicalities only intelligible to themselves; lawyers and conveyancers practising in Field Lane, have a slang that is a dead language to others; and Fast Men likewise enjoy a verbiology that is only current amongst Fast Men, and never heard by any accident in respectable society.

A correspondent, who signs himself "A converted Fast Man," sends us the following specimens of the unknown tongue of the class which he has virtuously renounced:—

Brick.—A term of extreme laudation, applied, not to buildings, but to human beings. To be called "a Brick," is the highest compliment a Fast Man ever bestows. It means "a capital fellow:" viz. "Guffin is a Brick," *i. e.* "Guffin is every night at the Casino." A "regular Brick" is the superlative degree of "Brick;" as, for instance, a Fast Man would call Macaulay, perhaps, "a Brick," but the Tipton Slasher, in his estimation, would be (undoubtedly) a "regular Brick."

Bricksy-wicksy.—For the meaning of this choice word, the reader is requested to ask Mr. Paul Bedford.

Pump.—A term of profound contempt. A Fast Man divides the human family into only two branches—the "Pumps" and the "Bricks." These are the A's and Z's of the living alphabet—all the rest are mere dead letters. Any one whose habits are opposed to those of a Fast Man, is necessarily a "Pump." If a person will not smoke, or sing, or drink, when asked, he is for ever stigmatised as a "Pump." If he will not make stupid speeches, or behave himself in a ridiculous, conspicuous manner, there is no hope for him—he is everlastingly condemned as a "Pump." We have no doubt that Prince Albert is frequently anathematised by the Fast Man as a Pump, because he does not contract debts, or build toy-palaces, or wear white kid inexpressibles, and commit similar breaches of good taste, which earned for his blessed Majesty, George IV., the imperishable title of "The greatest Gent in Europe."

Tin.—The Fast Man with any degree of self-respect never says "money." It is sometimes "blunt," occasionally "rhino," but most frequently "tin." "Lots of tin" means a good sum of money. The origin of this word must have been taken from the checks of a theatre, which are expressive of so much money, and are made of tin. To hear two Fast Men talking about "making much tin," one would imagine they were in that particular trade, and had realised a good stock of the commodity; but it only relates to their financial affairs.

Cleaned Out does not apply to the face, or person, or habitation, or mind of the Fast Man being in a clean state; but to his pocket having undergone that operation. It simply means that he has no more money, that is to say, "tin." "Stumped out" has the same elegant import, "stumpey" being another term for money.

Malt is a comprehensive term for beer. It includes ale, porter, stout, draught as well as bottled.

Malty is indicative of the state of the Fast Man who is labouring under the effect of too much "malt," in the same way that Beery is expressive of the mental condition of the Fast Man who has partaken of too much beer.

Fresh is not applied to the morning air, or new-laid eggs, or ancient venison, or news, or water just brought from the pump, or a lady's colour, but the state of the convivial Fast Man who has been drinking too liberally of spirituous liquors. Walk behind two Fast Men or Boys at Cremorne, and the chances are, you will hear one of them say, in a tone rather proud than otherwise, "Do you know, Bill, I was a little fresh last night." It only means that he was a little "elevated." It is astonishing how rich the vocabulary of the Fast Man is in terms of intoxication. A regular ascending scale of drunkenness—a perfect ladder of inebriety—might be composed out of the abundant stock. It will only be necessary to specify a few. The nice gradations of meaning of these terms it would be almost impossible to explain to any but a Fast Man; and we are sure, consequently, our readers will not require the explanation. His drunken vocabulary comprises Lushy, Screwy, Groggy, Touched, Elevated, and innumerable others, which have been drawn by the Fast Man from a long course of experience.

Governor.—Father is a word always banished from the lips of the Fast Man. He never uses any other word but Governor. The wonder is, that he has invented as yet no corresponding term for Mother. The only one for it he ever delights in is the elegant phrase of "Old Woman."

This batch of terms from the Fast Man's vocabulary is enough for one dose. We may repeat it next week. Poison cannot be administered too carefully. A drop or two does good occasionally, but too much of it would kill the poor reader outright; so we will give him the Fast Man's idioms in the smallest homœopathic quantities.

An Awkward Possibility.

"The Law Sittings in Guildhall will be suspended until after the Polish Ball."—*Daily News.*

The Courts in Guildhall, for the Polish Ball,
Closed their sittings—no doubt from suspicion
That, in the hilarity, Justice and Charity
Being strangers, might come in collision.

MEN, NOT MEASURES.

The *Morning Post* has an article, in its usual good taste, attacking Dr. Musgrave, the new Archbishop of York, for being the son of a tailor. It appears to us that this appointment is calculated above all others to raise the dignity of the cloth.

Shooting.—To be Let, the exclusive right of Shooting over the whole County of Tipperary for the present Season. The Game is exceedingly abundant, consisting chiefly of Overseers, Landlords, Cess Collectors, Bailiffs, Process-Servers, Government Pay-Clerks, and occasionally a few Women and Children.—Applications to be made to Archdeacon Laffau.—No Saxon need apply.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

Young Mother (joyously). . . "THE DEAR LITTLE CREATURE IS GETTING ON SO NICELY; IT'S BEGINNING QUITE TO TAKE NOTICE."
First Mother of a Family (blandly). "OH! MY DEAR! THAT IS NOT TAKING NOTICE; IT'S ONLY THE WIND."
Second Ditto. . . . . . "YOU SHOULD GIVE IT A LITTLE DILL WATER, DEAR. YOU WOULD FIND," &c., &c.
Third Ditto. . . . . . "WELL, IF IT WAS MY CHILD, I SHOULD," &c., &c.
Fourth Ditto. . . . . . "NOW, WHEN I WAS NURSING MY LITTLE GREGORY, I USED," &c., &c.
Fifth Ditto. . . . . . "WELL NOW, I WOULD NOT FOR THE WORLD THAT A BABY OF MINE," &c., &c.
Sixth Ditto. . . . . . "INDEED I HAVE KNOWN CHILDREN OBLIGED TO ENDURE THE MOST HORRIBLE AGONY," &c., &c.
Seventh Ditto. . . . . . "DEPEND UPON IT, LOVE; AND YOU KNOW I HAVE HAD A LARGE FAMILY—AND IF YOU WILL BE ADVISED BY ME," &c., &c. [*Young Mother becomes quite bewildered, and gives herself up to despair.*

GENERAL JACK KETCH.

A SONG IN HONOUR OF GENERAL TWIGGS.

To be sung in all American Mess-Rooms.

MIX all around, for you 'll approbate, I guess,
The toast I 'm a goin' to propose to the Mess:
Here 's GENERAL TWIGGS; here 's his health with nine times nine,
Drink to GENERAL TWIGGS, and to discip-line.
Laurel crowns are warrior's wigs;
Twine with rope a wreath for TWIGGS:
When the deeds of TWIGGS are sung,
Ever let the harp with hemp be strung.
Chorus—Laurel crowns, &c.

Oh! what a sight was the General's hanging-match—
Sixteen desarters at St. Angel, in a batch:
Four hanged next morn at Mixcoac by the neck;
Thirty other fellers at Chepultepec!
Chorus—Laurel crowns, &c.

Twelve more he branded, and had cow-hided too,
And I expect that them critturs had their due.
Oh, yes! I reckon the General well may brag,
He larnt 'em what it was to desart their flag.
Chorus—Laurel crowns, &c.

Russians and Prussians, and Britishers may talk;
We beat 'em all by a considerable chalk;
We go ahead of 'em, I realise, by far,
In sarvin' out desarters by the laws of war.
Chorus—Laurel crowns, &c.

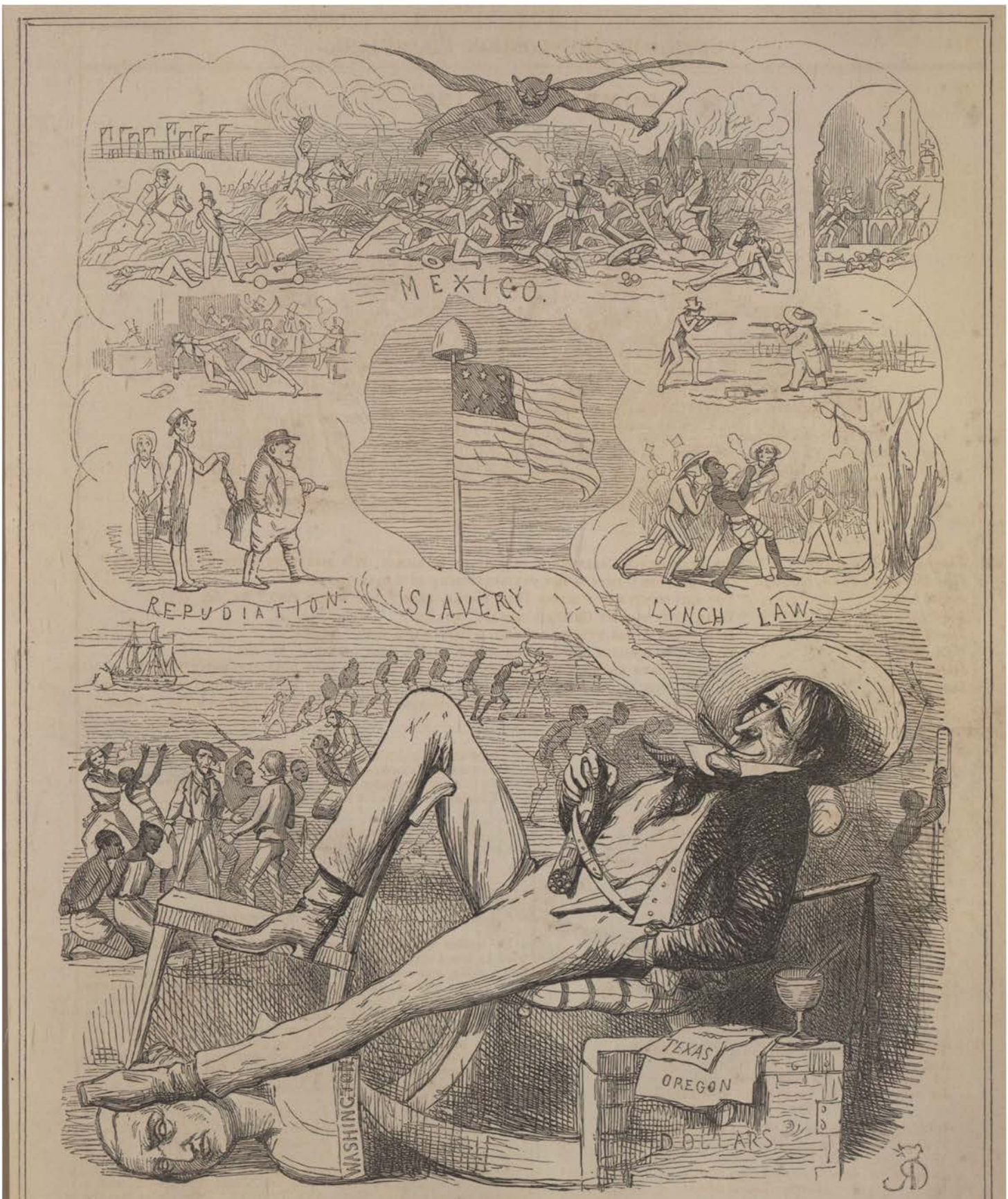
Despots of Europe, we 'd have you for to know,
We understand how a sogerin' to go;
We too are able the conqueror's game to play,
With a TWIGGS to teach our gallant bands the way.
Chorus—Laurel crowns, &c.

Free and enlighten'd!—our war-cry "Never tire!"
Onward to Mexico carry sword and fire;
TWIGGS for our leader, our forces to combine,
Keeping them in order with his discip-line.
Chorus.
Laurel crowns are warriors' wigs,
Twine with rope a wreath for TWIGGS;
When the deeds of TWIGGS are sung,
Ever let the harp with hemp be strung.

A PARDON—FOR NOTHING.

IN October last a young woman, named MARY ANN TURFORD, was tried in the Central Criminal Court for stealing a watch. She was found guilty, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment at Brixton. The theft, it appears, was committed by another person. One JAMES WILLIAM WARD has been convicted of the same offence; of which, moreover, he has confessed himself the perpetrator. The innocence of the girl thus having been clearly established, a representation of her case was made by MR. NORTON to the Under-Secretary. SIR DENIS LE MARCHANT, we are told, writes back, and says that SIR GEORGE GREY, taking into consideration the facts as set forth in MR. NORTON'S communication, has recommended HER MAJESTY'S free pardon in the case of MARY ANN TURFORD.

Now, as a pardon means the forgiveness of an offender, and MARY ANN TURFORD committed no offence, the propriety of the term, as applied to the remission of her sentence, may be questioned. But this is a shallow cavil. A philosopher has said, that men have the greatest difficulty in forgiving those whom they have injured. It is with the law as with mankind in general; the law, therefore, has stretched a point in having forgiven MARY ANN TURFORD. To consider that the order for her liberation should have been accompanied by any expression of regret—not to say by any compensation for her month's false imprisonment—is to be extremely ignorant of human nature—at least of Home-Office humanity. Of course, MARY ANN TURFORD may think herself very well off. She has received a pardon—for nothing.



THE LAND OF LIBERTY.

RECOMMENDED TO THE CONSIDERATION OF "BROTHER JONATHAN."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

We are happy to learn, from the *Herald*, that the Duchess of Montrose lately shot four splendid bucks in the Marquis of Breadalbane's forest. Moreover, the account tells us that the lovely duchess "stalked in first-rate style; hill or glen no object, and all obstacles easily surmounted, when game was in view." We have heard of buck-hunting by duchesses, ere this; but then, it was in a place more like Almack's, where, to be sure, all obstacles were often surmounted when game was in view.

We further learn from our own fashionable reporter, that some very fine sport by ladies in high life will very shortly come off; the Duchesses of Montrose and Marlborough being the lady patronesses. Mr. Tyler—says our reporter—of the Zoological Gardens, has already been desired to send in his terms for permission "to hunt and kill a duck of a lion, a darling of a tiger, and a love of a wild boar." He has been, moreover, requested to send in as low a price as possible, as the ladies insinuate that "a quantity may be taken."

We hope our Fast Man will forgive us for quoting Shakspeare, but we think it is that individual who makes a person observe:—

> "He that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
> May easily win a woman's."

Thus, we may apply the like encouragement to ladies:

> "She that perforce robs tigers of their skins,
> May easily tan a gemman's."

In which case, when a bachelor advertises for a wife, we earnestly counsel him to affix the following:—"N.B. No tiger-huntress need apply."

Ingenious Invention.

Mr. Bellamy has succeeded in inventing a most ingenious piece of furniture, which he calls *The Irish Members' Multum in Parvo, or Patriots' Portable Pantechnicon*. It is intended for the use of gentlemen determined to "sit, sleep, and if necessary, die, in the House, in the cause of Ireland." It consists of a neat mahogany box, 3 feet by 4, which contains a camp-stool, a complete toilet apparatus, a bachelors' kettle for hot water—which boils an egg, cooks a chop, and gets up a lather for shaving, all at the same time—a folding bedstead, with bedding, and a neat and economical funeral apparatus.

Mr. John O'Connell and Mr. Fergus O'Connor have inspected the invention, and after trying every part of it—except the last—have expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with the elaborate contrivance.

CIVIL WAR IN THE SUBURBS.

Camden Town is in a state of civil war. Mother Red Cap is the haunt of the opposing factions. The place is overrun with omnibuses. Cad is leagued against cad, and the hand of every conductor is raised, to say nothing of his whip and voice, against his brother conductor.

Two months ago, the peaceful town was undisturbed by a single cry. Silence slept without injury on the highway, and Solitude was monarch of all it surveyed. The dropping of a lucifer-match would have been heard streets off: the muffin-boy, as he went his rounds of an evening, was the only sound that woke up the sleepy echos; and there was no unseemly revelry, save the occasional shriek of a distant engine, or the cough of an asthmatic cab-horse.

What, then, can have thrown the Town of Camden into such a state of ferment? Switzerland is at present not more torn than High Street; the war in Mexico is not conducted with greater violence than the succession of revolutions which frighten every minute the venerable old Mother almost out of her propriety and Red Cap.

The cause of all this animosity is the twopenny omnibus opposition, which, like another Juggernaut, crushes all politeness under its wheels, and drives all civility and suburban quietude off the road. The apple-women fly in dismay—the policemen look on in wild astonishment—and the publicans rub their hands under their white aprons with undisguised glee at the tremendous consumption of beer.

The *Buffs* and the *Oranges*,—such are the names of the rival omnibuses,—have the town entirely to themselves. A Buff no sooner appears on the open space opposite the maternal hostelry above-named, than he is pelted by all the Oranges that are in the road, and loud and long are the compliments and missiles showered upon him. Buff retorts as soon as he finds an Orange by itself, and crushes it with the power of his sarcasm almost to nothing. Sometimes a neutral buss will join the attack, and then the tongues and the whips are plied together, and nothing can stop them. Buff goes off—Orange follows close behind him. The little boys cheer; the grandmothers run into shops, and cling to the scales for support. Bang goes the door of one omnibus. Ha! it is a passenger: he has been caught and lifted into a seat before he has had time to ask where they are going to. The other buss gallops on as if King Death, mounted on a railway engine, was trying to catch it. The rival buss chases it. Quick fly their wheels. Soon they are neck and neck.

But see! an old lady, with a dog in one arm and six bundles and a bird-cage in the other, is on the kerb-stone. Both busses stop. Both cads spring down from their perches. They both seize hold of an arm. A long struggle ensues. The bundles drop in the gutter. Buff has the victory. No, he hasn't! Orange seizes the old lady's bird and dog. She tears herself—and her clothes too—from the grasp of her enemy, and runs madly after her treasures. But Buff is not to be outdone. He runs after the old lady, and, with super-human gallantry, seizes her round the waist.

In another minute she is seated on the lap of an old gentleman who is carrying a pound of grapes. The bird-cage is in the opposition buss;

and her poor dog, where is he? Why, he has taken fright at the violence offered to his mistress, and has plunged frantically on the Birmingham Railway, where he runs fast enough to make an express engine pale with envy. He is already half way to Manchester by the time that the old lady is at Hungerford.

Such are the *émeutes* which stain the glorious annals of Camden Town. Two lodgers have already given warning, and all the sparrows have left the neighbourhood. Every one cries "Where is the police?" but you might as well attempt to call spirits from the vasty deep, for they are just as likely to come when you call them as the police. In the meantime the busses have it all their own way. We believe six old women have been sworn in as special constables; but what are they, we ask, to an army of Buffs, and a whole heap of Oranges? We wait for an answer.

All travellers bound for Camden Town are cautioned, before they penetrate into the disturbed district, to provide themselves with suitable replies to the two following questions:—

1st. Are you an Orangeman?
2nd. Are you a Buffer?

He who is not prepared with a speedy reply to the above questions, will experience a most dreadful encounter when he attempts to pass the boundary. If he hesitates, his clock is lost. Such is the division things have come to in Camden Town!

"DE FORT EN PLUS FORT."

The Parc of St. Cloud is being fortified. Well! What does it matter? Isn't Paris already surrounded with innumerable Parks—of Artillery?

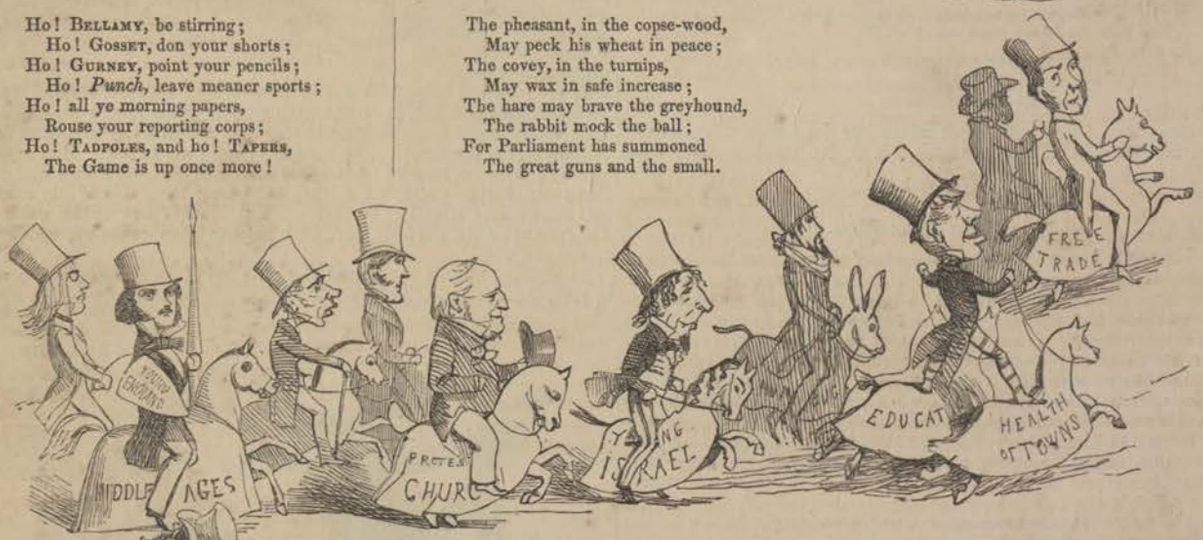
Friendly Hint to Mr. John O'Connell.—"Never say die"—at least on the floor of the House of Commons.

THE MUSTERING OF THE HOBBIES.

A LAY OF MODERN BABYLON.

Ho! Bellamy, be stirring;
Ho! Gosset, don your shorts;
Ho! Gurney, point your pencils;
Ho! *Punch*, leave meaner sports;
Ho! all ye morning papers,
Rouse your reporting corps;
Ho! Tadpoles, and ho! Tapers,
The Game is up once more!

The pheasant, in the copse-wood,
May peck his wheat in peace;
The covey, in the turnips,
May wax in safe increase;
The hare may brave the greyhound,
The rabbit mock the ball;
For Parliament has summoned
The great guns and the small.



By *malle-poste* or by *diligence*,
By steam-boat or by stage,
By specials or expresses,
By broad or narrow gauge,
They gather in the lobby,
They crowd about the door,
Each on his own good hobby,
Prepared to hold the floor.

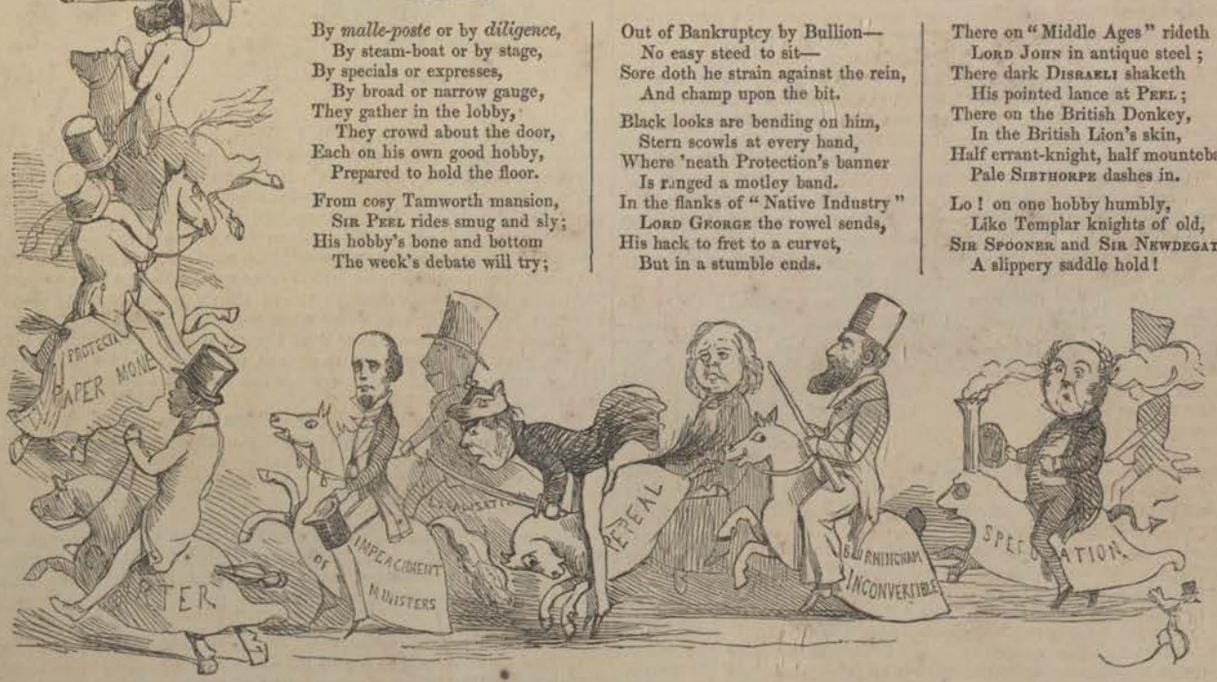
From cosy Tamworth mansion,
Sir Peel rides smug and sly;
His hobby's bone and bottom
The week's debate will try;

Out of Bankruptcy by Bullion—
No easy steed to sit—
Sore doth he strain against the rein,
And champ upon the bit.

Black looks are bending on him,
Stern scowls at every hand,
Where 'neath Protection's banner
Is ranged a motley band.
In the flanks of "Native Industry"
Lord George the rowel sends,
His hack to fret to a curvet,
But in a stumble ends.

There on "Middle Ages" rideth
Lord John in antique steel;
There dark Disraeli shaketh
His pointed lance at Peel;
There on the British Donkey,
In the British Lion's skin,
Half errant-knight, half mountebank,
Pale Sibthorpe dashes in.

Lo! on one hobby humbly,
Like Templar knights of old,
Sir Spooner and Sir Newdegate
A slippery saddle hold!



Their armour all of paper,
Their arguments of wind;
Their steed wall-eyed on his best side,
And on his worst, stone-blind.

But not only from the home-farm,
Not only from the hall,
Cattle-show or Quarter Sessions,
Ploughing-match or county ball;

From cotton-mill and colliery,
From furnace, forge, and mart,
Troop in the Sons of Industry,
All grave, and grim, and swart.

Bold BRIGHT his bony roadster
Spurs in fits and starts along,
By COBDEN gravely guiding
His war-horse stern and strong;
And bent on bearding all the world,
Majestic MUNTZ doth pass,
On his hobby breed of Brummagem,
By Paper out of Brass.

Ha! clash and flash!—whizz, fizz, and hizz!
We scarce may see their tails,
So quick they pass, KING HUDSON
And many a Prince of Rails!
But besmirched shows all their bravery,
And scarce their way they win
Thro' navvies shorn of wages,
And subscribers short of tin.

Quick! stand aside—for bold they ride,
These gallants, four abreast—
Fierce FERGUS upon "Five points"
Displays his Chartist crest;
With debonnair SIR DUNCOMBE,
And Fox the fluent, nigh,
And the THOMPSON of Tower Hamlets,
With speech all cut and dry!

Now vail your hats, brave riders,
Lout down to saddle-bow;
The Ministers, the Ministers,
RUSSELL, PALMERSTON, AND CO.!
Their hobbies sorely weighted,
Yet sorry hacks, I trow;
Some lent to ride, some borrowed,
Some picked up—luck knows how,

Amongst them gracious MORPETH,
Like to DUCROW the Bold,
On hobbies three, his balance,
Right shakily doth hold;
On "Schools" and "Health of Towns Bill,"
And a half-bred Free Trade colt:
Fair fall his pluck, and grant him luck,
Come stumble, shy, or bolt.

An ugly road, my masters,
With ditches deep and wide;
Behoves strong hands and skilful,
Upon the way ye ride.
Behoves your hearts ye harden,
And home the rowels ram,
As at yawners and at raspers
Your cocktail nags ye cram.

Hark! hounding on your rearmost—
'Tis the wild Irish cry!
YOUNG IRELAND and OLD IRELAND,
At buffets as they fly;
Each on his hobby bearing
His pack of Saxon wrong,
With plenteous lack of reason,
And plenteous wealth of tongue.

Now, vizor down, and lance in rest,
My LORD OF PALMERSTONE!
The ANSTEY is upon you,
His trumpet he hath blown!
He couches his impeachment,
Sheath'd *cap-à-pié* in brass,
While URQUHART fiercely watcheth
To give the *coup-de-grâce*.

Why pause upon the soldiers,
Now that the chiefs are told?
Good speed to all, this Session,
Recruits or veterans old.
May Whigs, for once, be strong of heart,
The Speaker strong of lungs;
May the thinkers speak their thoughts out,
And the talkers hold their tongues!

PUNCH'S MISGIVINGS.

WE wonder if Ministers will abolish the Palace Court, and do away with the litigation that still flourishes there, to the great detriment of the full benefits of the New County Courts? We doubt it: but of course, if the nuisance is removed, the six lawyers and four counsel who have the monopoly of all the law in that snug little legal nest, will receive most handsome compensation—say £3000 a year apiece—there can be no doubt about that.

We wonder if the National Gallery will be altered? It would not make a bad Casino, or Oil-cloth Gallery, or Model Lumber Room. But we doubt strongly if anything will be done to it.

We wonder if LORD MORPETH will have too many occupations and public dinners to prevent his attending to the Health of Towns Bill this session? and we wonder if the City of London will be included in the Bill this time? Probably, as there is no City Election, the thing may be compromised, if not absolutely arranged.

We wonder if the Law which allows a Member the privilege of contracting as many debts as he pleases, without troubling himself to pay a single one of them, will be altered this session? We cannot help having our misgivings on this subject, as we know that Members do not generally, when they are sent into Parliament, think of discharging what they owe to their constituents.

We wonder if MR. BROTHERTON will adjourn the House at twelve o'clock every night this session; and how many of the new Members will distinguish themselves as rising young men?

We wonder how many nights the Currency debate will occupy, and how many of those nights will be taken up by MR. MUNTZ?

We wonder if the Income Tax will be modified, or enlarged, or diminished, or repealed this Parliament? But now it is time to leave off wondering, for what greater wonder can there be than the Income Tax? Besides, where is the use arguing about a thing that, after all, comes to no end?

The Monster Motion.

MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY has made the nearest approach to the discovery of perpetual motion that has ever yet been arrived at. It occupies four pages of the Votes of the House of Commons; extends through the whole History of England; comprises the whole of the known, and three parts of the unknown world; and refers to every communication, either "secret or ostensible," that has ever passed between any persons upon any subject whatever. To comply with this motion, we should require another RALEIGH, to write another History of the World; another COCKER, to invent another system of arithmetic capable of making the calculations and returns that MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY demands; and it would be necessary to examine all the chiefs of all the tribes with which this country has ever communicated, by treaty or otherwise.

Benefit of Clergy.

THE following notice appears at the door of the Temple Church:—

"Divine Service will commence on Monday morning at nine o'clock, *and continue until further notice.*"

It strikes us that there must be a mistake in the above notice somewhere. Comment would be ridiculous.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

WE perceive, in the official circular which has been issued from the Admiralty with reference to certain alterations in the Naval Uniform, that "No scales in future are to be worn."

Now, we are glad of this; right glad of this. Good gracious! Could anything be conceived more ridiculous than an officer and a gentleman (perhaps the father of a family) a-walking about the wooden walls of Old England in a Cocked Hat and Scales! It is not often that we are enabled to praise the acts of the powers that be at the Admiralty; but in this instance they seem to have put all hands to their pumps, and they have our heartiest commendation. Hurrah! No more Scales! We congratulate the British Seaman. For the benefit of the rising generation, we give a sketch of the Honest Sailor as he appeared with his scales on.

Painful Destitution.

ONE day last week the Master of the Rolls, on arriving at his Court, found that there was not a single cause for hearing. The same scene of appalling destitution has been presented on several days since. The Master of the Rolls is exceedingly crusty at the bread being thus taken out of his mouth, and some of the leading counsel in his Court have laid in quantities of chalk, with which they propose to tattoo the pavement in Chancery Lane, with the touching appeal, "I am starving. I have not had a case for three days."

DELIGHTFUL PRIVILEGE DURING THE WINTER MONTHS.

YOU MAY BATHE IN THE SERPENTINE FROM 6 UNTIL 7 IN THE MORNING, AND FROM 7 UNTIL 8 IN THE EVENING.

THE QUEEN'S DULL ERRAND-BOY.

THE QUEEN'S page, JOHN RUSSELL, was last week intrusted by HER MAJESTY with a message, which he was desired to request the MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE to deliver to the Houses of Parliament.

LORD LANSDOWNE, of course, delivered the message word for word as it was given to him by JOHN; commencing as follows:—

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"HER MAJESTY has ordered us to declare to you the causes which have induced her to call Parliament together at the present time."

Of course we expected that the MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE would, according to the Royal command, have made a statement of the causes which he alluded to. But we read his speech most carefully from beginning to end without being able to discover any such thing. We therefore suspected that JOHN RUSSELL had made some mistake in the delivery of his message; so, as it is our business to call HER MAJESTY'S servants to account when necessary, we sent for the boy to speak with him. Whereupon ensued the following dialogue:—

Punch. Now, Sir. The QUEEN, I believe, gave you a message, which she desired you to take to LORD LANSDOWNE, and tell him to communicate it to Parliament?

John. Yes, Sir; please, Sir.

Punch. You were ordered by HER MAJESTY to desire his Lordship to declare the causes which induced her to summon Parliament at the present time?

John. I was, Sir.

Punch. Well, Sir, and did you so?

John. I did, Sir.

Punch. Indeed, Sir. Did you not instruct the MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE to say that the panic—the commercial alarm—had subsided?

John. Why, yes, Sir.

Punch. Do you mean to say, Sir, that the subsidence of the panic was one of the causes for which the QUEEN has convened the Parliament?

John. Not exactly, Sir.

Punch. You told his Lordship to mention the recent plentiful harvest. Was that one of them, pray?

John. No, Sir, certainly, Sir, it was not.

Punch. You requested him to advert to the distress of Ireland, but to say that HER MAJESTY trusted it would be materially relieved by measures passed last Session. Was Parliament to understand that it had been convoked to be told that?

John. I can't say as how it was, Sir.

Punch. LORD LANSDOWNE, to be sure, touched upon Irish crime. Did he assign this, in particular, as the reason of the extraordinary step which the Sovereign has felt it necessary to take?

John. I can't say as he did, Sir.

Punch. But *I* know he did not, Sir. He mentioned the civil war in Switzerland. Was that it?

John. No, Sir; no—that's a mere trifle—that is.

Punch. Was it HER MAJESTY'S confidence of the maintenance of the peace of Europe?

John. I should say not, Sir, in course.

Punch. Well, then; was it her having concluded a treaty for the suppression of the slave trade? or has the Legislature been assembled in the middle of November to discuss the Navigation Laws, or the Sanitary Question? Were these matters of such pressing importance?

John. Not particular, Sir, I'll allow.

Punch. Lastly, LORD LANSDOWNE expresses HER MAJESTY'S hope that the business of the nation will soon resume its wonted activity. Have the Lords and Commons met to receive that piece of information?

John. I should think not, Sir.

Punch. Then for what reasons on earth, Sir, let me ask you, *has* Parliament been summoned? Had the commercial distress, and the state of Ireland, anything to do with them?

John. Certainly, Sir. They were the main points, as I understood.

Punch. Then why didn't you explain yourself? What you meant to say, I suppose, was, that though our monetary difficulties had somewhat abated, they were yet so urgent as to call for immediate relief; and that, albeit the condition of Ireland was slightly improved, it was still so bad as to demand instant attention.

John. Yes, Sir, please, Sir; that's what I meant to say, Sir.

Punch (*mimicking him*). Yes, Sir, please, Sir; that's what you meant to say, Sir. If you meant it, why didn't you say it, Sir?

John. Please, Sir, I'll try and do better another time.

Punch. A pretty page you are! and if you don't take care you will have to look out afar—and very far—for another situation. You are a page that must turn over a new leaf. Go and read your *Cobbett*, Sir: and if the QUEEN ever trusts you with an errand again, learn to deliver it in plain English.

Dying on the Floor of the House.

THE pledges of Members resolved on dying on the floor of the House are becoming inconveniently numerous. MESSRS. JOHN O'CONNELL and FEARGUS O'CONNOR are both pledged to die on the floor of the House, and thus effect a premature dissolution of Parliament, as far as themselves are concerned. We shall be curious to know what style of death these gentlemen will adopt. There is a fine choice of sedatives before them in the speeches of some of their honourable friends. We trust MESSRS. O'CONNELL and O'CONNOR will give due notice of their most extraordinary motion; and we should suggest, that instead of occupying the floor of the House, they may be "ordered to die on the table."

Great Parliamentary Feat.

GEORGE BENTINCK, *alias* the Stable Mind, *alias* the Protectionist Pet, can be backed for any amount, to perform the following feat:—

He will pick up with his memory four octavo pages of unconnected statements, trundle a theory over a dozen great facts, contradict himself fourteen times, swallow a score of full-sized absurdities, and conclude by his celebrated figure-dance blindfold, among three pamphletfuls of statistics, without ever touching the real point of the case, all in one hour. His money will be ready at any of the sporting houses, and he can always be heard of at the Carlton, where he is ready to make the above match, if he can be accommodated with a customer.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE'S FORTE.—The fort—ifications of Paris.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4th, 1847.

THE SHAKSPEARE NIGHT.

Mr. Beale has behaved like—we were about to drop into a popular fallacy implying magnificence, and say, like a prince. We will do Mr. Beale no such wrong by so shabby a comparison. Mr. Beale has behaved like Mr. Beale; synonymous conduct for that of an English gentleman. With fine hospitality, Mr. Beale threw open the doors of Covent Garden—threw them open as his heart—at the claim of William Shakspeare. The generosity of Mr. Beale—as mostly happens with all the kindly virtues—became infectious. Even the Gas Company—so we are given to understand—would not take one sixpence for their thousand burners. The printer of the bills refused a penny beyond cost price of print and paper. Even the cabmen of Wellington Street expressed a desire to take the actors and actresses to the theatre and home for nothing. Simple fellows! the offer did honour to their rough yet mellow hearts; for they knew not that all the actors were very properly enabled to come in their own carriages.

The house had a truly noble look. Nearly all the literary nobility was gathered together in the pit. Viewed through the eyes of imagination, every other man had around his brows a wreath of some sort; there was a very forest of bay, and myrtle, and laurel. We never saw so many coronets even in the pictures of Mr. Lodge's *Peerage*—coronets watered by ink and grown on paper.

We have reason to believe that Her Majesty was most unwillingly absent. Shakspeare, when in the flesh, being the pet of Elizabeth, it was only to be expected that whatever redounded to his honour and glory would be right joyously ministered to by Victoria. We know that every arrangement had been made that Her Majesty and the Prince should leave Osborne House to reach London by a very early train. All the court had orders to attend the Queen to the play-house in honour of Shakspeare. Gold Rod burnished up his wand of office; Dukes and Marquesses bought new blue ribbons; and Maids of Honour, full of expectation, arose on Tuesday, balmy and fresh as morning roses.

Well, at the very moment that the Queen was about to place her silver foot on the carriage-step, tidings arrived at Osborne House—tidings fatal to the journey—fatal to the hopes of the royal and courtly pilgrims bound to do reverence to the Genius of England—the Master Poet of Humanity.

The Influenza—sorry are we to use such a word in such a page—the Influenza has been "in fullest blow" among us. *And* on Tuesday last, the wife and child of the favourite stoker of the royal train being very poorly indeed with the prevailing malady, the man could not, as a husband and a father, leave his partner and his infant, and sent a three-cornered note, through Colonel Grey, the Equerry, to Her Majesty, very civilly detailing his domestic calamity. To proceed to London under such circumstances—*the* favourite stoker being absent—was out of the question; and immediately the Royal party returned in-doors. The *Court Circular* takes no notice of the circumstance, but merely observes among the news of Tuesday (whilst the Shakspeare Festival was being held), "In the evening Her Majesty and the Prince took a hand at cribbage."

To return to Covent Garden Theatre. And what a beautiful human garden it looked! Everybody seemed to have brought their kindliest feelings and their very best looks to the pageant. Viscount Morpeth, and nearly all the members of the Committee, were picked out and brought down to us by our double-barrelled weapon. His Lordship looked excessively joyous. For one night he had evidently washed his hands of dirty towns; and, happy as one of the Hamadryads of his own Woods and Forests, looked beamingly forth from his box, which, to our mind, seemed converted to the umbrageousness of a Shakspearean mulberry-tree; roofed with leafy boughs.

The other noblemen and gentlemen of the Committee seemed either beautifully unconscious, or most heroically indifferent to the legal fact, that, albeit the house was crammed full as any carpet-bag, they were, nevertheless, debtors for crushing hundreds of pounds for the Shakspeare messuage. This they thought not of; or thinking, had a sweet, sustaining faith in the generosity of an enlightened British public, &c.

Mr. Peter Cunningham, as treasurer, glistening in his seat, had a wondrous look of wealth about him. The late Mr. Rothschild would have instinctively taken his hat off to him; for he seemed as though he had already money enough to buy all Stratford, and turn it into one large Mulberry College for a colony of present and unborn dramatists. It was right in Mr. Cunningham to put a bold and hopeful face upon it; and it was especially politic of him, and shewed a man knowing in the ins and outs, the little shabby alleys, of the human heart—granting that there are such places—it was more than right, we say, to add to such a look, such a waistcoat. For it was a vest that said to the world—"You see, money is no object;" the waistcoat itself being wholly made up of ten thousand pound Bank notes (handsomely lent for the occasion from the Bank of England till). "My dear Mr. Cunningham," wrote the Governor, "you will find a great account in such a waistcoat; for when people see that you have so much money about you, they will immediately pour in more."

We say it: Committee-men, Treasurer, all had beaming looks of wealth. Even the silver hair of the effervescent Secretary glowed into golden yellow.

At a few minutes to seven, and quite unexpectedly, William Shakspeare, with his wife, the late Anne Hathawaye, drove up to the private-box door, drawn by Pegasus, for that night only appearing in harness.

(We are sorry to state, that a slight annoyance arose at this moment. A man named Jones would run by the carriage, and insist upon Shakspeare taking the copy of an *Oration*. The man became so troublesome when the Poet alighted, that he was taken into custody by the police, and carried to the station until the play was over: it was desired, however, that he should be kindly treated. At the station, when asked if he wished for anything, he frantically replied—"*Tecumseh.*" The police never having heard of the liquor, humanely proffered some small beer, which Jones quaffed with an avidity that showed it to be an admirable substitute for the other compound.

Shakspeare was received—and afterwards lighted to his box—by his editors, Charles Knight and Payne Collier, upon both of whom the Poet bowed benignly; and saying some pleasant, commendable words to each, received from their hands their two editions of his immortality. And then, from a corner, Mrs. Cowden Clarke timidly, and all one big blush, presented a play-bill, with some Hesperian fruit (of her own gathering). Shakspeare knew the lady at once; and taking her two hands, and looking a Shakspearean look in her now pale face, said, in tones of unimaginable depth and sweetness—"But where is *your* book, Mistress Mary Clarke? Where is your *Concordance?*" And again pressing her hands, with a smile of sun-lighted Apollo said, —"I pray you, let me take it home with me." And Mrs. Clarke, having no words, dropt the profoundest "Yes," with knocking knees.

"A very fair and cordial gentlewoman, Anne," said Shakspeare, aside to his wife; but Anne merely observed, that "It was just like him; he was always seeing something fair where nobody else saw anything. The woman—od's her life!—was well enough." And Shakspeare smiled again.

Shakspeare entered his box at five minutes to seven, and remained until the curtain finally dropt; though, strange to say, his presence in the theatre was only known to the poetic few. As he took his seat, Sir Henry Bishop, to whom the Poet smilingly bowed—for the musician's *Bid me Discourse*, and *Lo! Now the gentle Lark*, throbbing on Elysian air, had long since reached the Poet's ears,—Sir Henry waved his staff (for we cannot say *bâton* here), and the whole orchestra melted into *Thou soft-flowing Avon.*

It was payment for a whole life to see how Shakspeare once more marked his own men and women—heard his own syllables. Evidently, now and then, he thought the words finer than he expected; whilst now and then it was equally plain that he thought he might have done much better had he taken pains.

He listened profoundly, like a poet, to Macready's *King Henry;* felt its passion; glowed with its truthfulness; and at the end applauded with the generosity of an author who *will* feel himself obliged.

He smiled tolerantly at Harley's *Lance*, and laughed outright at Buckstone's *Speed*. "A droll fellow," he observed to Anne; "he hath a face of nobs and bosses, like one of Sir Walter's potatoes."

"Very good indeed! Hardly tall enough to be queenly—but very good!" said the Poet, as *Queen Katharine* died in Mrs. Butler. "Very good; I shall tell her aunt so, when I go home."

And so the Poet continued. He laughed and tapped his fingers at Farren's *Shallow;* and made a gentlemanly bow to Miss Faucit's *Juliet*. At Mrs. Glover's *Nurse* he rubbed his hands with great pleasure; for she reminded him, he said, of Betterton, her great forefather.

"Fiery and good; with temper crackling like a burning log," said the Bard, as Webster stormed as *Petruchio*. And then taking a deep look—a very draught of a look—at Mrs. Nesbitt as *Katherine*, the poet turned to his wife, and said, drawing his breath—"What a peach of a woman!" Anne said nothing.

Shakspeare smiled very approvingly at Miss Addison's *Miranda*, and said something about "fair and fresh;" applauded Miss Horton's *Ariel;* cried "Marvellous good!" at Bennett's *Caliban;* and—as though he knew what Manager Phelps had done for his plays at Islington—gave him a hearty welcome in *Prospero.*

And thus, until the curtain dropt for the last time, Shakspeare spoke approving words and nodded approving smiles; and his huge heart seemed filled like a cup to overbrimming.

And then Shakspeare left the theatre, attended as he came: and then the morning dawned upon the Festival of the night that, like a streak of gold, will illume the memory of all who sat at it.

HEROISM OF AN IRISH LANDLORD.

THE IRISH TAX-GATHERER.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR, "*Bloomsbury Square, London.*

"IT is unfortunate that Irish landlords, as a body, have not shown that bold front which is necessary to intimidate the blood-thirsty wretches who, under the different names of Ribbonmen, Molly Maguires, Peep-of-Day Boys, &c., are gradually shooting off the most active and improving proprietors of my unhappy country. I inclose the following letter of my own to one of these gangs, to show you how I meet the dastardly threats of these wretches, and recommend other Irish landlords to follow the determined course which has hitherto carried me through these dangerous times unharmed:—

'MISGUIDED MEN, '*Bloomsbury Square, London.*

'I have just received a letter from MR. JOHN CORCORAN, my resident agent, informing me that you have dared to affix to the hall-door of my residence, Castle Dunbilk, parish of Drumshandra, County Roscommon, a threatening notice, signed 'CAPTAIN STARLIGHT,' in which myself and MR. CORCORAN are directed to prepare our coffins. My absence from the Castle alone has prevented my taking earlier notice of your letter. MR. CORCORAN may act as he pleases, but I hereby defy you, and declare to you that I am not to be intimidated by your threats. I have written to MR. CORCORAN to eject all my tenants in arrear of two gales of rent, and by the same post to ask from the authorities at Dublin for an increase of the constabulary force at present stationed at Drumshandra; I rest secure in the protection of the law, and the conviction that you are a set of cowards who dare not attack a brave man. (Signed) 'DONATUS DUNBILK.'

"N. B.—Poor CORCORAN has been shot, but thanks to the firmness of my tone, I have not heard a word of the wretches since. Hoping that my example will be generally followed,

"I remain, *Mr. Punch*, Yours truly,
"AN IRISH LANDLORD."

Influence of the Prevailing Epidemic.

ONE of the candidates for the vacant ward of Cordwainer's ordered some 500 cards to be printed to enable him to canvass. "Imagine my horror," says the poor would-be Alderman, "on looking at the cards, to find that the stupid printer had made me request every Independent Freeman to give me the full benefit of his

'VOTE AND INFLUENZA.'

I instantly resigned, for fear the electors might take me at my word. I had no wish to be the member of a Fever, at the same time as an Aldermanic Ward."

PUNCH'S DAYS IN THE FACTORIES.

BEING desirous of making ourselves acquainted with the practical progress of British Industry, we have determined on paying personal visits to some of the factories of our native land. Our purpose is to confine ourselves chiefly to those branches of manufacture with which the public may be considered most familiar; for it is a pleasing remark of PLINY—who, it will be remembered, ended in smoke by tumbling into Mount Vesuvius—that "we like what we know, even when we don't exactly know what we like." We accordingly resolved that our first day among the factories should be passed in a place whose products we know that we like, and we at once bent our way to the

SWEET-STUFF SHOP.

On entering the door we were received by the proprietor, who escorted us round the counter, and called our attention to the saccharine stores, which lay about in luxurious richness. He had a bit of pleasant gossip about every sweetmeat we passed, and an anecdote hung round every glass repository he dipped into. The origin of the ALBERT Rock formed the subject of an interesting legend; but as the story was told us in confidence, we feel that the ALBERT is a rock we are not at liberty to split upon.

We were next taken over the BONAPARTE'S Ribs department, and received the instructive information, that this sweetmeat dates as far back as the divorce of the Emperor from JOSEPHINE and his marriage with MARIE-LOUISE, which suggested the idea of BONAPARTE'S Ribs; and as the repudiation of his first partner was generally regarded as the commencement of his downfall, this popular lollipop was struck in commemoration of an event that promised so much for English interests. BONAPARTE himself being in everybody's mouth at that time, it was very naturally supposed that his ribs might get into the same position, and thus a large sale would be ensured for the new sweetmeat. The original inventor was not mistaken, for he retired on the ribs in less than three years from the time of their being first manufactured. We were next led by the proprietor into the Toffey room, where two real natives of Everton were busily occupied in producing the delicious succulent for which their birth-place is illustrious. They seemed very intelligent, and smiled at our inquiry whether they did not sometimes long for their literally "sweet, sweet home" at Everton. The process of making the Toffey is not so elaborate as might be supposed from the universal reputation of the article; but there is doubtless some secret in the composition, which none but the natives of Everton are acquainted with. We inquired whether a railway direct from Everton would have sufficient traffic to support it from the Toffey trade alone; but we received only a wink from one native, and a vacant stare from the other, in reply to our inquiry.

The proprietor then led the way to the Brandy-ball department; but the workmen being at dinner, we did not see the process of the manufacture. We understood, however, that each ball is saturated in brandy for nine years before it is issued for consumption to the public; but the retailers, by placing the article in their windows uncovered, permit all the spirit to evaporate, so that there seems to be hardly any brandy at all in each ball by the time it reaches the mouth of the purchaser.

We were conducted directly from the Brandy-ball department to the Hard-bake warehouse, which consists of an extensive range of shelves, ascending gradually, from the distance of four feet from the floor, to within nine inches of the ceiling. The Hard-bake Worker was employed in his laborious occupation, which resembles that of the gold-forgers of Golconda, except that the former operates upon sugar, while the latter has to deal with the stubborn metal. We were about to ask some questions of the Hard-bake Worker, but a gesture from the proprietor checked our curiosity. We afterwards heard that the Hard-bakers are a sort of brotherhood like the Freemasons, and are all bound to secrecy on the subject of their craft, by an implied affidavit, which not one of them has yet been known to violate.

The Rock room was next thrown open to us; but as the rock is only in its cradle at present, we forbear from an account of the mere infancy of a manufacture—or rather a boy-ufacture, for it is all done by boys—which is taking giant strides towards maturity. Having partaken of a luncheon consisting of alicampane, which was laid out with the best—we may say the sweetest taste, in the parlour at the back of the sale-room, we retired, much satisfied, and somewhat edified, by our day in the Sweet-stuff Shop.

TEMPLE BAR ON FIRE.

THIS magnificent pile of mud and masonry was a few days ago on the point of being made a meal of by the devouring element. The origin of the fire is unknown, but it is believed to have originated in the shavings of MR. TANNER'S shaving-shop, which forms the base of the structure.

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.—DONNA LOLA MONTEZ for Italy. The KING OF BAVARIA for the Cave of Despair.

THE QUESTIONS ON THE SHELF.

A Severe Lyric.

TO BE SUNG TO CLASSICAL MUSIC.

WHERE are the Questions of a former day,
The agitations of the latter years?
How hath the Vote by Ballot pass'd away?
Of Universal Suffrage now who hears?
Where are they to be found?
In the ocean of our troubles,
With the wrecks of Railway bubbles;
In the Irish gulf profound,
Drown'd, drown'd, drown'd!

Where sleep the thunders of thy rising storm,
Five-pointed Charter? Where, ah! where art thou?
Whither is fled the Spirit of Reform?
Where is it all—the rumpus and the row?
The hubbub hath been hush'd,
And the struggle for organic
Reformation, by the Panic
On the nation that hath rush'd,
Crush'd, crush'd, crush'd!

There was a voice that cried "Amend the Law!"
Why is it silent, brazen-throated BROUGHAM?
What is it that hath paralysed thy jaw?
Alas! the Demon of Commercial Gloom.
He doth enchain thy tongue;
And thy mouth—its vocal member
Mute as song-bird's in December,
Tuneless as a harp unstrung,—
Bung, bung, bung!

And where are all the grievances and claims
Of the mechanic and the lab'ring man?
What has become of certain promised aims
To right the peasant and the artizan,
Ill-paid and over-work'd?
Of the Monetary Question
They are merged in the digestion,
Sunk, and swamp'd, and shelv'd, and shirk'd;
Burk'd, burk'd, burk'd!

TRAVELS IN LONDON.

A DINNER IN THE CITY.

OUT of a mere love of variety and contrast, I think we cannot do better, after leaving the wretched WHITESTOCK among his starving parishioners, than transport ourselves to the City, where we are invited to dine with the Worshipful Company of Bellows-Menders, at their splendid Hall in Marrow-pudding Lane.

Next to eating good dinners, a healthy man with a benevolent turn of mind must like, I think, to read about them. When I was a boy, I had by heart the Barmecides feast in the *Arabian Nights;* and the culinary passages in SCOTT'S novels (in which works there is a deal of good eating) always were my favourites. The Homeric poems are full, as everybody knows, of roast and boiled: and every year I look forward with pleasure to the newspapers of the 10th of November, for the *menu* of the Lord Mayor's feast, which is sure to appear in those journals. What student of history is there who does not remember the City dinner given to the Allied Sovereigns in 1814? It is good even now, and to read it ought to make a man hungry, had he had five meals that day. In a word, I had long, long yearned in my secret heart to be present at a City festival. The last year's papers had a bill of fare commencing with "four hundred tureens of turtle, each containing five pints;" and concluding with the pineapples and ices of the dessert. "Fancy two thousand pints of turtle, my love," I have often said to MRS. SPEC, "in a vast silver tank, smoking fragrantly, with lovely green islands of calipash and calipee floating about—why, my dear, if it had been invented in the time of VITELLIUS, he would have bathed in it!"

"He would have been a nasty wretch," MRS. SPEC said, who thinks that cold mutton is the most wholesome food of man. However, when she heard what great company was to be present at the dinner, the Ministers of State, the Foreign Ambassadors, some of the bench of Bishops, no doubt the Judges, and a great portion of the Nobility, she was pleased at the card which was sent to her husband, and made a neat tie to my white neckcloth before I set off on the festive journey. She warned me to be very cautious, and obstinately refused to allow me the CHUBB door-key.

The very card of invitation is a curiosity. It is almost as big as a tea-tray. It gives one ideas of a vast, enormous hospitality. GOG and MAGOG in livery might leave it at your door. If a man is to eat up to that card, Heaven help us, I thought; the Doctor must be called in. Indeed, it was a Doctor who procured me the placard of invitation. Like all medical men who have published a book upon diet, PILLKINGTON is a great gourmand, and he made a great favour of procuring the ticket for me from his brother of the Stock Exchange, who is a Citizen and Bellows-Mender in his corporate capacity.

We drove in PILLKINGTON'S Brougham to the place of *rangezvous*, through the streets of the town, in the broad daylight, dressed out in our white waistcoats and ties; making a sensation upon all beholders by the premature splendour of our appearance. There is something grand in that hospitality of the citizens, who not only give you more to eat than other people, but who begin earlier than anybody else. MAJOR BANGLES, CAPTAIN CANTERBURY, and a host of the fashionables of my acquaintance, were taking their morning's ride in the Park as we drove through. You should have seen how they stared at us! It gave me a pleasure to be able to remark mentally, "Look on, gents, we too are sometimes invited to the tables of the great."

We fell in with numbers of carriages as we were approaching city-wards, in which reclined gentlemen with white neckcloths—grand equipages of foreign ambassadors, whose uniforms, and stars, and gold-lace glistened within the carriages, while their servants with coloured cockades looked splendid without, careered by the Doctor's Brougham horse, which was a little fatigued with his professional journeys in the morning. GENERAL SIR ROGER BLUFF, K.C.B., and COLONEL TUCKER, were stepping into a cab at the United Service Club as we passed it. The veterans blazed in scarlet and gold-lace. It seemed strange that men so famous, if they did not mount their chargers to go to dinner, should ride in any vehicle under a coach-and-six; and instead of having a triumphal car to conduct them to the City, should go thither in a rickety cab, driven by a ragged charioteer smoking a doodheen. In Cornhill we fell into a line, and formed a complete regiment of the aristocracy. Crowds were gathered round the steps of the old Hall in Marrow-pudding Lane, and welcomed us nobility and gentry as we stepped out of our equipages at the door. The policemen could hardly restrain the ardour of these low fellows, and their sarcastic cheers were sometimes very unpleasant. There was one rascal who made an observation about the size of my white waistcoat, for which I should have liked to sacrifice him on the spot; but PILLKINGTON hurried me, as the policemen did our little Brougham, to give place to a prodigious fine equipage which followed, with immense grey horses, immense footmen in powder, and driven by a grave coachman in an episcopal wig.

A veteran officer in scarlet, with silver epaulets, and a profuse quantity of bullion and silver lace, descended from this carriage between the two footmen, and nearly upset by his curling sabre, which had twisted itself between his legs, which were cased in duck trowsers very tight, except about the knees (where they bagged quite freely), and with rich long white straps. I thought he must be a great man by the oddness of his uniform.

"Who is the general?" says I, as the old warrior, disentangling himself from his scimetar, entered the outer hall. "Is it the MARQUESS OF ANGLESEA, or the RAJAH OF SARAWAK?"

I spoke in utter ignorance, as it appeared. "That! Pooh," says PILLKINGTON; "that is MR. CHAMPIGNON, M.P., of Whitehall Gardens and Fungus Abbey, Citizen and Bellows-Mender. His uniform is that of a Colonel of the Diddlesex Militia." There was no end to similar mistakes on that day. A venerable man with a blue and gold uniform, and a large crimson sword-belt and brass-scabbarded sabre, passed presently, whom I mistook for a foreign ambassador at the least; whereas I found out that he was only a Billingsgate Commissioner—and a little fellow in a blue livery, which fitted him so badly that I thought he must be one of the hired waiters of the Company, who had been put into a coat that didn't belong to him, turned out to be a real right honourable gent, who had been a minister once.

I was conducted up-stairs by my friend to the gorgeous drawing-room, where the company assembled, and where there was a picture of GEORGE IV. I cannot make out what public companies can want with a picture of GEORGE IV. A fellow, with a gold chain, and in a black suit, such as the lamented MR. COOPER wears preparatory to execution in the last act of *George Barnwell*, bawled out our names as we entered the apartment. "If my ELIZA could hear that gentleman," thought I, "roaring out the name of 'MR. SPEC!' in the presence of at least two hundred Earls, Prelates, Judges, and distinguished characters!" It made little impression upon them, however; and I slunk into the embrasure of a window, and watched the company.

Every man who came into the room was, of course, ushered in with a roar. "His Excellency the Minister of Topinambo!" the usher yelled; and the Minister appeared, bowing, and in tights. "MR. HOGGIN! The RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF BAREACRES!

Mr. Snogg! Mr. Braddle! Mr. Alderman Moodle! Mr. Justice Bunker! Lieut.-Gen. Sir Roger Bluff! Colonel Tucker! Mr. Tims!" with the same emphasis and mark of admiration for us all, as it were. The Warden of the Bellows-Menders came forward and made a profusion of bows to the various distinguished guests as they arrived. He, too, was in a court-dress, with a sword and bag. His lady must like so to behold him turning out in arms and ruffles, shaking hands with Ministers, and bowing over his wine-glass to their Excellencies the Foreign Ambassadors.

To be in a room with these great people gave me a thousand sensations of joy. Once, I am positive, the Secretary of the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office looked at me, and turning round to a noble Lord in a red ribbon, evidently asked, "Who is that?" Oh, Eliza, Eliza! How I wished you had been there!—or if not there, in the ladies' gallery in the dining-hall, when the music began, and Mr. Shadrach, Mr. Meshach, and little Jack Oldboy (whom I recollect in the part of *Count Almaviva* any time these forty years,) sang *Non nobis Domine*.

But I am advancing matters prematurely. We are not in the grand dining-hall as yet. The crowd grows thicker and thicker, so that you can't see people bow as they enter any more. The usher in the gold chain roars out name after name: more ambassadors, more generals, more citizens, capitalists, bankers—among them Mr. Rowdy, my banker, from whom I shrank guiltily from private financial reasons—and, last and greatest of all, "The Right Honourable the Lord Mayor!"

That was a shock, such as I felt on landing at Calais for the first time; on first seeing an Eastern bazaar; on first catching a sight of Mrs. Spec; a new sensation, in a word. Till death, I shall remember that surprise. I saw over the heads of the crowd, first a great sword borne up in the air: then a man in a fur cap of the shape of a flower-pot; then I heard the voice shouting the august name—the crowd separated. A handsome man with a chain and gown stood before me. It was he. He? what do I say? It was his Lordship. I cared for nothing till dinner-time after that.

Spec.

WHAT 'S O'CLOCK?

The whole country has been thrown into a state of excitement by an attempt to assimilate the time by all the clocks on all the railways. Various modes have been contrived for keeping up the desired uniformity, and causing every clock in England to go hand in hand; but we suspect there will be more trouble than it is worth, in the proposed arrangement. The method now in operation, is to send a clerk every half hour from Greenwich, to every station on every line, whose duty it will be to set every clock by the time observed in that perfect paragon of punctuality.

The new system, though it has its advantages in causing an agreement between Liverpool and London time, is found rather awkward at Liverpool itself, where it may be five minutes to twelve at the Town Hall, while it is five minutes past at the Railway Station. A derangement of the Bill system will probably occur, for the expiration of the three days' grace will be considered optional, according to the view that may be taken of the clock; and an acceptor, who finds it necessary to ask for time, will of course avail himself of that calculation which gives him more leisure to meet his liabilities.

A nice Country for Investment.—Where a landlord calling for his rent has every reason to be pleased if his tenant has *not got a rap to give him.*

PUNCH IN PARLIAMENT.

CONDITION OF IRELAND.

Mr. Punch rose, and said:—Sir, on the present occasion it is my intention to treat the Honourable House with extreme mercy. I do not propose to speak above half-a-dozen sentences. I cannot give a silent vote on the measure introduced by the Right Hon. Baronet for the pacification of Ireland. I am aware that the measure introduced by the Right Hon. Baronet will cost this House the life of the distinguished Member for Kilkenny (O'Connell); but, Sir, this is not a time that the House should scruple to make any decent sacrifice. When this Coercion Bill—(Cries of "*No!—No!*")—I repeat it, Coercion Bill—shall have received the Royal Assent, the Hon. Member for Kilkenny will, of course, keep his word to his country, by stopping his breath. He will die upon the floor—leaving nothing but his ghost to haunt the House for the remainder of the Session. I rise, however, to give my cordial support to the measure of the Right Hon. Baronet. I am for giving good and just measures to the people of Ireland; but whilst we give to the poor and the suffering with one hand, let us grasp the assassin with the other. For my own part, I do not think the Right Hon. Baronet has asked for sufficient power. He requires us to enable him to search houses for fire-arms. Sir, I think the Right Hon. Baronet has stopt very short of the remedy. From what we have recently heard—from what this House knows of the pastoral bleatings of Archdeacon Laffan—I think the most deadly weapons are not only to be found in the cabin of the peasant, but, too often, in the pulpit of the priest. I ask, Sir, is this measure only to reach the wretch who fires the gun, and leave untouched the "holy" man whose sermon loaded it? (*Cheers.*)

CURIOUS JOKES.

The newspapers say that Baron Rothschild has been called to Madrid for the purpose of negociating another Spanish Loan. This must be a joke, and a very bad one, unless the Spanish Bonds, which are at present so plentiful and so cheap in the Market, are previously paid off, which extraordinary event would certainly alter the character of the joke, and prove the Spanish Government to be no such fool after all. It would be only acting upon the successful method of a very large class of social debtors, who return you half-a-crown one day to borrow five shillings the next. And we have no doubt, when it came to the question, that there are many fools who would be so rejoiced at receiving the half-crown, that they would not mind lending Spain the five shillings; and perhaps there are many fools who would be happy to lend the latter even without the former. By-the-bye, we are always seeing paragraphs in the papers headed "A Romance of Real Life." We can imagine no greater romance of real life than the liquidation of the Spanish Bonds, but we are afraid the type is not yet cast for a paragraph of that startling effect.

Time out of Mind.

We have it on the highest authority—that of the Sun himself—that he has recently "disdained to shine" on some occasions, in consequence of the doubt thrown upon his veracity by a determination to disregard his account of the hour at the various Railway Stations throughout the kingdom. The luminary's variance with the clocks is likely to lead to some confusion, for while the Sun is at sixes, the clocks will be in some cases at sevens.

THE PREVAILING EPIDEMIC.

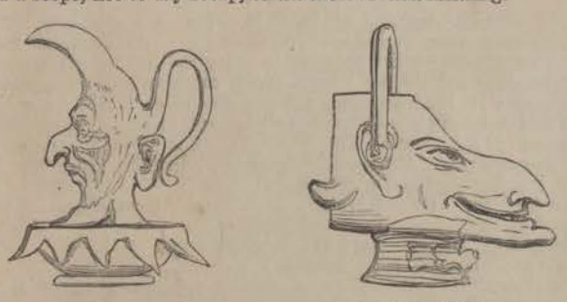
"Ah! You may laugh, my Boy; but it 's no Joke being Funny with the Influenza!"

DESIGNS FOR ART MANUFACTURES.

We have looked in vain for the carrying out of the idea we threw out some time back, of supplying articles of real utility amongst the Art Manufactures of Mr. Felix Summerly. "Una and the Lion" are all very well for those who like to turn their mantel-piece into a Zoological Garden; and a card-tray by a first-rate artist may be welcome enough to those who have a pack of visiting cards left with them every day to fill the ornamental receptacle; but a clothes-horse would be preferable to Una's Lion, and a tea-tray far more acceptable than a card-tray in the eyes of those whom the Art Manufactures ought to be adapted for. We shall therefore agitate for the application of the principle to matters of humbler pretension than merely ornamental works; and we begin by proposing a series of implements for the fire-side, including hearth-

A HEARTH-BRUSH. A POKER. A PAIR OF TONGS. A SHOVEL.

broom, coal-scuttle, and shovel, so that if the projectors will go at it poker and tongs, a successful result will be accomplished. The stiffness of the poker will afford an ample opportunity for the introduction of that starched military erectness that is so effective in our iron-work; while the tongs, by their graceful pliability, are at once suggestive of the easy hornpipe with which the other service is identified. The shovel, by its undulating curve, and the broom, by its elegant sweep, may be easily made subservient to the purposes of Art; and as to the scuttle, it offers a scope, not to say scoop, to the most refined handling.



AN EWER. A COAL-SCUTTLE.

A PROBLEM. $1-\frac{1}{3}=0$?

Mr. Punch presents his compliments to Mr. Urquhart, and will be obliged by Mr. Urquhart's explaining to *Mr. Punch* the following passage from his speech on the Currency Question:—"What would have been the effect of paying one-third less gold? Why, that we should have paid none at all." *Mr. Punch* has a friend in a commercial firm, which has suspended payments under the recent pressure. It was the intention of the firm to have offered 6*s.* 8*d.* in the pound to their creditors; but if Mr. Urquhart can explain to them the theory on which his remark is founded, they will pay nothing whatever, which will come to the same thing (in case of such explanation of Mr. Urquhart's proving satisfactory to the creditors) as paying the dividend originally proposed.

D. Urquhart, Esq., M.P., &c., &c.
Punch Office, Friday.

ENGLAND'S WEAK POINTS.

Attention has been called to the state of our national defences, or rather to our national state of defencelessness, against the contingency of an invasion. The ramparts of our coast are represented to be scarcely more formidable than palisades and popguns.

We have opposite to us a set of mischievous boys, from whom, fortunately, we are divided by the water; but they are continually shouting and grimacing, and making other impertinent demonstrations at us on the other side of it. We trust they will be restrained by their better-minded companions from giving us any real annoyance. But as they do talk sometimes about breaking into our island, and robbing that garden of the world, it is certainly advisable that we should take fitting measures to prevent the execution of such a project.

Considering how frequently the British Lion has been stirred up, we do not grudge him a comfortable doze; but we would not have him caught napping, and therefore recommend him to sleep like the weasel—with one eye open.

But all these precautions we would have taken quietly—without fuss. We deprecate the provocation of aggression by flourishing our fists in our neighbours' faces, and bidding them hit us if they dare. Let us merely intimate that steel traps and spring guns are set on our grounds for the destruction of vermin.

In the mean time we trust that our muniments will never be tested. We confide equally with Her Majesty in the maintenance of the peace of Europe. And we have still a firm faith in our old fortifications—the

wooden walls. On these we shall continue to rely mainly for our protection. Should our country ever be threatened by a foreign foe, *Punch* himself will turn sailor. Yes, we will don the blue jacket and the tarry trowsers; we will nail our colours to the mast; we will convert our cudgel into a cutlass: and our march shall be upon the mountain wave, and our office on the deep.

CONCRETE SUPERSEDED.

Governesses ought to see strange things, if advertisers keep their promises. Last Tuesday's *Times* presents to young ladies this rare chance of introduction to an unknown part of London:—

A YOUNG LADY is required as Governess in a family, on the south side of London, (Church of England preferred, high principle,) based on religious feeling much wished. The pupils are 14 and 11 years of age. French, acquired by several years' residence in Paris, and that language well spoken and correctly taught, essential. Music thoroughly well performed, well understood and taught, a good disposition, and lady-like manners and accustomed to good society much desired. It is hoped that no lady who is not accustomed to tuition, or who is not thoroughly qualified, will apply. Mrs. —— will forward letters, post paid, to the lady inserting this.

We knew that some parts of the metropolis were based on clay, others on gravel, others on mud—but we were not aware that any portion of its south side was "based on religious feeling." Perhaps, however, it is the family that is "based on religious feeling," and not the house. If so, we are sorry to see that so respectable a basis supports a superstructure of such curiously bad grammar.

Vive la Danse.

The Government talks of sending Jullien over to Switzerland for the purpose of pacifying the disturbed cantons. He is to take his band with him, and play his *Swiss Quadrilles* whenever there is a conflict. It is expected that the opposed parties will immediately drop their arms and choose partners for a dance—at least all those that the music does not drive away. It is expected that Jullien will put the country on a more friendly footing by this means in less than a week. His organised band must carry everything before it. Switzerland will be cleared before Jullien has got through one Quadrille, and it will remain to be seen whether the *Ranz des Vaches* will bring the Swiss back again. We think a few five-franc pieces, or a handful of English sovereigns, would do it very much quicker. For a republic, we know of no place where the sovereign is so much worshipped as in Switzerland.

BUSINESS AND BEAUTY.

We have often had occasion to deplore the deficiency in the practical part of female education. We subjoin the notes of an examination instituted by a mercantile gentleman in search of a wife into a young lady's knowledge of business.

Mary Ann examined. Has heard of the monetary question: should think it was a warning. Knew what Stocks were; didn't like them; had stood in them at school. A dividend was a sum in Long Division. A bonus was a sort of pill. Scrip was a little bag, something like a reticule. Exchange was no robbery. Had read about Consols: they were ancient Romans; Julius Cæsar was one—so was Pompey. Supposed the Three Per Cents must mean the Triumvirate. A Bull was a horned animal, or an Irish mistake. A Bear was a cross, disagreeable person, like some people she could name. An Exchequer Bill was an instrument with a hook. The Bullionists were a religious sect. Was afraid the Inconvertibles were very wicked people. Gold was a metal: knew nothing more about it, except that it was the root of all evil.

THE OLD LENTEN ENTERTAINMENT.

The Irish Members are beginning to abuse England as badly as ever. This really looks as if they intended making application for another loan.

COSTUMES FOR THE COMMONS.

Those who attend the debates of the new Parliament are at a sad loss to discover the names and politics of the host of new Members; and from the confusion of parties it is indeed a hard matter to find out and recollect to what divisions the representatives severally belong. This state of things is intolerable. The M.P.'s must be made to wear brass badges on their coats, or, like the cabmen, about their necks. The Protectionist, who desires to show that his principles are conservative of the customs of his ancestors, may ornament his face with blue paint, after the Saxon mode.

Those who represent the Fifth Estate, or Railway interest, might adopt the annexed costume.

Irish Members might assume a skull and cross-bones; but the Young Ireland division should have in addition a pig rampant, to indicate that in their Physical Force doctrines they would go the "entire animal."

As for the Young Englanders, let them retain their snowy white waistcoats; and be it remembered, that the leader of each party should be bound to keep his followers in uniform.

Perhaps, too, a complete suit of each uniform should lie on the table near the mace, lest Honourable Members might desire to change their parties during the debate. Sanitary Reform hath its advocates; let them manifest themselves by such a graceful mode of wearing their hair as shall indicate that "besom" so much wanted in our crowded cities: provided that, until their hair should grow to the requisite length, gentlemen of this section might be indulged by being dressed as military pioneers, of course including the spade strapped to the back, and the legitimate leather apron.

An appropriate badge of the Coal and Mining Interest might be adopted, and we venture to suggest the annexed, unless indeed, by its too warlike aspect, it might seem to trench on the province of a certain Royal hatmonger. But Non-Members, who ride hobbies "constructed to carry one" only, should not be debarred from their right to introduce the same to the House. Thus the Rajah of Sattara, now that his case is before us for the 72nd time, should have it stated by one in a becoming turban, not forgetting to add whatever "bulbuls" or "moodkees" may be necessary to constitute a suitable Eastern costume.

Again, the unadorned domestic night-cap would render conspicuous him who so laudably evinces anxiety for the timely slumbers of the House.

Such distinctive marks would doubtless serve as baits for the trap which "catches the Speaker's eye;" while the present circumlocution of the "Honourable Member for Bigglesby" would be replaced by alluding to "P. 59," the inscription on the Honourable Member's hat.

Those who agitate for Education could not do better than keep before the gaze of the House a couple of school-boards, with the alphabet legibly inscribed thereon.

Besides, just think what a noble *coup-d'œil* would the full House present, though doubtless there might appear more "Guys" upon its floor than have ever been discovered in the cellars underneath. How it would rejoice the little boys in the streets too, to see the motley groups of Members marching in close column from their various clubs. The proceedings, now so tame, would become instinct with life. The orgies of a Committee would have all the sprightly features of a Fancy Ball.

THE AGRICULTURAL COSTUME.

THE JEWISH COSTUME.

"THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING, BOYS."

The different feelings of Her Majesty, as mentioned in her Speech on opening Parliament, are rather of a heterogeneous nature. We simply make a list of them, so that the nation—we mean our readers—may see whether Her Majesty can have such a very pleasant time of it; for the melancholy sadly predominates in the Speech over the mirthful. This preponderance, however, may be owing to the influence of the month. The whole Speech is strongly imbued with the *couleur de fog*. It is quite a November Speech. No wonder that Her Majesty declined delivering it.

First of all, "Her Majesty has seen with great concern the distress," &c.

Secondly, "Her Majesty has to lament," &c.

Thirdly, "Her Majesty laments," &c.

Fourthly, "Her Majesty views with the greatest anxiety," &c.

Fifthly, "Her Majesty has seen with great concern," &c.

All this is not very lively. Let us turn, therefore, to the joyful. It forms but a small plum in such a heavy mass of suet.

First, "Her Majesty trusts," &c.

Secondly, "Her Majesty has learnt with great satisfaction," &c.

Thirdly, "Her Majesty looks with confidence," &c.

Let us look with confidence, also, to the future, and hope that Her Majesty, in her next Speech, may be spared all these laments, anxieties, and concerns, and that they may be changed into the "brightest hopes," "greatest satisfactions," and "proud joys," and other ministerial terms expressive, when used, of national welfare and a surplus revenue.

A LEGEND OF TIPPERARY.

The expression "Och Murder!" is a popular ejaculation in Ireland. The Tipperary boys appear to have adopted it for their motto.

Inscription for the House of Commons.—Dying done here.

THE CHINESE DRAMA.

What has become of the Chinese actors? We were told, six months ago, that an entire theatre had set sail in a junk from Hong Kong; and, after performing in America, the North Pole, the Canary Islands, and the Grand Desert, would ultimately give theatrical representations on the Thames. It was even reported that the Manager, that is to say, the Captain—for the entire crew was made up of the company—had engaged three arches of Waterloo Bridge for the purpose of safely anchoring his barge, and protecting his audience from too great an overflow when it happened to rain. The greatest excitement existed everywhere to witness a specimen of the Chinese Drama. One old gentleman, who knows forty-eight languages and can hardly speak one, actually took "Six Lessons in Chinese" purposely to appreciate the beauties of the great Poet Hi-Ski-Hi; and several of our dramatic authors were looking forward to the arrival of the Junk with its cargo of farces and tragedies, as a new era in dramatic translation. But all these hopes are blighted. The Junk arrived safe at New York, where, upon giving a morning concert in one of the docks, the sheriff walked off with it, because the Captain had neglected to pay his men either their wages as seamen, or their salaries as actors. Thus the Chinese Drama was suddenly swamped in a sea of legal difficulties; and whether it has ever been bailed out since we cannot tell, for the simple reason that we do not know.

We have looked into Lloyd's several times, but it gives no news of the Chinese Junk. The reason it has never been Spoken With probably is, because the pig-tailed crew do not understand being hailed in English; and the British Sailor, we know, is shamefully ignorant of the rudiments even of the Chinese language. We are sorry for the company that embarked in the speculation; and we hope, if they get over the trying juncture which detains them at New York, that we shall have an opportunity soon—somewhere between Battersea and Wapping—of being moved by the stern beauties of the Chinese Drama. We are excessively curious to see how the ballet will be conducted. A deck is not the largest field in the world for a number of arms and legs to pirouette in; and we should be extremely hurt to see the *premier sujet* in the bounding movements of a *pas seul* disappearing down the companion-ladder; or the Nankin Taglioni executing, in the buoyancy of her steps, a rapid movement over the bulwarks, and leaping right on to the bosom of Old Father Thames. But the question is, whether they can dance at all. It is true we have witnessed a Quadrille in skates, and have seen an Elephant do the Polka; but still it must be much easier to cut out a figure 8 on

the most slippery ice, than to cut a double shuffle with a pair of Chinese slippers on the very smoothest deck. If you ask our opinion, we candidly believe that the Chinese ballet has not a leg to stand upon.

PARLIAMENTARY PASTIMES.

Two new games have been introduced into the House of Commons since the commencement of the extraordinary Session, and played with much spirit by Honourable Members.

The first is called *Hunt the Pressure*, and is thus played:—

Members having taken their seats, all the events of the last two years are called in, and set down before the House. They conceal "the Pressure" among them; and the game consists in finding out under which of them it is hidden. The House presents the most animated appearance while the hunt is going on, and the greatest amusement is caused by the wild attempts of Members to guess where "the Pressure" really is hidden. "I've got it!" cries Lord George, seizing furiously on Free Trade. "Here it is!" And he brings to light something, which turns out to be "Plenty" instead of "Pressure." "Nonsense!" cries Sir William Molesworth; "here it is, under Railways;" and he pulls out "Employment." "It's under Famine!" shouts another Honourable Member. "It's under Bank Restriction!" interpose half-a-dozen Members at once, tumbling over each other in their eagerness to lug the Act of 1844 out of its place, to seize on "the Pressure" under it. There is nothing. The struggle waxes warmer. Lord John grasps Railways and Famine at once, in his conviction that they have hidden the missing object between them. His example is followed by twenty others. The whole circle of events is hurled topsy-turvy. Everybody declares he knows exactly where "the Pressure" is, but somehow nobody catches it. The fun of the game consists in its never coming to a conclusion.

The other, and equally favourite game, is called *Blind Member's Buff*. A Member is blindfolded. The Pressure is allowed to run about the House, with Famine, Free Trade, Railway Works, the Bank Act, and the others who have just formed the circle for *Hunt the Pressure*. The object is to catch the Pressure. Of course the Blinded Member is continually catching the wrong thing, and the fun of the House is excessive at his assertions that he has got hold of the Pressure, when he really is grasping one or more of the bewildering crowd about him.

PRESENTS FOR ROYALTY.

If we could really come at the statistics of the matter, we have no doubt that at the present moment there would be found, throughout the towns and villages of England, 532 old gentlewomen making pincushions for the Princess Royal, with at least an equal number of the trowsered sex intent upon the manufacture of toys of some sort for the Prince of Wales. Not long ago, we had a very affecting instance of the manner in which his Royal Highness is persecuted by a present-giving people, Sir Denis le Marchant having informed a would-be donor, that the Royal servants at Windsor and Buckingham Palace had received orders to take in no package whatever directed to the Royal Children. If the sentries had received orders to shoot the driver and cad of the Parcels' Delivery cart, we should not for ourselves have expressed the least objection to the proceeding.

Nevertheless, as there are so many people intent upon making presents to Royalty, yet forbidden to do so by direct gifts, we espy a means by which they may gratify, in a double manner, their liberal impulses. The thought is not altogether our own, but, in a manner, borrowed from the folks of Turin, who, we learn, are making great preparations for the reception of Charles Albert. Committees have been nominated to gather in collections, the produce of which is to be applied to *clothe all the poor*, who are "to be presented" to His Majesty. Now, as Christmas is approaching, let the people—forbidden to send dolls, pincushions, and peg-tops, to the Royal children—present them with a few hundred little boys and girls, deprived of rags and drest with comfort. This, we take it, would be a very handsome Christmas-box, pleasant and delightful to all parties.

Address to the Quarrelsome Boys of Switzerland:

A SLIGHT PLAGIARISM FROM DR. WATTS.

Let canine animals delight in mutual barkings, and in reciprocating injuries with their fangs; for it is their natural disposition in this manner to gratify their ferocity. Let creatures of the ursine and feline tribes employ themselves in growling and contention: since they are so constituted as to take pleasure in these occupations. But you—who among the great European family may be called children—should never allow your irascible propensities to be thus aroused. Those diminutive organs of prehension which you possess were never constructed for the laceration of one another's instruments of vision.

Promoted.—The Influenza to be the topic of the day, *vice* the Panic, subsided.

THE BOOK THAT GOES A-BEGGING.

THE *Vestiges of Creation* has been offered this week to another celebrated author, and again refused. This poor book is doomed apparently to be "The Disowned" of literature. No one will have anything to do with it. It has been left at every author's, like the packets of sealing-wax which respectable beggars carry from house to house, and leave with the printed directions, "If not wanted, to be returned." But not a single author will keep it. LORD BROUGHAM kept it longer than anybody else. He thought, probably, the book could not do him much harm, and so it was allowed to remain for several weeks with his name and address upon it. The rumour immediately was circulated through every paper:—"We can state with the greatest confidence, and upon most unquestionable evidence, that LORD BROUGHAM is the author of the *Vestiges of Creation*." His Lordship has been the author of so many strange things in his day, that the rumour was readily believed, and the book sold another edition of five-and-twenty in consequence. But LORD BROUGHAM thought he had absurdities enough of his own to answer for, so he rose one morning in one of his magnificent passions, and flung the book out of window. It ran about town for a long time, knocking at every scientific man's door; but the answer invariably was, "No, thank you, my good book; we don't want anything in your way." Sometimes it would call upon the "Fast Man" of some light Review, or the editor of some heavy Quarterly, but with no better success. It was always denied, and threatened with the police "if it did not carry its rubbish elsewhere." The *Vicissitudes of the Vestiges of Creation* would make quite a pathetic little book. Its travels would vie in romance with those of OMOO. It has journeyed all over England, it has even penetrated into Scotland, coming back poorer than it went. It has not yet visited Ireland. Probably it thinks that that fossil country might take its title as an insult. It is still a wanderer on the face of literature. Every man's reputation is turned against it. We fear there is no rest for this pilgrim of books but the butter-shop. We don't mind taking it in, a vestige at a time, with a pound of the best Dorset or Stilton, always providing that the stereotyped paragraph is not instantly repeated by some malevolent critic, and copied by every spiteful newspaper, that "We can state with the greatest confidence and upon the most unquestionable evidence, that the celebrated *Mr. Punch* is the author of the *Vestiges of Creation*."

Seriously, however, the destitution of this friendless little literary orphan is a most deserving case for the benevolent. We propose that a certain sum be subscribed in this wealthy metropolis, to pass it on to its own parish. But then again, there is this difficulty: which is its parish? for it does not know its father, and seemingly it never had a home. Heigho! we can only say that "It's a clever book that knows its own author!" Poor *Vestiges of Creation!* Hast thou no strawberry-leaf on thy frontispiece? no stain or blot about thee, by which thy parentage can be recognised? Unhappy foundling! Tied to every man's knocker, and taken in by nobody; thou shouldst go to Ireland! There thou wilt find plenty of kind fathers to own thee and adopt thee! Now we think of it, we are really lost in wonder that no Irishman has yet declared himself the author of the *Vestiges of Creation!* It does not say much for the book, or else the thing would have been claimed long ago, directly it had been known that the authorship of it was a profound mystery.

SHOPKEEPERS AND THEIR CUSTOMERS.

"THERE'S A 'AT, SIR! A STYLE ABOUT THAT 'AT, SIR!! JUST BECOMES YOUR STYLE OF FACE, SIR!!!"

HORRIBLE ATTEMPT.

OUR criminal statistics cannot be considered complete until a new offence that has lately become exceedingly prevalent is added to the record which is published from time to time for the information of the public and the guidance of the legislature. The enormity to which we allude, though it has for years been recognised as on a par with larceny, has not yet occupied the attention of any but the mere moralist. We refer of course to the atrocious habit of making puns, which has become at last more dangerous than the practice of picking pockets; for a man may baffle the pilferer, but against the punster it is impossible to be upon one's guard at all times. A very sad case has lately happened to ourselves, from which we have not yet quite recovered. An individual respectably dressed, and having all the appearance of a tradesman in a good way of business, pounced out upon us from behind the 4½ milestone on the Hammersmith Road, and placing a loaded conundrum to our brains, called upon us to "stand and deliver" an answer to the question, "When is a chicken like a policeman?" We of course had no alternative but to surrender at once all our self-respect, and to reply, "When he 's a cap(e)on." Having accomplished his object, our assailant made off, apparently well satisfied with the result of his unjustifiable proceeding. Something should be immediately done to protect the public from these attacks, which are calculated to revive the terrors of the old days, when the highways were not safe; and for our own parts, we had as leave have a pistol presented to our heads as a pun, when we are not expecting it.

ARMY INTELLIGENCE.

DON FRANCISCO is to be appointed Generalissimo of the Spanish army. Several groves of laurel have been planted for His Majesty; and it is expected that in the spring they will, in sympathy with the warrior, begin to shoot very kindly.

THE EARLY CLOSING PARLIAMENTARY MOVEMENT.

MR. BROTHERTON attributes all the defective legislation to the fact of the House sitting after twelve, for he says all the laws after that hour are made "just like one o'clock."

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PATRIOTIC MEETING OF THE TAXES.

LAST week a meeting of a great many of the Taxes—known to Englishmen—was held at No. 17, Old Bond Street, the office of the Society for the Protection of Agricultural and British Industry. It is not for us to attempt to anatomize the whimsical motive that induced the parties composing the meeting to choose such a place of gathering—we have, as chroniclers, only to state the fact. The room was found to be quite large enough for the Taxes attending; for, if all the Taxes known throughout the country had determined upon coming together, perhaps no space short of that of Salisbury Plain would have comfortably accommodated them.

The room was copiously sprinkled with the deodorizing fluid, in consequence of the folly—that, it was feared, might be infectious—remaining from a recent meeting of the Protection Society.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER took the chair; and, as it appeared to us, very unwillingly addressed the meeting. He said he had consented to the wishes expressed by a deputation, by presiding that day; but, he should be wanting in candour, did he not at once declare that he expected no practical good whatever from the present meeting. It appeared that a great many Taxes—touched with remorse and compunction for the cruelty, extortion, and worry they were in the daily habit of exercising upon the comfort and industry of the country—wished to sacrifice themselves; in a word, to patriotically render up their existence for the prosperity and happiness of the people in general. Now, however laudable their intention might be—however romantically beautiful in theory—it was impossible, he thought, to reduce it to practice. The tax-gatherer was no other than a soldier out of uniform; it was his business to bleed, and despoil, and entertain no lackadaisical feelings on the matter. His sword was his pen, and his musket his inkhorn. He (the CHANCELLOR) had, however, in obedience to a general wish, taken the chair, and would endeavour to the best of his ability to go through the business of the meeting.

MR. INCOME TAX rose to make the first remonstrance, expressive of a wish that at the end of the present session of Parliament he should be allowed to die with decency. Since begotten by his father, SIR ROBERT PEEL—he wished, as a child, to speak if possible with becoming decency of his parent—he had passed a most wretched existence. He had been abused as a tyrant and a despoiler, who had compelled respectable people to give up their gigs—who had been put forward as the scapegoat, by husbands, who had reduced their wives' household expenses—and had even been accused of keeping families all the year in town, when—before *his* time—they were always permitted to go to Margate or Brighton. Young ladies had been denied their boxes at the play—schoolboys had had their pocket-money reduced to half—and all the fault put upon *him*. In every parish he was abused as a contemptible prying rascal—poking his nose into every man's pocket, and turning over the leaves of every man's ledger. In a word, like CURTIUS, or REGULUS, or any other heathen patriot, he wished to be allowed to die for the comfort of the country.

The Chairman, with a grim look, shook his head.

MR. WINDOW-TAX then rose. He said he had heard a great deal about a sanitary movement. The Government, it was said, wished to come before the people of England with clean hands. Now, as in the pagan time, the divinities were conciliated by the sacrifice of a victim—he expressed his readiness to be offered up to the pious wrath of the Sanitary Commissioners. They had, it appeared, made their report—a report which was, in fact, his Death Warrant. He was glad of it; he received the intelligence with a solemn cheerfulness. And it might be asked—Wherefore? He would at once declare it. He was devoured by remorse and horror. He could not count the deaths that might be lawfully laid at his door. He could not wash away the engrained mortal dye that stained his hands. (*Great sensation.*) Had he not been made the foster-father of fever? Had not his whole existence been passed in overt acts of darkness? When he appeared in courts and alleys, he was burnt with blushes; not so much for the money he received for light—as though sunbeams were to be weighed in the scales of government like shekels in the scales of the Mint—(*Cheers*)—but for the gloom and consequent filth that his tyranny everywhere enforced. If he blushed to take money for the windows that remained, how much more did he blush for the windows that his oppression had caused to be stopped up—(*Cheers*)—for the windows that, out of dread of him, had never been pierced? (*Loud Cheers.*) Knowing the sickness he had brought upon the poor, he was weary and ashamed of his life. He however felt it impossible that his existence could continue with any sincere endeavour of the government to amend the household condition of the people. He gave them fair warning. Cholera was coming. He had helped the fiend before—and it was not for him to declare how much he would assist the demon now. In fact, he hardly knew himself. But this he knew—That if he helped Cholera in the courts and alleys of the poor, Cholera would reward him for the assistance by working with added energy in the squares and crescents of the rich. He would no longer be made a boon companion with gloominess. It should no longer be said of Window-Tax and Black Obscurity—

> "And so, between his Darkness and his Brightness
> There pass'd a mutual glance of great politeness."

To continue the existence of himself—of Window-Tax—and to profess a desire for Sanitary Reform, was the grossest fiscal hypocrisy. It was to make seeming friends of a Spirit of Light and a Fiend of Darkness. (*Cheers.*) In conclusion, MR. WINDOW-TAX begged to be immolated—if they would, by the benevolent hand of DR. SOUTHWOOD SMITH—on the hearthstone of the poor. If he was still to exist, after any attempted Sanitary Act, he should think himself ten times the hypocrite he *had* been all along. (*Cheers.*)

The Chairman stroked his chin and said—nothing.

MRS. TAXUPONTEA—a draggled, dirty matron, with a very bloated, carbuncled face—rose, and said—or rather hiccuped—that she too was tired of her life. The tax upon her was so heavy, that she was compelled to go to the gin-shop, when, upon her word and honour, and as she wished to be a decent body, she would much rather prefer to take a dish of bohea or congou by her own fireside. It was very well to talk about temperance, but it was made to cost too much money. And so the poor went to the gin-noggin, when otherwise, she was certain on it, they would rally round the teapot. MRS. TAXUPONTEA concluded a very juniper speech with a low curtsey, and a stammering request of the Chairman, "to be allowed to die for the benefit of families."

A great many other Taxes wished to address the Chair, but the Right Hon. Baronet said he had sat there long enough. He had nothing to say at present, but would give his answer on the floor of the House of Commons. Hereupon many Taxes became very boisterous, crowding and pressing about the Right Hon. Gentleman. He was, however, finally rescued by a body of Police sent immediately from the Home Office, by SIR GEORGE GREY, upon his hearing of the imminent danger of his Cabinet fellow-labourer.

DOUBLE-TONGUED JOHN O'CONNELL.

ON the 29th of November, upon the first introduction of the Irish Crime and Outrage Bill, MR. JOHN O'CONNELL was pleased to say that he had been "agreeably disappointed by the Bill just brought in, for, from the accounts which had been very rife out of doors, he had expected a much severer measure." On the debate on the second reading of the same Bill, December, 9th, MR. JOHN O'CONNELL thought proper to characterise it as "an insidious, a deceitful, and a sneaking Bill;" adding, that he was "resolved to give it his most determined opposition." What can have been the occasion of the change that has come over the spirit of the dream—that is to say, of the opinions—of MR. JOHN O'CONNELL? Is there no gentleman in the House of Commons who will move for the production of any correspondence which may have taken place in the interval from the 29th ult. to the 9th inst. between the Honourable Member for Kilkenny and his friends of Conciliation Hall? We suspect that the alteration lies rather in the language than in the views of MR. O'CONNELL respecting the Government measure, and that his change of tone on that subject has been merely—to use a parliamentary phrase—"speaking to order."

KILLING NO MURDER.—The Irish are amused at the horror which their outrages have occasioned in England; for in Ireland murders are looked upon as *Laffan* (laughing) matters.

COMPARATIVE ANATOMY OF ROYAL SPEECHES.

Four Parliaments are sitting at present in Europe, a coincidence which does not tend to make the jolly month of December any the more lively. It would make a curious comparison to put the opening Speeches of those four Parliaments side by side. There is a strong family resemblance generally, in all Royal Speeches. We have no doubt that the one for Belgium would have answered just as well for Spain; whilst Louis-Philippe's might have been delivered in the House of Commons, without a single Member probably discovering the difference. The features of one Speech are so much like the features of apother, that he must be a clever king who can recognise his own Speech.

But to return to our four Parliaments—though strictly speaking there are five, for hasn't the Pope just opened a bran-new one at Rome? Conceive, if you can, the immense power of talk—the Niagara of nonsense, that must be falling, and hissing, and steaming, at the present moment. Imagine the noise, the smoke, the awful weight of it. What a pity it cannot be turned to some useful purpose; or that one Parliament could not do the talk—for the business is slight enough—of them all. Depend upon it, Civilisation will not rest in her easy chair till a patent has been taken out by some noble benefactor of the suffering race of reporters, for a more economical process of legislation—The Electric Parliament of the Universe! There 's a suggestion for you!

There is a strange unanimity in all the opening Speeches that have been thrown upon the several European Houses of Commons this year.

A ROYAL PAS DE QUATRE.

The whole four of them agree in making a request for money. They are all, more or less, begging letters addressed to their respective nations. Leopold asks for a small loan boldly—he must have it. Spain is just as independent; and Louis-Philippe, you may imagine, is not the man exactly to make two bites of an Orleans Plum. England's is certainly the most modest. It only contains the smallest possible hint; but then we must complain; for haven't we the Income Tax and Ireland?—two little trifles which no other country can boast of, and which will probably be repealed about the same time.

There is another curious fact connected with these Speeches, and that is, the Royal Speech for Belgium was delivered by Leopold in person. We mention this very extraordinary fact as a strong presumptive proof that Leopold was not only in Belgium, but actually in Brussels, at the time, which helps us to the singular phenomenon that Leopold was present, for one day at least, in his own kingdom. One day; no, we are wrong, for it was only half a day. Our private letters, to which we have just referred, inform us that His Majesty started at five o'clock on the very same day for Paris.

LEOPOLD DELIVERING HIS SPEECH IN HIS TRAVELLING COSTUME.

The Shakspeare Night.

Although Her Majesty and the Prince were not present at Covent Garden—although the Royal Box was the only box blank and empty—royal enthusiasm in the poetic cause was duly represented; the cheque sent by Prince Albert in aid of the funds being duly pinned upon the cushion.

NOTTINGHAM REPRESENTED.

Mr. Feargus O'Connor admirably represents the interests of Nottingham Ale in the House. For his head never gets up, that we do not at once acknowledge the froth.

THE BLESSINGS OF CHLOROFORM.

Air—"*Run Neighbours, Run,*" *&c.*

Oh! what a host, what an infinite variety,
Rapt Imagination, in her transports warm,
Pictures of blessings conferr'd upon society
By the new discovery of Chloroform!
Applications, amputations, denudations, perforations,
Utterly divested of all disagreeable sensations;
Like your coat-tail in a crowd—some clever cut-purse stealing it—
Arms and legs are now whipp'd off without our ever feeling it.

Take but a sniff at this essence anæsthetical,
Dropp'd upon a handkerchief, or bit of sponge,
And on your eyelids 'twill clap a seal hermetical,
And your senses in a trance that instant plunge.
Then you may be pinch'd and punctured, bump'd and thump'd, and whack'd about,
Scotch'd, and scored, and lacerated, cauterised, and hack'd about:
And though tender as a chick—a Sybarite for queasiness—
Flay'd alive, unconscious of a feeling of uneasiness.

Celsus will witness our deft chirurgeous presently,
Manage operations as he said they should;
Doing them "safely, and speedily, and *pleasantly*,"
Just as if the body were a log of wood.
Teeth, instead of being drawn with agonies immeasurable,
Now will be extracted with sensations rather pleasurable;
Chloroform will render quite agreeable the parting with
Any useless member that a patient has been smarting with.

Then of what vast, of what wonderful utility,
View'd in its relation to domestic bliss,
Since, in a trice, it can calm irritability,
Surely such a substance will be found as this!
Scolding wife and squalling infant—petulance and fretfulness,
Lulling, with its magic power, *instanter*, in forgetfulness:
Peace in private families securing, and in populous
Nurseries, whene'er their little inmates prove "obstropolous."

When some vile dun with his little bill is vexing you;
When the Tax Collector's knock assails your door;
When aught is troubling, annoying, or perplexing you;
When, in short, you're plagued with any kind of bore,
Do not rage and fume and fret, behaving with stupidity,
Take the matter quietly with coolness and placidity;
Don't indulge in conduct and in language reprehensible—
Snuff a little Chloroform, be prudent, and insensible.

WARM WORK.

This warm weather, when everything has been suffering under the universal depression, from the barometer to the butter, must have been doubly depressing to the poor prize cattle, wrapped up as they are in their great-coats of fat and their big comforters of wool. The asthmatic beasts must have fancied they were in training for some great race. The wheezy oxen must have panted under the notion that they were to be entered for some Monster Stake. The corpulent pigs must have wasted themselves in sighs, and the sheep must have been fleeced of half their proportions. If a tallow-merchant had been present, he would have fancied it was melting-day. Whoever has the perquisites of the Bazaar, must have realised by the warm weather a considerable sum in dripping. We now can appreciate the mercy of the Committee in appointing the Show at Christmas time. If it were to take place in the dog-days, the whole place would be flooded knee-deep in tallow. It is a question yet whether the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty against Animals will not indict them. We saw big tears of suet roll down a two-year-old's cheek, showing too clearly what the warmth of the poor beast's feelings must have been.

CROCHET SAMPLERS FOR MEMBERS.

Colonel Sibthorpe.—Work one observation, condemnatory of Railways in the lump, into every debate on whatever question before the House.

Mr. John O'Connell.—Work the wrongs of Ireland into a long speech, no matter how irrelevant to the occasion. Spin a yarn of two hours, twist facts to your purpose; miss one point—the loan of the £10,000,000—repeat, and end where you began. Work the Repeal Crochet in an endless round of abuse.

Mr. Feargus O'Connor.—Work the Charter in five points; make a chain of reasoning with several hitches; go on till you have worked out the patience of the House, and wind up.

Lord Brougham.—Work all the crochets you can think of at one sitting; work everybody and everything; miss no opportunity; take up the thread of every other noble Lord's discourse—and cut it short.

THE OLD MAN AND THE SCARE-CROW.

A Fragment.

Respectfully dedicated to SIR ROBERT INGLIS.

"WHY, venerable man, dost shivering sit
Under that scare-crow, tumbling to decay?
For rottenness it falleth, bit by bit—
The terrors of its teeth have dropp'd away:
Even little boys laugh at its eyes so fiery,
And crack their jokes and innocently play
Under the shadow of its *præmunire*."
"All this," the old man answer'd, "true may be;
But 'tis the safe-guard of our Church," quoth he.

"But how? When racks, thumb-screws, and faggot-fires,
Church man-traps, and spring-guns of days gone by,
Are rotten, rusty, dead, with our wise sires,
Who rack'd, and screw'd, and burnt: then father, why
Preserve with reverent hand this scare-crow ugly?
Altho', when first set up, no bird durst fly
Over its head, now they roost round it snugly."
"All this," the old man answer'd, "true may be,
But 'tis the safe-guard of our Church," quoth he.

Say all I could, nought from him get could I,
Saving this fond, old, feeble, parrot cry:
And, since I left him, still it haunteth me,
How "'Tis the safe-guard of our Church," quoth he.

OUR HOME EXPRESSES.

CERTAINLY it is a curious fact, that while we are daily improving the speed of our Expresses from abroad, our Expresses at home are neglected in the most unaccountable manner. Every newspaper has its monthly despatch from India, carried across the Desert in the hat of a Bedouin Arab, who comes bounding over the Libyan waste head-over-heels, till he reaches Alexandria, when he turns a tremendous somersault on to the paddle-box of the steamer, and deposits the despatch in the pilot-coat pocket of the captain, who is sitting up day and night for a week at least before the despatch is expected, and all to save five minutes that would be consumed in sending for him to his lodgings. The road, both by Trieste and Marseilles, is strewed with the bodies of dead horses sacrificed monthly by each daily journal, in the *route* that is galloped over at breathless speed, for the purpose of making the monthly packet a quarter of an hour earlier in its delivery in London. Then there is the deadly feud of couriers through France, who, if they do not cut each others' throats, are ready to hamstring each others' cattle, in the interest of the journal of which each is the representative.

At Boulogne there is the eager scramble to get on board the boat, and at Folkstone the daring defiance of custom-house regulations, in leaping on shore from the top of the mast, without undergoing the usual official scrutiny. Then comes the race to the Railway Station, and the scramble for the first special train, when the fortunate courier who happens to be first in the race, safely lands his budget of news at the office of his journal. It is rather unfortunate perhaps, after all this deadly competition and unlimited cost, that there is nothing to communicate beyond the fact that "Rums remain the same," that "CAPTAIN TOMKINS, of the Bombay Native Buffs, is married to LEONORA, fourteenth daughter of ENSIGN JONES JONES, of the Calcutta Ninth Lights," and that among the passengers from Bengal are "MR. BROWN, MRS. BROWN, MISS BROWN, MISS A. BROWN, MISS B. BROWN, MISS C. BROWN, and MISS A. B. C. D. BROWN, with two servants and dragoman."

We have not the smallest objection to all this display of energy on the part of our daily contemporaries, in putting such tremendous machinery in motion for such a result, though it may sometimes remind one of a pennyworth of sprats served up on gold plate; but we wish we could see our Home Expresses better provided for. Kensington is, undoubtedly, a suburb with which the Metropolis is linked by some of the tenderest ties and dearest associations; yet the despatches from that place are wretchedly unpunctual. The ordinary post-office communication is quite angelic in the irregularity of its few-and-far-between arrangements. Nor is it by any means certain that letters put into the post within the Hammersmith district are not sent round by India, where they are occasionally altogether lost before they reach the address they are directed to.

With reference to the Omnibusian communication, the Kensingtonians are not much better off; for though the despatches are very frequent, the transit is performed in a tedious and unsatisfactory manner. The machines into which travellers are compelled to stow themselves are often so dreadfully overcrowded, that suffocation might be the fate of the occupant of the end seat, were he not occasionally relieved by the opening of the door for the ingress and egress of passengers. In wet weather the position of the unfortunate is still more perilous, and the Pontine Marshes are nothing to the swamp in which he is compelled to sit, in consequence of the dripping from the umbrellas of some twelve, thirteen, or fourteen fellow travellers. This, however, is not the only danger to which he is exposed, for the roof is sometimes loaded with a weight of some twenty or thirty individuals, some of whom, it may be expected, will one day "drop in" upon the occupants of the interior, in a rather disagreeable fashion.

The services of a suburban WAGHORN are greatly wanted on the Western Road; for expresses of the utmost possible consequence are usually delayed several minutes in the town of Kensington, on the journey to the East, and despatches of overwhelming interest are not allowed to proceed beyond the Cave of the Milk-White Steed (White Horse Cellar) on the journey towards the West, without certain mystic communications between the conductor, the policeman, the driver, and the time-keeper. We hope the day is not far distant when the progress from City to suburbs will be as free and uninterrupted as the foaming waterfall that dashes—or used to dash—down the shelving flight of steps at the Eastern end of the Serpentine.

PRIZE DISTINCTIONS.

HAVE you noticed the extraordinary number of noblemen who have got prizes at this year's Agricultural Show? There must be at least three to every commoner. PRINCE ALBERT's prizes are left out of this reckoning—for the pigs and bulls of his Royal Highness seem all to be born with a silver medal in their mouth.

The Protectionists need not weep over the badness of the times, for they have only to exhibit at every Fat-and-Tallow Show through the kingdom, and they will get heaps of gold—that is to say, supposing they have a title to their name. The poor farmers come very badly out of the competition. We infer from this, either that they must know very little of animals, or that an ox or a sheep is not weighed, in their estimation, according to the quantity of fat on its back. The Baker Street Bazaar is a sort of agricultural supplement to the House of Lords. The pigs are Dukes, the wethers Marquises, and the bulls Earls. Nothing lower than a Right Honourable seems to be worth an honourable mention. We suppose, however, that this is all proper. Hav'n't the Aristocracy a hereditary right to the Fat of the Land?

Dying for One's Country.

SEVERAL Benefit Burial Clubs have introduced the following line in their list of prices:—"Irish Members treated with on the most liberal terms." Cards have been sent to MR. JOHN O'CONNELL, FEARGUS O'CONNOR, and the other Dying Ones.

THE RISING GENERATION ON HORSEBACK.

Old Gentleman. "A VERY NASTY JUMP THAT! I SHALL GO ROUND BY SHUFFLER'S BOTTOM."
Juvenile. "COME ALONG, OLD MAN! FOLLOW ME, AND I'LL SHOW YOU ALL THE SPORT."
[*Exit* YOUNG HOPEFUL *over the palings.*

DOINGS OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.

[*For the "Morning Post."*]

WE regret to say that the Influenza is not on the decline, and that the Cholera is fast approaching us. It is not in our nature—if we know ourselves—to crush a political enemy with unnecessary charges; but we must ask the Traitor of Tamworth what he has to answer in the teeth of these calamities?

A storm has been raging on our coast. Shipwrecks have taken place. The hopes of the merchant on one hand—the profits of the underwriter on the other—have been sacrificed. And yet, we doubt not, while the hurricane lashed the sea into snowy foam, that SIR ROBERT PEEL slept soundly in his bed at Tamworth, as though history would never call his name to a terrible reckoning.

Yesterday, a man walking in Downing Street suddenly slipt upon a piece of orange peel, and broke his leg. Poor victim! But what can be now hoped from Downing Street after the long tyranny of PEEL?

Last night JULLIEN had the poorest house of his season. But what could be expected? SIR ROBERT PEEL was in a private box. Comment on this would be quite unnecessary.

METROPOLITAN CHURCHYARDS.

MR. WALKER has given notice to the Government, that he shall keep a watchful eye upon the floor of the House of Commons, and if it is overcrowded with the bodies of the Irish Members, who have threatened to die there, he certainly shall do everything in his power to remove the nuisance. If he could do it before they die, we should not mind.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.

SOME people must have the oddest notions of Christmas Festivities, if we are to judge by the strange Christmas presents that we see advertised. Among other curiosities in this way that have recently met our eye in the shop-windows, and the columns of the public prints, is an intimation of a certain "Filter" being "the best Christmas Present" that one friend can offer to another. We can only say, that if even our best friend were to send us a filter as a seasonable gift, we would for ever decline his acquaintance for having thrown cold water upon our Christmas gaieties. If ever there was a time when a filter is an insulting gift, it must be at the period when water is the drinkable of none but the dismal or the destitute. If we were to receive a filter as a Christmas present, we should consider that the donor was treating us as a butt—aye, a water-butt—or perhaps as a mere pump; but in either case it would be impossible for us to pardon the impertinence.

Parliamentary Wages in Kind.

LORD CAMPBELL, in his *Lives of the Chancellors*, having stated that he "knows no reason in point of law why any Member may not now insist on payment of his wages," several M.P.'s have written to their constituencies, stating themselves willing, in the present scarcity of money, to take their salaries in kind. MR. JOHN O'CONNELL being about to die, has already been presented by his constituents with a very handsome tombstone. The Poet of MOSES is engaged to write his epitaph.

A LITTLE BIT OF HUMBUG.

THE IRISH MEMBER DYING ON THE FLOOR OF THE HOUSE.

KING DEATH'S DISCOMFITURE.

RUEL DEATH woke up, t'other day,
And his pale horse he bade saddle;
And Plague and Pain, with the rest of his train,
Set his Majesty a-straddle.

For his old-fashioned skeleton suit, he
Took the dress of a Sewer Commissioner;
Or, perhaps, it might be the livery
Of a Homœopathic practitioner.

His scythe was pared down to a lancet,
And, riding along, his orisons
On a chaplet he sung, where, alternate, were strung
A PARR'S Life Pill and a MORRISON'S.

First he rode to the East, where, unto a feast
His friends had lately invited him,
And saw Cholera at work, on Russian and Turk,
In a style that quite delighted him.

He'd fain have ask'd Cholera to England;
But, finding him busy, pens a
Short note to say, if *he* can't step that way,
Perhaps he'll send Influenza.

"Tho', indeed," thought Death, as he sent it,
"I shall scarce know how to receive her;
For on every spot where there's rent to be got,
I've my resident agent, Fever.

"*Apropos*, why not ride towards London,
To see how my business is thriving?
For Typhus and Co., my agents, I know,
A roaring trade are driving."

So he turn'd his pale horse's head round,
Who sniffed the fat British Malaria,
And was off like the wind, leaving Cholera behind,
To his spare meal of Serf and Pariah.

And the pale horse kick'd—and Death he lick'd
His chaps, in anticipation
Of the glorious whet he was certain to get
From the liberal British nation.

He thought of each drain—a dunghill;
Each sewer—a sludge and slime-house;
Of Whitechapel, St. Giles's, and Westminster,
Of Poplar, and Lambeth, and Limehouse.

And he blessed his friends, the wiseacres,
Who at centralization grumble,
While they'll die with delight for a vested right,
And bow down to an autocrat BUMBLE.

"Ha! Ha!" chuckled Death, as he drew in the breath
From foul court and stinking alley,
"That's the wholesome scent of 'self-government,'
The true reek of "Laissez-aller!'

"A fig for your SMITHS and your CHADWICKS,
With their Health of Towns petitioners;
They may write, rave, and roar, while I've still to the fore
Seven hundred good Sewer Commissioners.

"The works they prepare, suit us to a hair,
And Typhus declares, in each sewer he
Has the run of a sort of poison-retort,
On the scale of BARCLAY'S Brewery;

"Where of knock-me-down gases each the other surpasses,
Till he's puzzled his judgment in fixing
Between 'very fine hydrogen' and 'curious old nitrogen,'
And 'sulphurets, extra for mixing.'"

When, by Gwydyr House door, his friend Typhus he saw,
In a state of the utmost prostration,—
"Why, how now!" quoth Death, pulling up, out of breath,
"What's the meaning of this consternation?"

"You *may* say 'consternation,' for our occupation,"
Sighed Typhus, "is gone like OTHELLO'S;
Our roaring trade has been knocked on the head
By these sanitary fellows.

"They've persuaded the Chancellor the Commissions to cancel, or
At least, in the *Times* I've just read he has
Sent the writ that suspends our worthy old friends,
Called a writ of 'Supersedeas.'

"And the twenty new brooms, just stuck up in their rooms,
For clean-sweeping are all in a hurry;
We shall soon find no quarter on this side the water,
And must leave our snug lodgings in Surrey!

"From each sewer and drain they'll wash out, might and main,
Any hard-working Fever that haunts it;
Soon, a poor Plague won't know where the dickens to go
For a drop of good gas when he wants it.

"A way out of the mess I can't think of, unless
Yourself with LORD JOHN you could closet,
And get from him an Act, making sewers Banks, in fact,
Of Plague-issue and Poison-deposit."

Sighed Death, "I ne'er look'd for such treatment,
From a Whig administration;
But our vested right, sure, in cesspool and sewer,
Gives us claim to compensation."

"I tried that already," quoth Typhus,
"But no justice whatever they'd do to me,
Tho' I sent my schedule in, when they first took to meddling,
Of ten thousand deaths yearly due to me.

"No—we're turned adrift, for ourselves to shift;
Best bear our hard fate with patience!"
"'Twasn't so, in old days," growled Death, going his ways;
"But these are your innovations!"

So King Death and Lord Typhus, disgusted
With sanitary ravages,
Determined on quitting ungrateful Great Britain,
And settling among the savages.

ANOTHER PARDON FOR INNOCENCE.

WE expect shortly to hear of another free pardon graciously accorded by the Home Office to an innocent person. The *Lincolnshire Times* states, that in 1845, MR. DREWERY, a druggist of Hull, was sentenced to seven years' transportation for stealing a horse and gig. On his trial, in consequence of wanting funds for his defence, he was unable to call but one witness. This individual, however, one ABRAHAM WILKINSON, positively swore that DREWERY was in his company elsewhere, at the time at which the robbery was committed. His testimony being unsupported, was discredited by the Jury. After his conviction, DREWERY persisted in maintaining his innocence, and no less than five persons were found to corroborate the evidence of WILKINSON. The QUEEN was memorialised by the unfortunate man's wife; the facts of his case were represented to the Home Office in vain. A "high official" is said to have stated, that "to release or acquit a prisoner upon evidence corroborative of an *alibi* pleaded at the trial, was without precedent." Exactly so. Justice and common sense are unprecedented at the Home Office. That possession is nine points of the law in the case of a convict, seems to be the maxim of the authorities of that department. The tenth—the propriety of his detention—is no matter. Once having got him, hold him fast. "Somebody must be whopped," as MR. SAMUEL WELLER says, and to Home Secretaries it does not particularly matter who.

It now turns out that MR. DREWERY is beyond all question innocent. A criminal, named WEBSTER, has confessed, in writing, to the REV. G. WALTER, Chaplain at Tasmania, that he was the perpetrator of the robbery for which DREWERY was condemned. Poor DREWERY is now at one of the penal settlements, whither he was sent in May last, enduring the consequences of the fallibility of the law.

We presume that, now that there can be no excuse for the prolonging the transportation of MR. DREWERY, the Government will considerately grant him also a free pardon for having been wrongfully convicted, and subjected to the doom of a felon. The Executive is really earning a celebrity, which promises, as the phrase is, to be European, for its forgiveness of injuries; namely, those which are inflicted by itself. However, as DREWERY has been undergoing the horrors of transportation since May, we would suggest that his freedom should be presented to him in a gold snuff-box, containing something handsome into the bargain. We will also trouble the Government for that little matter of compensation due to MARY ANN TURFORD for her false imprisonment according to law.

Something Brilliant.

THE votes of thanks of the Committee to those who contributed to the performance on the SHAKSPEARE Night at Covent Garden included an acknowledgment of the liberality of the Chartered Gas Company, in giving their gas gratuitously for the evening. The gas must, therefore, be hailed as one of the principal performers on this occasion; and it certainly went through the light business in a very satisfactory manner.

PUNCH AND THE INFLUENZA.

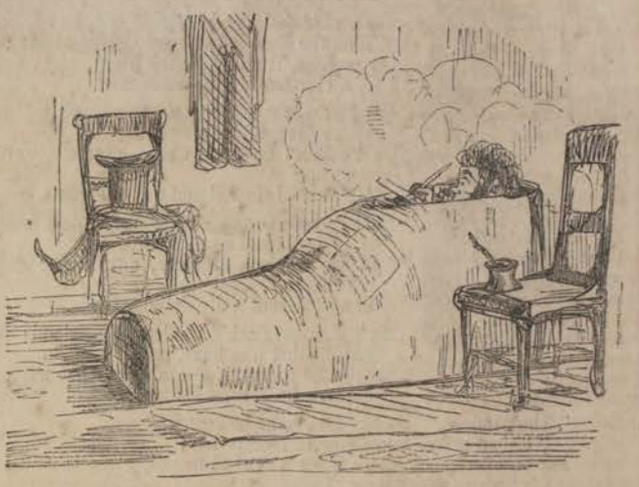
At the beginning of the week, when the Influenza panic seemed at the highest—when the Prime Minister and his household—when the public offices and all the chiefs and subordinates—when the public schools and all the masters and little boys—when the very doctors and apothecaries of the town were themselves in bed—it was not a little gratifying to *Mr. Punch* to find that his contributors, though sick, were at their duty; and though prostrate, were prostrate still round their post. At the first moment when *Mr. Punch* himself could stir after his own attack, he rushed to the couches of his young men; and he found them in the following positions and circumstances of life. First—

That favourite writer, and amusing man, Mr. J—nes (author of some of the most popular pages in this or any other miscellany), appeared in the above attitude. Tortured by pain, and worn down by water-gruel, covered over by his pea-jacket, his dressing-gown, his best and inferior clothes, and all the blankets with which his lodging-house supplies him, with six phials of medicine and an ink-bottle by his side, J—nes was still at work, on the bed of sickness—still making jokes under calamity. The three most admirable articles in the present number are written, let it suffice to say, by J—nes.

J—nes's manuscript secured, it became *Mr. Punch's* duty to hurry to Sm—th for his designs. Sm—th, too, was at his duty. Though Mrs. Sm—th, the artist's wife, told *Mr. Punch* that her husband's death was certain, if he should be called upon to exert himself at such a moment, *Mr. Punch*, regardless of the fond wife's fears, rushed into the young artist's bed-chamber. And what did he see there?

Sm—th at work," drawing the very cleverest caricature which his admirable pencil had as yet produced; drawing cheerfully, though torn by cough, sore-throat, head-ache, and pains in the limbs, and though the printer's boy (who never leaves him), was asleep by the bedside in a chair.

Taking out a Bank-note of immense value, *Mr. Punch* laid it down on Mr. Sm—th's pillow, and pushed on to another of his esteemed correspondents—the celebrated Br—wn, in a word—who was found as follows:—



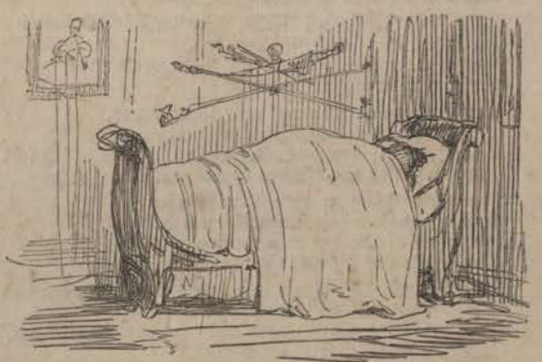
Yes, he was in a warm bath, composing those fine sentiments which the reader will recognise in his noble and heart-stirring articles of this week, and as resigned and hearty as if he had been Seneca.

He was very ill, and seemingly on the point of dissolution; but his gaiety never deserted him.

"You see I am trying to get the steam up still!" he exclaimed, with a sickly smile, and a look of resignation so touching, that *Mr. Punch*, unable to bear the sight, had only leisure to lay an order for a very large amount of £. *s. d.* upon the good-natured martyr's clothes-horse, and to quit the room.

The last of his Contributors whom *Mr. Punch* visited on that day, was the Fat One. "Nothing will ever ail *him*," *Mr. P.* mentally remarked. "He has (according to his own showing) had the Yellow Fever in Jamaica and New Orleans; the Plague twice, and in the most propitious spots for that disease; the Jungle Fever, the Pontine Ague, &c., &c.; every disease in fact, in every quarter of this miserable globe. A little Influenza won't make any difference to such a tough old traveller as that; and we shall find him more jocose and brilliant than ever."

Mr. Punch called at the F. C.'s chambers in Jermyn Street, and saw, what?



An immense huddle of cloaks and blankets piled over an immovable mass. All *Mr. P.* could see of the Contributor was a part of his red Turkish cap (or tarboosh) peeping from under the coverlids. A wheezy groan was the tarboosh's reply to *Mr. Punch's* interrogatories.

"Come, F. C., my boy," said *Mr. P.* encouragingly, "everybody else is doing his duty. You must be up and stirring. We want your notes upon Archdeacon Laffan, this week; and your Latin version of Mr. Chisholm Anstey's speech."

There was no reply, and *Mr. Punch* reiterated his remark.

"Archdeacl Alstey—ald Pulch—ald everyol bay, go to blazes," moaned out the man under the counterpanes, and would say no more. He was the only man who failed *Punch* in the sad days of the Influenza.

THE ANNUALS.

MANY of the old Annuals have disappeared; but they have been succeeded by a new set, which are not so dependent upon gold and crimson, and blue and silver, for their attractions, but still are popular. We subjoin a list:—

MR. BROTHERTON'S Motion for the closing of the House at 12 o'clock." This is a very constant Annual — replacing the old *Comic*. It has been published rather earlier this year.

THE WATCHMAN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

PRINCE ALBERT devotes his leisure and his faculties to an Annual. It is published every Christmas in the shape of a Pig, which no sooner comes out, than it gets a prize at the Baker Street Bazaar. The price varies from £10 to £20.

There is likewise the "Motion for the Danish Claims." But this is an Annual which, though it appears once a year, as regularly as LEOPOLD'S application to LOUIS-PHILIPPE for his wife's dowry, excites but little attention, and is always forgotten before the next morning.

The Spanish Bondholders generally produce a small Annual. A meeting takes place, a deputation waits on LORD PALMERSTON, a martial dispatch is instantly sent off to Madrid, a dividend is promised, and there the Annual stops; but as far as it goes, it is a very pretty little Annual, and excites a deal of attention as long as it lasts.

The Beacon on the Goodwin Sands is another of these yearly productions; but it is no sooner got up than it meets with a deal of opposition from everything about it, and is soon suppressed. Let us hope that this opposition will ultimately be put down, and that some great engineer will yet be able to write his name imperishably upon the Goodwin Sands.

There is also a talk every year of enacting a law for restricting the number of persons on the farthing steamboats; but this Annual, like the Irish Members' threats to turn the House of Commons into a large Hibernian cemetery, rarely goes beyond talk. If we were to enumerate all the Annuals which have no other contents than the latter article, LORD STANLEY'S mind would not be large enough for the series.

The following little batch must suffice to convince the reader that Annuals are just as numerous as ever. Isn't there the announcement every year that MEYERBEER'S "Prophet" will be produced next month at the Académie Royale; and doesn't the NELSON Column receive a stone regularly once a year? Isn't there a magnificent addition every twelvemonth, by MADAME TUSSAUD, to the Royal Family? And isn't there the memorable Caledonian Annual—we mean the penny which the Scotch actually subscribe amongst themselves every harvest time, for the completion of SIR WALTER SCOTT'S Monument? Isn't there the author of JUNIUS'S *Letters*, who turns up invariably once a twelvemonth? And doesn't some mad Yankee cobbler prophecy the Millenium, and get thousands to believe in it every year? There are likewise RUBINI'S and TAGLIONI'S "last appearances" every Opera season, to say nothing of the final conquest of Algeria, and thorough annihilation of ABD-EL-KADER, by the French: but we make a mistake; the last is not an Annual; it belongs rather to the class of periodicals which goes by the name of Weeklies.

WALKER.

WE see a book advertised, with the title of *Walker's Manly Exercises*. We wonder if this is our old friend, "WALKER the Twopenny Postman?" If so, he is the very best man to write about Exercises, considering he has to walk about twenty miles a day—only 120 miles a week—to receive eighteen shillings on a Saturday. It may be manly, but cannot be very profitable—eh, WALKER?

CURRENCY QUESTIONS.

As the Currency Question will no doubt occupy a very prominent position in the course of the Session, it will be desirable that every one should have a smattering of the subject; and we accordingly have prepared a few queries, which will enable the student to skim the surface —and the cream of everything lies at the top—without going deeply into it. Those persons who are desirous of taking a more extensive plunge, are respectfully informed that we think of starting an evening school for adults, so that all those who really wish to live and learn, may have lived as many years as they like before coming to learn at our establishment.

We give a few specimens of the queries, and those who like the sample may have more, with the understanding, of course, that there is "a great reduction on taking a quantity."

Q. What is circulation?

A. The sale of *Punch*.

Q. What is currency?

A. Currency is derived from *curro*, to run, and is supposed to have meant originally running away from one's creditors.

Q. Why are some speculators called Bulls?

A. Because it's all a toss-up whether they win or lose.

Q. What is a good bill?

A. JULLIEN'S announcement of Grand Opera, done for the first time in respectable style at Drury Lane.

Q. What is the meaning of resuming cash payments?

A. After paying your washerwoman for a few weeks in I.O.U.'s, beginning to pay her again in copper.

Q. What is the minimum of interest?

A. The interest in a bad melodrama at one of the Minors over the water.

Q. What do they mean by the Rest at the Bank?

A. The snooze of the hall-porter in his easy chair.

SWINDLING AND SUPERSTITION IN SWITZERLAND.

THE Swiss are often spoken of as simple mountaineers. The simplicity of some of them must be prodigious, according to the subjoined statements of the *Times* correspondent in Switzerland:—

"I have seen some little brass amulets with the effigy of the Virgin on one side and the Cross on the other, which were sold in great numbers to the people as charms against all possible injuries in battle. Those sold at seven and ten batzen (about 10*d*. and 15*d*. of our money) were efficacious against musket and carbine balls; those of twenty batzen (about half-a-crown) were proof against cannon shot also."

The brass of these amulets can be nothing to that of the impostors who forge and sell them. It seems that there are pastors in Switzerland who are rare fellows for fleecing their flocks. It is impossible that they can be owned by any respectable priesthood; they can only be a sort of clerical smashers, sacerdotal members of a swell-mob. Our authority further informs us that—

"Upon a like principle—or want of principle—the landsturm and soldiers were invited to bring their arms to the churches to be blessed; for which fees of five and ten francs were charged. Whole piles of arms received benediction in this manner, and were then declared to be sure of hitting."

Blessing fire-arms, that they may be sure of hitting their mark! Enacting *Der Freischütz* in a Church! Performing the rite at five and ten francs! This is rather blasphemous, we imagine; and no small swindle. Can our respected friend, POPE PIUS, be aware of the tricks of these clerical conjurors? He is not the man we take him to be, if he does not express a very decided opinion on this exceedingly profane Do.

What shall we do with our Criminals?

THIS is a question which, as SIR GEORGE GREY very properly says, there is a great deal of difficulty in answering. We think, however, we are enabled to offer a suggestion to the worthy Home Secretary, which will greatly assist him in the difficulty he finds himself under in disposing of criminals, now that the transportation system is no longer carried on as formerly. Our plan is, to convert some of the worst offenders into Irish landlords. It may be objected, however, that this would be almost equivalent to the restoration of the system of capital punishments, when we seem to be on the eve of their abolition.

ABD-EL-KADER CAUGHT AT LAST.

THE *Nouvelliste*—not MONS. DUMAS—of Marseilles informs us, that the DUKE D'AUMALE has started for Oran to catch ABD-EL-KADER. The Moorish weasel being at last really asleep, the young Duke had taken a steamer, with razor and soap-suds to shave him. The weasel—*when* shaved—will, it is expected, be forwarded to the *Jardin des Plantes*.

UNFEELING OBSERVATION.

Vulgar Little Boy. "OH, LOOK HERE, BILL! HERE'S A POOR BOY BIN AND HAD THE HINFLUENZA, AND NOW HE'S BROKE OUT ALL OVER BUTTONS AND RED STRIPES."

TESTIMONIALS TO WIVES.

WE are too selfish—too money-hunting, we are told—to lay out cash upon red-coats and pipe-clay—to cast cannon, build batteries, launch ships, and do fifty other things necessary for the protection of England against the French. No: when JOINVILLE sleeps in Buckingham Palace, and the DUKE OF WELLINGTON is on his way, a passenger in the *Belle Poule*, for St. Helena, appointed captive of Longwood, *vice* NAPOLEON deceased, *then* we shall know what liberty is worth; then we shall calculate the value of the virtues *pro aris et focis*. Nevertheless, it is some pleasure to us to record the fact that our souls have not yet sunk so deep in our breeches-pockets—working in darkness like dwarfs in mines—as to forget the claim of the connubial virtues when preferred from the softer claimants.

An Institution for the purpose of awarding Testimonials to wives has just been opened in the metropolis, and will, we trust, very soon shoot forth branches in every town of the kingdom. The Institution is, as yet, but little known; but after our report of its proceedings (they took place yesterday, in presence of a vast audience), its objects will become as public as they are acknowledged to be laudable.

The Testimonials were distributed to the well-deserving wives—who attended with their families and friends—at the Pantheon. We give them in the order they were distributed to the ladies by the REV. ROBERT MONTGOMERY, with an appropriate speech.

"To MRS. BRITTLES, married to JOHN BRITTLES twenty years. Had never in all that time given her husband cold mutton for dinner. *Prize*—a silver tea-pot.

"To MRS. FORTYPOWER, married twenty years. MR. FORTYPOWER, a constant attendant at the '*Cherryripe Club*.' His wife, in all that time, had never asked him at what hour he would come home, and never—except now and then upon his own solicitation—had expressed her determination 'to sit up for him,' much less 'to come and fetch him.' *Prize*—a silver cream-jug.

"To MRS. RUMNUM, married eighteen years. Had never on any occasion refused to go out with her husband because 'he knew she had no gown.' *Prize*—a shawl, value five guineas.

"To MRS. MIRABEL, married seventeen years. Had never asked her husband for money! *Prize*—a real sable muff and tippet."

What the other testimonials were, we cannot clearly say; the amazement and continued applause consequent on the delivery of this prize preventing us from hearing. We can only add, by way of encouragement to wives in general, that MRS. MIRABEL was taken home to Baker Street, drawn in a carriage by four cream-coloured horses, and preceded by a band of music.

PUNCH AND HIS PUPILS.

As we appear to have caused, by our example, an influx into the world of literature of several small imitators of our style, we have had some idea of taking pupils. We have tried the experiment of teaching upon our footboy, by way of a beginning, and his progress has been so far satisfactory. His efforts, it will be seen, are very superior to those of the Fast gentry who try to set up as jokers on their own account, without being duly qualified:—

A JUVENILE *JEU DE MOT*.

In consequence of the commencement of the deer-stalking season, there has been a great demand lately for stalking-horses.

ANOTHER, BY A STILL LARGER HAND.

The *Journal du Midi*, published in the South of France, is supposed to be a nautical paper, devoted to the interests of the midshipman—and hence its title, the Journal of the *Middy*.

The Story Without an End.

LORD PALMERSTON seems perfectly cheerful, notwithstanding MR. ANSTEY's awful impeachment, which hangs over his head like an avalanche ready to fall. His Lordship last night gave us the reason of this extraordinary composure. "You see, my dear *Punch*," said he, "it will be at least ten years before the papers MR. ANSTEY has moved for can be gathered together. It will take him at least as long to get them up, and the same time to bring them fully before the House. I won't say how old I am, but, by the laws of Nature, I shall hardly be in being by the time MR. ANSTEY has matured my condemnation. Indeed, very few of the present generation will live to see the end of it. About the year 1940, perhaps, we shall have MR. ANSTEY's personal representatives impeaching my memory." And his Lordship left us, with a dry chuckle.

TIT FOR TAT.

THERE has lately been a collision between the omnibusses and the advertising vans: we do not mean a collision in its merely physical sense, but a clashing of objects of a very decided character. The omnibusses have trenched on the province of the advertising vans, and have become vehicles for puffs as well as for passengers. A sort of fictitious roof is placed inside these advertising 'busses, by which the height of the interior is fearfully reduced; and the mahogany framework, covered with placards, causes the contents of the bills to be knocked into the passengers' heads very disagreeably. We got into one the other day on the Kensington Road, in which we had not taken our seat, when we got "GRIMSTONE's Snuff" in our eye, and were bonnetted rather unexpectedly by the "Templar Night Cap." Carrying a quantity of puffing placards inside an omnibus is not, perhaps, altogether *infra dig.*, but it is certainly very lowering, as any one a little above the ordinary height will soon discover; for he must really stoop to travel when he rides by one of these poster-plastered vehicles. We understand that the advertising vans are about to be fitted up for the accommodation of passengers, in consequence of what the proprietors consider the unfair interference with their trade by the omnibus proprietors. The annexed sketch may serve as a hint for the carrying out of the contemplated project.

ANIMAL COMFORTS.—Swedes, mangel-wurzel, medals, prizes, beans, oil-cakes, meal-cakes, and cakes of all sorts.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18th, 1847.

YOUNG ISRAEL IN PARLIAMENT.

MR. DEPUTY CORNEY, in that august assembly, the Common Council, whereat—by a beautiful civic fiction—the ligneous powers of a GOG and MAGOG are wont to attend, inspiring speakers, MR. DEPUTY CORNEY has made a terrible hit at Young Israel. It is the too frequent evil of our times that men speak from the emptiness of their knowledge; just as drums sound the loudest for having nothing in them. CORNEY is not of these. CORNEY is full of knowledge; so full, that it runs out at his lips. He has studied Jewish history. He has worked up to his elbows in JOSEPHUS; and we doubt not, if he suddenly found himself at Jerusalem, he might, from his instinctive knowledge of the ins and outs of the place, earn a very decent livelihood as guide or ticket-porter. Well, DEPUTY CORNEY will not permit Jews to sit in Parliament. Wherefore? Why—

"From the earliest periods of their history, the Jews were known and acknowledged to be a people possessing *no consistent political feeling*. (*A Laugh.*) They were not admirers of the monarchical principle." (*Laughter.*)

They certainly were no great admirers of KING PHARAOH; but, at the present time, we think it is going a little too far back to take up the quarrel of his Egyptian Majesty. This disregard of crowns and royal jewels,—a well-known weakness or ignorance, call it which you will, of the Jews—is as nothing to a vice of which Christian London, with its Christian merchants, and bankers, and stockbrokers, know so little: we allude to a love of money. Hear CORNEY—

"In fact, and there was no use in concealing that truth, money was *the element in which they delighted*. They had an intuitive fondness for and power of grasping that element, and nothing could check or abate the appetite." (*Increased laughter.*)

This is also true. Yes; we believe it to be a lamentable fact, that the young Jew, having amassed his first five pounds, has an "intuitive fondness" towards making the five ten, the ten twenty, the twenty forty—and so on; a disgusting habit, of which Christian tradesmen know nothing. DEPUTY CORNEY has moreover, accidentally, no doubt, —as the greatest discoveries have heretofore been arrived at—thrown a brilliant light upon the darkness of the Currency Question. *Now* we know the reason of the late scarcity of gold. Listen to CORNEY.

"Why, their love of money was so great, that when Jerusalem was besieged by TITUS, they swallowed quantities of gold, and the common soldiers were *actually obliged* to rip up their bowels to come at the precious metal."

Here we have it. We rightly talk about a "drain of gold." The very vulgar, we believe—for *Punch* is too genteel to offer himself as an authority on the question—the very vulgar speak of "a drain of gin." Now the Jew being a tremendous dram-drinker of the sort, is continually taking this drain of gold. Could we some weeks back have seen the ROTHSCHILDS, and the SOLOMANS, and the LEVIS, and the SLOMANS in their hours of privacy, we should at once have known where the gold went, inasmuch as we should have beheld the Hebrews "swallowing quantities"—taking drain after drain from the Bank cellars, to the consternation of PLUTUS, time out of mind the Bank butler. The complexion of the Jew shows him to be a gold-drinker. He has a MIDAS' skin—a golden cuticle. The metal shines through him, colouring him outside; even as poultry fed on maize take the yellowness of their daily food. We doubt not that, if, in the time of the Panic, ROTHSCHILD had been taken—as he ought to have been—by the strong arm of the law, and violently, yes very violently, shaken, his inside would have jingled like a money-box. He would have rattled, a very anatomy of shekels. And are we without a remedy in future? Shall we, as a nation of money-despising Christians—shall we, as Englishmen, who, above all people in the world, refuse to bend their honest, stubborn backs to those idols—£. *s. d.*, set up in high places; shall we henceforth suffer the Jew to take his drain of gold to our common injustice and perplexity? Certainly not. *Punch* modestly suggests a remedy.

The ancient vice of "sweating" coin lies at the door of the Jews. They have been known to throw millions of guineas into leathern bags, and when there to violently agitate them, grinding the faces of monarchs —as other folk's faces are elsewhere said to be "ground"—that they may perspire drops of their precious composition. When the next panic occurs, let every Jew be cast into a leathern sack, that the gold in his stomach may, by wholesome exercise, be made to exude through his skin. When the Jew cannot be shaken in a bag, let him be well tossed in a blanket.

There is, to be sure, a readier, a more wholesale way than this; though we fear the squeamishness of modern sensibility will reject it. Otherwise, we should propose the establishment of a huge national crucible, where, upon the return of every panic, every suspected Jew should be thrown in and melted, and the pure ore separated from the carcase; the dross—for, we hope, we would not violate the last feelings of humanity—the dross to be returned, for decent burial, to the melted Jew's relations. Let SIR ROBERT INGLIS immediately bring in a Bill for a Jew's Crucible; earning for himself the applause of all the truly Christian world, with "three cheers more" from Exeter Hall in particular. We are, however, neglecting DEPUTY CORNEY.

"They were, in truth, *essentially* a commercial people. They would sell their own brothers." (*Great laughter.*)

Thus—according to CORNEY—the "essence" of commerce is to knock down your own brother to the highest bidder. CAIN, in his heart was, no doubt, the first Jew.

"It was really a serious thing to contemplate a Jewish Legislature. And if one Jew were to get into Parliament, he could not see why fifty should not follow."

This we take to be a truth really too deep for laughter. For let us consider the habits of a great body of the Jews, with whom *Punch*, by the way, is more intimately connected (need he say the Old Clothes Interest?). Consider their opportunities of sapping a Christian constituency. How many a man would be likely to sell his voice with his worn-out coat, the Jew clothesman being, of course, provided with money by the ROTHSCHILDS to pay for both in the lump. The Deputy continues:—

"Only think of fifty Jews in the House of Commons! Why, LORD JOHN RUSSELL was prettily bothered to manage fifty of the Irish members; what a condition would his Lordship be in if fifty Jews were to be added to the fifty Irish!"

It is with great deference that we hesitate an adverse opinion to such a sage as CORNEY; but in the matter of a Judaico-Hibernico Parliament, we think that LORD JOHN would be greatly relieved by fifty Jews being opposed to fifty Irish. They might haply react the well-known historical tragedy of *The Kilkenny Cats*—JOHN O'CONNELL, of course, standing out from vulgar *mêlée*, and dying in dignity by himself.

A Jew is of no nation, says DEPUTY CORNEY; or, rather, he is of all nations; his body being a sort of harlequin-like anatomy, made up of bits and patches from all corners of the earth.

"A Jew was as much a Pole, or a Russian, or an Asiatic, as an Englishman, and if that people got into Parliament, they might, *at the sound of a trumpet*, scamper off to the promised kingdom, and leave the Parliament to work for itself. (*Laughter.*) They would sacrifice their seats, and everything *but their money*, upon hearing the divine call."

There is much matter in this for serious contemplation. The effect of Jews in Parliament upon our commerce is of minor importance; though two Bills that BARON ROTHSCHILD has already prepared in his pocket—the one to prohibit the importation of Westphalia hams, and the other a check upon all individual enterprise—being no less than a Bill to prevent any Christian from driving his pigs to the best market—though, we say, these Bills are subversive of our prosperity and freedom, they are as nothing to the likelihood of the Jews taking their usual "drain" of gold at the sound of the "trumpet," and scampering off to the promised kingdom.

To be sure, our soldiers—like the soldiers of TITUS—might apprehend the runaways; and whereas, in the olden time, the warriors, with cold steel, ripped up the Jewish bowels for the stolen goods, we, with improved humanity, would displace the sword by the stomach-pump.

ROYAL EQUESTRIANISM.

THE Court newsman told us, one day last week, that on the previous morning the PRINCESS ROYAL and the PRINCE OF WALES took exercise in the grounds of Osborne House, by "walking and riding on their ponies." Now their riding on their ponies was all natural and proper enough; but their walking on their ponies is a piece of cleverness we should not have given them credit for. We cannot imagine that a visit to Astley's can have had such an effect on the young scions of Royalty as to have set them imitating those rapid acts of horsemanship in which village maidens jump over silken scarfs from the backs of fleet coursers, or equestrian APOLLOS leap through capacious hoops, held aloft in the air by the venerable hand of the still florescent WIDDICOMB. We will not believe that such are the freaks shadowed forth in the announcement that "the PRINCESS ROYAL and the PRINCE OF WALES walked and rode on their ponies." That they are infant prodigies in every honourable respect our loyalty commands us to believe; but that they are qualified to be made "features" of in an Astley's bill, as *Les Petits Baleines* (the Little Waleses), we pronounce to be a supposition at once absurd and incredible.

THE NEW MEMBER.

'Tis the morning before the debate, and the New Member stands before a magnificent mirror, rehearsing the speech by which he hopes to electrify the Commons, and place himself on a proud political pinnacle. Before him is a classic statue of an ancient orator; behind him is a chair overturned in the excess of enthusiasm; and under his feet are the works of his two models—Cicero and Demosthenes. His eye rolls in a frenzy that even his spectacles cannot subdue; his hair bristles wildly up, as if in sympathy with the salient points of the oration which he meditates. He sees himself demanding—in the looking-glass

—the emancipation of the British Lion from the muzzle which has checked the wholesome roar of that noble animal; and he hears himself—in his own drawing-room—denouncing with a voice of thunder the treachery that has sacrificed the best interests of the Constitution to the worst motives of selfishness.

Elated by the success he has met with in the mirror, he rushes down to the House, and having made some twenty unsuccessful efforts to catch the Speaker's optic, is at last fortunate enough to hook the eye alluded to. He begins—he stammers—he mutters out a few incoherent sentences, he loses himself in the mazes of Magna Charta, gets entangled in the British Lion's tail, and, hardly knowing what he has omitted to say or what he has said, he sits down amid a slight cheer, which the New Member generally receives by way of encouragement at the close of the maiden effort. He retires to his home, and goes to bed to dream that the Speaker is clothed in a lion's skin; that Britannia is taking notes in the reporters' gallery; and that the Premier is beckoning to him to come and take a seat on the Ministerial benches. He has ordered all the morning papers, that he may have the pleasure of comparing all the reports, and judging of the impartiality or accuracy of each, as well as peruse the leading articles, which he feels convinced his speech must have elicited. He turns impatiently to the debates, and reads—

"Mr. Spooney rose to address the House, but he spoke in so low a tone that his observations, if he made any, were utterly inaudible."

He sets down this burking of his address in one paper to party spite; but referring to all the journals in turn, he finds their reports almost identical in their language and their brevity. He puts his hands in his pockets, and comes to the conclusion, that a New Member has to contend against the conspiracy of the whole press to keep him in the background, and he becomes a silent voter during the remainder of his Parliamentary existence.

DETACHED SCENES

FROM THE FASHIONABLE ENTERTAINMENT OF "THE INFLUENZA," NOW SO UNIVERSALLY POPULAR.

The Stage is divided into two Apartments.

Scene.—*A drawing-room, before dinner; very meagre, melancholy, and dull. A particularly ugly* Hostess, *and a very stupid and dreary party assembled.*

Hostess. I trust that agreeable creature Grigsby will not disappoint us. He is *so* amusing, and knows everybody.

1st Gloomy Guest. Oh, he 's a joker, isn't he—tells good stories? Ugh. (*Shrugging his shoulders.*)

2nd Stupid Guest. He 's got a capital thing, Blazer said the other day at the Athenæum. Blazer was going down Piccadilly—

Enter Servant, *with note for* Hostess.

Hostess (*reads*). "Mr. Grigsby regrets that a sudden attack of Influenza prevents him at the last moment from dining with Mrs. Wet-Blanket, when he had promised himself a delightful evening."—How provoking!

1st Gloomy Guest. How wretched he must be!

2nd Stupid Guest. Never mind; I 'll tell you Blazer's good thing, if I can only remember the point of it. You see, Blazer was going—

Servant. Dinner!

[*A pause. Guests look at each other awkwardly. Scene closes on a tableau of confused dejection.*

Scene.—*A snug and brilliantly-lighted dining-room. A partie carrée. Everything presents a contrast with the Scene adjoining.*

Pleasant Hostess. Ha! Ha! Ha! Oh, Mr. Grigsby, it was so kind of you to accept my invitation this morning.

Grigsby. My dear Mrs. Spread, only *you* ask me, and I 'll always "take short notice," as we say in the Queen's Bench.

Pleasant Guest. By the way, Mrs. Wet-Blanket has a dinner to day.

Pleasant Host. Dreadful!

Grigsby (*slightly blushing*). There should be an injunction granted to restrain those people from giving dinners. It 's positive cruelty to rational animals.

Pleasant Hostess. She 's certainly not happy in the composition of her parties. Men don't like to go there somehow.

Grigsby. The Egyptians had one death's-head at their dinners; but at the Wet-Blankets, by gad, they 're all death's-heads together.

Pleasant Host. Try that Maderia.

Grigsby. With pleasure. (*Takes wine.*)

[*Scene closes on a tableau of the utmost cheerfulness.*

A NAVVY'S REMONSTRANCE.

"Mr. Punch,

"I am a navvy, and after working-hours read *Punch*. And how, Sir, is it that I am able to read you? How is it that—though I musn't brag of my scholarship—I can take up a pen and write you this letter? Why, Sir, it 's all along of Mr. Hudson.

"That good gentleman, *Mr. Punch*, having made a mountain of gold out of the bones of the navvies, has, in the kindest way, taken care of us. Out of every line he has had anything to do on, he has somehow managed to have a sum of money secured to build comfortable cottages for us, besides school-rooms for the navvies' children. Moreover, he has paid folks to go up and down among us, to make us, as he said (good gentleman!), civilised creturs of the world.

"Well, Sir, after this, you don't think I'll suffer Mr. Hudson to be sneered at—for a sneer it is, as you shall confess—by any Member of Parliament whatever, 'specially when His Majesty the Iron King isn't in his place to take care of himself. Read this, *Mr. Punch*, out of the debates—this that I have writ out of the newspaper, below:—

'They' [the Speaker means us, the 'navvies'] 'had not heretofore been treated as members of a civilised community. They had been suffered to go from work to work, receiving high wages, which they squandered in gratifying the wants which evil habits engendered, and in a reckless course of improvident extravagance, insomuch that their average age did not exceed that of forty."

"No, Sir, no; Mr. Hudson has taken better care of all *his* men than that. He has seen that we have put part of our wages by in the Savings' Bank; he has had us taught and preached to; and, in a word, whilst lining his own nest with Bank-paper, has never for a moment forgot the wants of the men who made him—the 'navvies.' This is all as true as my name is,

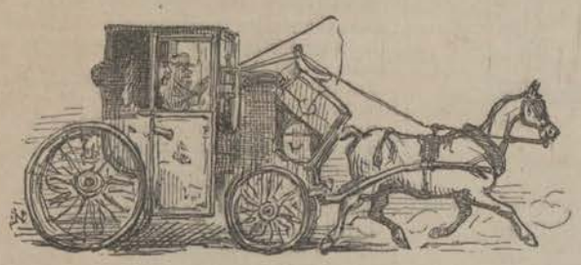
"Yours to dig,

"John Gammon."

INFLUENCE OF THE INFLUENZA.

THE effects of the Influenza on the public service have been very remarkable. At the Government Offices every application made by the public has been sneezed at by the clerks, or coughed down by a chorus of catarrhs, under which the officials have been universally suffering. Somerset House has been a perfect hospital for the last three weeks, and every one in attendance, from the highest commissioner to the humblest door-keeper, has been speaking through a worsted comforter, or wheezing out words of imperfect articulation from behind an avalanche of neckcloth. The postmen in the different districts near London have come gasping and tottering to our doors in a most deplorable state; and the cabmen have been compelled to ask permission to ride inside their own vehicles with the fare who has hired them.

A cabman is not usually looked upon as one of Nature's hothouse plants, too delicate to brave the external air; but the Influenza has reduced the whole race to a condition of sensitiveness so fine, that the Latin motto, *Ride si sapis*, has been of necessity acted upon as if *Ride* (*inside*) *si sapis* had been the true version of the famous maxim. Common humanity has not permitted any other arrangement, and the duet of "Thus we together" has been practically carried out by the fare and the cab-driver in numerous instances.



A BISHOP MUST BE BLAMELESS.

WITH this text the BISHOP OF EXETER gently smites the cheek of LORD JOHN. Therefore, according to BISHOP PHILPOTTS, a Bishop, to be blameless, must not do these things:—

He must not continually dirty his fingers, and spot the purity of his lawn, with pamphleteering ink.

He must not divide the loaves and fishes among his own sons and sons-in-law and nephews, so that the aforesaid shall have two or more loaves, a couple or more of fishes, whilst other Curates have not a penny roll—possess not a single sprat.

He must not equivocate with the poorer clergy, breaking them with the iron rod of expensive law.

He must, in fine, think more of the House of the Lord, and less of the House of Lords!

Dramatic Authors' Militia.

THE letter of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON has created the "most thrilling interest" in the Dramatic Authors' Society; who, if the French take London, can, it is plain, no longer take French pieces. Most of the Members have enrolled themselves as the Foolscap Rifle Brigade. A veteran translator has been unanimously chosen as Colonel, and has addressed the *corps* in a very animated speech—"adapted" to the Society—from NAPOLEON'S Orations. MR. JEFFS, the foreign bookseller of Burlington Arcade, having very generously lent the heroes his first floor front, part of the body are therein able to exercise, whilst others translate and adapt in the attics. The motto selected by the corps is very appropriate: "*Aut Scissors aut nullus!*"

We Won't adjourn till Morning.

SONG FOR LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

To be sung to Order on MR. BROTHERTON'S *Motion for the Adjournment of the House at* 12 *o'clock.*

WE won't adjourn till morning,
We won't adjourn till morning,
We won't adjourn till morning,
Till daylight doth appear;
Though midnight's hour be near,
And BROTHERTON cry "Hear!"
When Time rings out his warning,
The intimation scorning,
We won't adjourn till morning,
Till daylight doth appear.
Members—We won't adjourn, &c.

We 'll go on legislating,
Haranguing and debating,
Though wives at home are waiting,
And we have no latch-key.
My hearties, what care we?
The blush of dawn we 'll see.
Continue speechifying,
With one another vying
In talking, and in trying
How prosy we can be.
Members—We won't adjourn, &c.

Too short if Life's duration
Be found for legislation,
For our accommodation,
Since clock and watch won't stay;
Why then the only way
To lengthen out the day
Is from the night, you know, boys,
To steal an hour or so, boys;
So let your periods flow, boys,
And jaw and prate away.
Members—We won't adjourn, &c.

The Speaker may be snoring,
Or gape, with yawns imploring,
But we 'll persist in boring
His patience till all 's blue.
We, like a jovial crew,
Our speeches will pursue,
Though gas-light may be waning,
And BROTHERTON complaining,
Whilst cocks, their voices straining,
Sing "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"
Members—We won't adjourn, &c.

The Curtii of Hereford.

AN address, deprecatory of the proposed elevation of DR. HAMPDEN to the episcopal bench, which has been presented by the clergy of the Archdeaconry of Hereford to the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, concludes with the passage following:—

"We are not aware that any inconvenience will accrue by setting aside the appointment of DR. HAMPDEN. It may occasion a temporary hiatus, a momentary chasm, in the arrangements of the Church; but we can assure your Grace that our Church has within her bosom a thousand *Curtii* ready to leap into the gulf, and that we should not be found wanting in the day of need."

We can easily believe these reverend gentlemen. No doubt there are plenty of clerical CURTII who are quite prepared to leap into the gulf which they allude to; the said gulf being, simply, a Bishop's shoes. Nor, should it require to be filled up, do we in the least question the declaration of the memorialists, that they will themselves be perfectly ready to plunge into the vacancy.

HEARTLESS TREATMENT OF NEW MEMBERS.

WE regret to see that the new Members are being constantly shut out of divisions "by accident." The fact is—and we have ourselves suffered from it—until one knows one's way about the House, it is quite a chance if one is not locked out, or locked up. We want a few plain directions printed up, such as "This way to the Lobby. Be in Time!" or an usher in a conspicuous dress, to announce, when the bell rings, "This way, gents!" like the black man in the red coat, who guides people to the halfpenny steamboats, in the Strand.

THE LOVES OF THE NEW POLICE.

WHO was the next policeman?—he
With the proud air and piercing eye,
Which round a corner, p'rhaps, might see,
With squint of strange intensity.
His truncheon, though the day was gone,
With energetic force he drew,
As if a head to lay it on
Was then the only wish he knew.

'Twas WOPSHOT—once amongst the prime
Of that division known as A,
The gallant corps that, in its time,
Has ever kept "the boys" at bay;

'Twas WOPSHOT, in whose well-lined face
The spirit's workings you might trace:
At times he wore an idle grin,
And then a fiercer look would come;
'Tis thus the brilliance born of gin
Blends with the sterner fruits of rum.

His voice, though mournfully it fell
Upon the unaccustom'd ear,
Had tones that proved its power to tell
Of bitter days and bitter beer.

His countenance, though still the same,
Of wear and tear reveal'd the force,
For brandy, sorrow, shrub, and shame,
Had o'er his features marked their course.

But now the lustre that had flown
For years, seemed once again to flash
As if two bull's-eyes had been thrown
Within the circle of the lash;
Then WOPSHOT, with a frenzied glare,
Forgetting all his former glory,
Bids his two friends at once prepare
To hear their fallen comrade's story.

SECOND POLICEMAN'S STORY.

You both remember well the day
When, with new capes upon our shoulders,
We stood drawn up in bright array,
To awe and dazzle all beholders.
'Twas when, exalted on his horse,
INSPECTOR BRIGGS review'd the force;
We stood the objects of surprise
To woman's fascinated eyes;
And from their lids a thrill was sent,
That through each young policeman went,
Piercing his cape, coat, vest, and shirt,
As with a sharply-pointed dart,
Until, as if with aim expert,
The arrow nestled in his heart.

It was my doom to be the first
To interchange the playful wink
With one who nominally nursed
Three cherubs habited in pink.
It was my doom to be possess'd
With burning wish to know her name,
Where notes might to her be address'd,
How far she lived, and whence she came.
The wish to know—that burning thirst
Which quenching, but, alas! enrages,
Made me upon the instant curst
With wish insane to learn her wages.
Urged onwards by a wild desire,
I follow'd her and cherubs three,
Determined to explore, inquire,
And walk, though miles it p'rhaps might be,
Until I should have learn'd the road
To that fair thing-of-light's abode.

Down crescent, alley, square and street,
She led me after her—a race
So intricate, that of my beat
I very quickly lost the trace.
On did I follow all the day,
Till it became no longer light;
She quickly turned—I lost my way,
Look'd round—and she was out of sight.

At length—be still my throbbing brain!—
I met that lovely maid again;
Down by the Serpentine I found her,
The cherub triad playing near,
With three life-guardsmen standing round her,
Whispering soft somethings in her ear.
The children gamboll'd by the side
Of Kensington's Serpentian tide,
And no one there had cared a pin
Had the small trio tumbled in;
For feeling duty—all above
Is e'en the most incipient love
'Twas maddening! but now hear e'en worse.
Had blighted hopes been all the curse
That came upon me—I declare it,
I had been man enough to bear it.
But when her eyes met mine, she took
To start, and scream, and faint, and shiver,
Exclaiming, with bewilder'd look,
"She knew I never could forgive her!"

With kicks and struggles on my brow,
Her fervid lips a kiss imprest;
So fiery that I feel it now,
And shall do till my final rest.
That fatal kiss! it was a brand
Among the knot of guardsmen thrown;
Each would have fought me hand to hand—
What could I do! the truth I own.
Each threaten'd to severely trounce
The slave—'twas me, alas! they meant—
Unless the maiden to renounce
I, on the instant, was content.
Pardon me for that coward's act—
But tell me friends, would one of you
Risk being regularly whack'd
By privates in the Life-guards Blue?
I gave her up, with many a sigh—
But oh! the worst is yet to tell;
She angry grew, and raised a cry
That I'd by no means used her well.
"Give it the humbug!" she exclaim'd,
But, to attack me half ashamed,
They let me go. I stole away,
But with a brand upon my brow;
I've been degraded since that day—
I feel the degradation now.

He paused, and mournfully bent down
His throbbing head—while his two friends,
Who felt his agony their own,
Each silently a hand extends.
No language did they deem it right
On that occasion to employ;
But in the grasp of hand one might
Detect the words "Cheer up, old boy!"
A sickly smile he summon'd up,
But fruitless was the faint endeavour:
He'd tasted degradation's cup,
And he must drain its dregs for ever.

Punch's Cure for the Influenza.

WE have given a great deal of attention to the subject of a cure for the Influenza, from which even the writers and artists of *Punch* have not been entirely free, and the affair had therefore taken somewhat the aspect of a national calamity. Upon turning the subject deliberately over in our minds with the pitchfork of perseverance, and examining all the symptoms of the disease, of which sneezing is the chief, we have come to the resolution that the best cure for Influenza is the Irish loan, for every body will allow that that is not to be sneezed at.

PUNCH AND PADDY.

"PUT AWAY THAT NASTY THING, AND LET'S HAVE A MERRY CHRISTMAS."

LINES,

(AFTER WOLFE)

WRITTEN ON THE THREATENED DEATH (ON THE FLOOR OF THE HOUSE) OF JOHN O'CONNELL.

Not a groan was heard, not a pitying note,
As down on the floor he hurried;
Not a member offer'd to lend his coat,
Or ask'd how he'd like to be buried.

We look'd at him slily at dead of night,
Our backs adroitly turning,
That he might not see us laugh outright
By the lights so brightly burning.

No useless advice we on him press'd,
Nor in argument we wound him;
But we left him to lie, and take his rest,
With his Irish *clique* around him.

Few and short were the speeches made,
And we spoke not a word in sorrow;
But we thought, as we look'd, though we leave him for dead,
He'll be fresh as a lark to-morrow.

We thought, we'll be careful where we tread,
And avoid him where he's lying:
For if we should tumble over his head,
'Twould certainly send us flying.

Lightly they'll talk of him when they're gone,
And p'rhaps for his folly upbraid him;
But little he'll care, and again try it on,
Till the Serjeant-at-arms shall have stayed him.

But half of us asked, "What's now to be done?"
When the time arrived for retiring,
And we heard the door-keeper say, "It's no fun
Our attendance to watch him requiring."

Slowly and softly they shut the door,
After Radical, Whig, and Tory;
And muttering out, "We'll stop here no more,"
They left him alone in his glory.

CHRISTMAS IN THE CHURCH.

MR. HUME is always picking a hole in the black silk apron of Mistress Church. He has just procured a return, containing "abstracts of the number and classes of non-resident incumbents, and the number of resident incumbents"—in a word, the number of drones and the number of working bees, of the Established Hive. The *Times* publishes an abstract of the abstract:—

"The gross total number of non-residents amounted to 3,366, including 1,635 cases of "exemption," and 781 of "license," whilst there were no less than 950 (nearly 1,000!) ordained clergymen of the Church of England, *munificently remunerated* for their *sinecure "services,"* who were *altogether absent* from the sphere of their important and sacred duties without either license or exemption!"

And wherefore are many of these exempt? The reason—the orthodox reason? Why, some are pluralists and cannot—like Noah's dove—be in two places at the same time. Some preach to Royalty, having the cure of Royal souls; wherefore souls not royal must look to themselves. From the diocese of Exeter alone, there are fifty absentees; BISHOP PHILPOTTS being so rapt in divine meditation that he, doubtless, never misses the truants: otherwise, would he not put forth his crook, and bring back the shepherds to their bleating sheep?

And now for the Curates—the light porters of the Church—what of their salaries? Why—

"There are nearly 1000 Curates whose stipends are all under 100*l.*; and 113 receive less than 50*l.* a year! The total number of assistant Curates to incumbents who are resident on their benefices amounted (in 1846) to 2642, and the number licensed to 2694. Of these 1192 receive stipends *under* 100*l.* a year, and 173 *less* than 50*l.* a year."

Poor Curates! How many footmen, warm in ardent plush, cosey in cerulean blue, must look down upon your shabby rusty black, and be thankful that their care is the care of the hats and coats and canes of men,—and not of their immortal souls!

Christmas is coming. We should like—were it possible—to have the heroes of the above "abstract" assembled round some mighty Mahogony Tree. Would the pluralist take soup with six hands—feeding six mouths? Would he take six slices of plum-pudding—six legs of turkies—six mince-pies? Surely, yes; for as he takes the toil and the remuneration of six men, he must needs have sextuple sustenance to strengthen him for his labours.

Nevertheless, it is not pleasant to contemplate the pluralist eating with six mouths, and wagging six greasy chins with collops of beef and lumps of pudding, and then turn to the 50*l.* Curate with his small Christmas pie, timidly putting in his thumb—like the nursery hero,—pulling out a plum, and saying "What a lucky Curate am I!"

JEWISH ABILITIES AND DISABILITIES.

To SIR ROBERT INGLIS.

"SIR,

"HATH not a Jew brains? hath not a Jew faculties, conception, memory, imagination, judgment, reason? ruled by the same laws, liable to the same punishments, open to the same action, entitled to the same remedy, condemned or acquitted by the same judge and jury as a Christian is? If you tax us, do we not pay? if you rate us, do we not cash up? if you hang us, do we not die? and if we obey your government, shall we have no hand in it? If we are like you in the rest, we ought to resemble you in that.

"I am, SIR ROBERT,
"Your obedient servant,
"A JEW."

TRAVELS IN LONDON.

A DINNER IN THE CITY.

THE glorious company of banqueteers were now pretty well all assembled; and I, for my part, attracted by an irresistible fascination, pushed nearer and nearer my LORD MAYOR, and surveyed him as the Generals, Lords, Ambassadors, Judges, and other bigwigs rallied round him as their centre, and being introduced to his Lordship and each other, made themselves the most solemn and graceful bows; as if it had been the object of that General's life to meet that Judge; and as if that Secretary of the Tape and Sealing-wax Office, having achieved at length a presentation to the LORD MAYOR, had gained the end of his existence, and might go home singing a *Nunc Dimittis*. DON GERONIMO DE MULLIGAN Y GUAYABA, Minister of the Republic of Topinambo (and originally descended from an illustrious Irish ancestor, who hewed out with his pickaxe in the Topinambo Mines the steps by which his family have ascended to their present eminence), holding his cocked hat with the yellow cockade close over his embroidered coat-tails, conversed with ALDERMAN CODSHEAD, that celebrated statesman, who was also in tights, with a sword and bag.

Of all the articles of the splendid court-dress of our aristocracy, I think it is those little bags which I admire most. The dear crisp curly little black darlings! They give a gentleman's back an indescribable grace and air of chivalry. They are at once manly, elegant, and useful (being made of sticking-plaster, which can be applied afterwards to heal many a wound of domestic life). They are something extra appended to men, to enable them to appear in the presence of royalty. How vastly the idea of a Court increases in solemnity and grandeur when you think that a man cannot enter it without a tail!

These thoughts passed through my mind, and pleasingly diverted it from all sensations of hunger, while many friends around me were pulling out their watches, looking towards the great dining-room doors, rattling at the lock (the door gasped open once or twice, and the nose of a functionary on the other side peeped in among us and entreated peace), and vowing it was scandalous, monstrous, shameful. If you ask an assembly of Englishmen to a feast, and accident or the cook delays it, they show their gratitude in this way. Before the supper-rooms were thrown open at my friend MRS. PERKINS'S ball, I recollect LIVERSAGE at the door, swearing and growling as if he had met with an injury. So I thought the Bellows-Menders' guests seemed heaving into mutiny, when the great doors burst open in a flood of light, and we rushed, a black streaming crowd, into the gorgeous hall of banquet.

Every man sprang for his place with breathless rapidity. We knew where those places were beforehand; for a cunning map had been put into the hands of each of us by an officer of the Company, where every plate of this grand festival was numbered, and each gentleman's place was ticked off. My wife keeps my card still in her album; and my dear eldest boy (who has a fine genius and appetite) will gaze on it for half an hour at a time, whereas he passes by the copies of verses and the flower-pieces with an entire indifference.

The vast hall flames with gas, and is emblazoned all over with the arms of by-gone Bellows-Menders. August portraits decorate the walls. The DUKE OF KENT in scarlet, with a crooked sabre, stared me firmly in the face during the whole entertainment. The DUKE OF CUMBERLAND, in a hussar uniform, was at my back, and I knew was looking down into my plate. The eyes of those gaunt portraits follow you everywhere. The Prince Regent has been mentioned before. He has

his place of honour over the Great Bellows-Mender's chair, and surveys the high table glittering with plate, epergnes, candles, hock-glasses, moulds of blanc-mange stuck over with flowers, gold statues holding up baskets of barley-sugar, and a thousand objects of art. Piles of immense gold cans and salvers rose up in buffets behind this high table; towards which presently, and in a grand procession—the band in the gallery over-head blowing out the Bellows-Menders' march—a score of City tradesmen and their famous guests walked solemnly between our rows of tables.

Grace was said, not by the professional devotees who sang "*Non Nobis*" at the end of the meal, but by a chaplain somewhere in the room, and the turtle began. Armies of waiters came rushing in with tureens of this broth of the City.

There was a gentleman near us—a very lean old Bellows-Mender, indeed, who had three platefuls. His old hands trembled, and his plate quivered with excitement, as he asked again and again. That old man is not destined to eat much more of the green fat of this life. As he took it, he shook all over like the jelly in the dish opposite to him. He gasped out a quick laugh once or twice to his neighbour, when his two or three old tusks showed, still standing up in those jaws which had swallowed such a deal of callipash. He winked at the waiters, knowing them from former banquets.

This banquet, which I am describing at Christmas, took place at the end of May. At that time the vegetables called peas were exceedingly scarce, and cost six-and-twenty shillings a quart.

"There are two hundred quarts of peas," said the old fellow, winking with blood-shot eyes, and a laugh that was perfectly frightful. They were consumed with the fragrant ducks, by those who were inclined; or with the VENISON, which now came in.

That was a great sight. On a centre table in the hall, on which already stood a cold Baron of Beef—a grotesque piece of meat—a dish as big as a dish in a pantomime, with a little Standard of England stuck into the top of it, as if it was round this we were to rally—on this centre table, six men placed as many huge dishes under cover; and at a given signal the master cook and five assistants in white caps and jackets marched rapidly up to the dish covers, which being withdrawn, discovered to our sight six haunches, on which the six carvers, taking out six sharp knives from their girdles, began operating.

It was, I say, like something out of a Gothic romance, or a grotesque fairy pantomime. Feudal barons must have dined so five hundred years ago. One of those knives may have been the identical blade which WALWORTH plunged in JACK CADE'S ribs, and which was afterwards caught up into the City Arms, where it blazes. (Not that any man can seriously believe that JACK CADE was hurt by the dig of the jolly old Mayor in the red gown and chain, any more than that Pantaloon is singed by the great poker, which is always forthcoming at the present season.) Here we were practising the noble custom of the good old times, imitating our glorious forefathers, rallying round our old institutions like true Britons. These very flagons and platters were in the room before us, ten times as big as any we use or want now-a-days. They served us a grace-cup as large as a plate-basket, and at the end they passed us a rose-water dish, into which PEPYS might have dipped his napkin. PEPYS?—what do I say? RICHARD III. Cœur-de-Lion, GUY OF WARWICK, GOG and MAGOG. I don't know how antique the articles are.

Conversation, rapid and befitting the place and occasion, went on all round. "Waiter, where's the turtle-fins?"—Gobble, gobble. "Hice Punch or My deary, Sir?" "Smelts or salmon, JOWLER, my boy?" "Always take cold beef after turtle."—Hobble, gobble. "These year peas have no taste." Hobble, gobbleobble. "JONES, a glass of 'Ock with you? SMITH, jine us? Waiter, three 'Ocks. S.! mind your manners. There's MRS. S. a-looking at you from the gallery."—Hobble-obbl-gobble-gob-gob-gob. A steam of meats, a flare of candles, a rushing to and fro of waiters, a ceaseless clinking of glass and steel, a dizzy mist of gluttony, out of which I see my old friend of the turtle soup making terrific play among the peas, his knife darting down his throat.

* * * * *

It is all over. We can eat no more. We are full of BACCHUS and fat venison. We lay down our weapons and rest. "Why, in the name of goodness," says I, turning round to PILKINGTON, who had behaved at dinner like a doctor; "Why—"

But a great rap, tap, tap proclaimed grace, after which the professional gentlemen sang out "*Non Nobis*," and then the dessert and the speeches began; about which we shall speak in the third course of our entertainment.

THE LORDS OUT OF WORK.

As usual at the commencement of a Session, the Lords are slack of work, for the Commons are too fond of talking to get any business sufficiently advanced to be sent to the Upper House for completion. The Peers, who are after all not half so garrulous and long-winded as the Commons, cannot fill up their time in mere talk, and are actually starving for want of employment. Those still able-bodied and active-minded legislative labourers, BROUGHAM and WELLINGTON, are especially desirous for some employment; and BROUGHAM, who is constitutionally incapable of idleness, may shortly be expected to importune LORD JOHN RUSSELL for a job of some kind, just to keep his hand in.

It is certainly very hard that a number of excellent Parliamentary workmen should be unemployed all the early part of the Session, merely because the Commons will not get their own work forward, and furnish the Peers with something to be going on with at all events. Idleness is the parent of mischief,

and it will be very creditable to such an energetic and restless individual as BROUGHAM, if, with nothing to do, he can restrain himself from doing anything desperate. If it were not for his hunting boars at Cannes during the recess, and bores in Parliament during the Session, he would die of *ennui*, for the appeals in the House of Lords are mere child's play to him; and as to Committees, he could run through a dozen in an hour, and be as fresh as a lark to worry a brother Peer, or scratch a Whig to pieces at the sitting of the House in the evening.

HOW TO CRUSH A QUESTION.—Appoint a Parliamentary Committee to *sit upon it*.

OUR PARLIAMENTARY POST-BAG.

LETTER I.—*From* MRS. JANE FRITTERS, *in London, to* MISS ANNA-MARIA MEGRIM, *Snugley House, Lincolnshire.*

TAKE up my pen, love, (there goes *twelve* already!)
With nerves fairly *shattered*, and fingers unsteady—
To sketch for my ANNA a day in the life
Of that *worse-used* of women, *a new Member's* wife.
First, all sorts of *discomfort* to sum in a line,
The *whole* Session thro' we don't once *really* dine!
For, on Saturdays, FRITTERS *can't eat, sleep*, or *speak*,
He's so knock'd up, *poor dear*, with the work of the week.
And on Sundays, *of course*, as becomes *wretched sinners*,
We *make it a point* to have wretched cold dinners.
And as FRITTERS *from prayers*, you know, ne'er stops away,
He's down at the House, love, by four every day.
And what with the Panic and Pressure Committee,
(I *do* wish they'd not make such a fuss in the City);
And what with Coercion—(I 'm sure I've no patience
With those *dreadful Papistical* denunciations)—
As he 's anxious on every subject to tell 'em his
Mind, he puts up with a cutlet at BELLAMY'S.
He says, if he ran home to dine with poor me,
He might ne'er catch the eye of the Speaker, you see;
For new members have never *the least* chance of shining,
Unless they get up when the old ones are dining:
So that since F.'s return for the Borough of Snugley,
He's grown *dreadfully* bilious, and I really *ugly;*
And, in fact, his *digestion*, and what *was* my beauty,
Have been *sacrificed* both on the altar of duty!
FRITTERS says he'll go through it, be the cost what it will
(*Dear Martyr!*) of conjugal bliss, or blue pill!
So here sits your *poor* friend, *past midnight*, and pens a
Sad letter (these shivers *must* be Influenza!)
To give her dear ANNA *one* word of advice—
When the question is popped, love—*whatever* the price
It costs to say "*No*"—if the man's an M.P.,
Decline; and if asked why, refer him to *me.*
It 's not only the latch-key, and *dreadful* late hours,
(These, of course, one *could* bear, with such husbands as ours);
But when FRITTERS *does* get home—at one, p'rhaps, or two—
He debates the debate to me, all the way thro';
All about bullion-drain (I suppose something sanatory,
But I *daren't* ask a question, for then he 's explanatory),
And supply and demand, and the price of a pound
(As if *that* wasn't just the same all the world round),
Till his talk, like the gold which occasions this bother,
Flows in at one ear, and flows out at the other.
Then, when fairly in bed, (*late* enough *goodness* knows),
Every moment I'm startled up out of my dose,
By his smothered "Hear, hear," or ironical "Oh,"
For he dreams that he 's still in the House, love, you know.
Then while dressing he 'll fall in such fits of abstraction,
That I'm frightened to *death* he 'll commit some *rash action;*
So *wildly* he 'll brandish his razor about,
Rehearsing a speech to himself, I've no doubt.
Then at breakfast, instead of his *tea* and his *toast*,
All his *appetite* goes on the *Herald* or *Post;*
And he greedily swallows the last night's debate,
Instead of the egg, getting cold on his plate.
When I ask if he 'd like his tea sweeter or weaker,
He often begins his reply, "Mr. Speaker;"
And if I inquire how 's his *poor dear* digestion,
Ten to one if I get any answer but "Question."
Then the whole morning thro' he 'll do *nothing* but look
At some *horrid* "returns" or some *dismal* blue book.
(Yes, well may they call their books "*blue*," for I know
They make my poor FRITTERS look *dreadfully* so.)
Till, after a *wretched dull* day, he declares
He must go, or he fears he 'll be too late for prayers.
And lonely I sit, till next morning, at one,
Brings back a fresh day, like that thro' which I've gone.
There I shrug in my shawl, sneezing, shivering, and shaking,
Now waking and dozing, then dozing and waking;
And of late things have grown *even worse* ('tis a true bill),
For he 's in *such* a *way* about that *horrid* Jew Bill,
If he 's later than usual, I'm really so nervous,
That I fancy *my* F. (Goodness gracious preserve us!),
As some members *have* threatened (*once* I thought it a *chouse*),
Has perhaps gone and "*died* on the floor of the House!"
Only think then, my love, what *relief* it must be,
To hear at the street-door his poor dear latch-key!
But I'm worn to a shade, as I think you 'll confess,
When we come home (D.V.) for the Christmas recess.
Oh, I hope, love, you 'll then lend me *your* intercession,
To make FRITTERS pair off for the rest of the Session;
For as things go on now, I am sure you *must* see
That he might *just* as well ne'er have paired off with me.
Life's draught, I'm aware, we must *all* take with bitters,
But not *one* drop of sweet has Yours ever,

"JANE FRITTERS."

MEETING OF STREETS.

LAST Thursday a numerous and influential meeting of the Metropolitan Streets and Thoroughfares was held at Charing Cross. Amongst those present we noticed Grosvenor Place, Park Lane, and other highly respectable West-End Streets; also Piccadilly, Regent Street, Fleet Street, and the Minories. Hungerford Bridge was also present, and, as usual, wore his chain. The Blackwall Railway was expected, but did not make his appearance.

At three o'clock the chair was taken by the Strand, who commenced the proceedings by announcing that they had met to complain of the various abuses and nuisances to which they were subject as a body. He hoped that the assembly would conduct itself with that decorum which was becoming in British Streets, who sought only to discuss their grievances and pave the way to improvement. (*Hear.*)

Piccadilly began by calling the attention of the meeting to the harsh manner in which several Honourable Thoroughfares had been treated by those who wantonly dug up the pavement and excavated large holes, which stopped the traffic and made Honourable Thoroughfares unpopular. He wondered what object the Gas and the Water Companies could have in tearing up the ground. (*Cheers.*) Why didn't the parish authorities set apart some quiet unfrequented square in the suburbs, for the special purpose of allowing the various companies to pull up the pavement. (*Hear.*) It might be hired to the companies in rotation for one month each. He, for one, would no longer submit to the insults referred to. (*Loud cheers.*) Again, there was the wood-pavement. He was sorry to observe that many of his friends had tamely permitted themselves to be blocked up.—

Here the speaker was interrupted by Oxford Street, who indignantly demanded whether the Honourable Thoroughfare alluded to him personally; whereupon an angry altercation ensued, but order was restored by Regent Street, who stepped in between the parties.

Fleet Street rose to direct the attention of the meeting to the monster advertising vans. He had attended this meeting at great personal inconvenience, as his presence was absolutely required in the City before five o'clock. He held in his hand a petition, numerously signed by their poorer brethren, the lanes and allies, who prayed for more air, light, and sewers. (*Hear, hear.*) What were the government about? When Parliament goes into a Committee of Ways and Means, surely the ways it means are the highways. (*Cheers.*) He was one who abhorred place-hunters; he was an advocate of sweeping measures, and should stick by his post, and nail his flag to the mast. (*Continued cheering.*)

Capel Court here endeavoured to make some observations, but they were drowned by cries of "Stag! Stag!" and "Diddlesex Junction!"

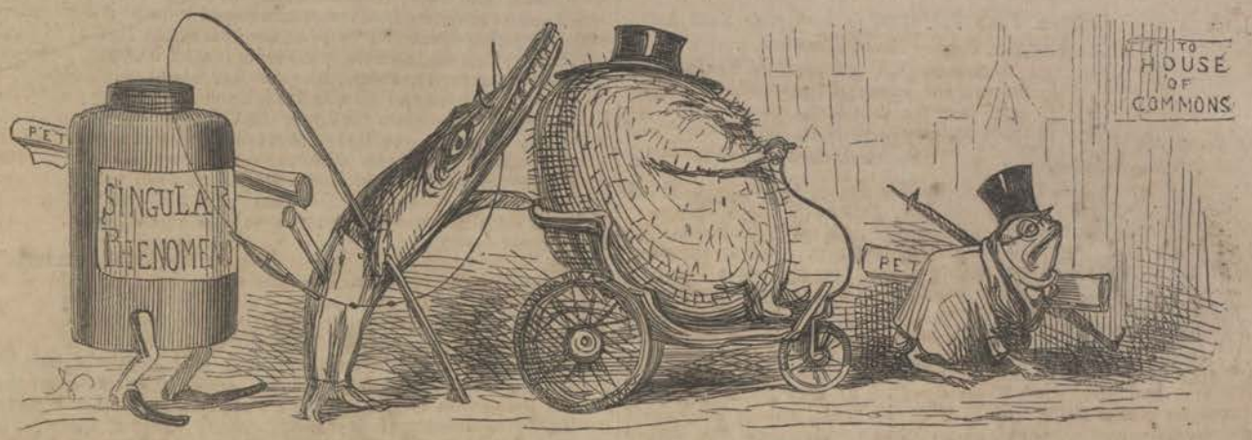
The New Road wished to bring before the meeting the case of many unfortunate Squares, well known to him, who were totally deprived of the privileges of Beadledom. He did not look at matters in a gloomy light (*Ironical cheers, and cries of "Pancras Church!"*), and he hoped that the united efforts of his friends around him would put all things on the road to reform.

Great Queen Street was understood to ask what was to be the name of the new street now building as a front to Buckingham Palace; and in the course of his remarks he made some unfeeling allusions to the helpless condition of Westminster Bridge, but was interrupted by the Burlington Arcade, who reminded him that he was, himself, until lately, quite incapacitated as a public way.

After a desultory conversation upon the right which Holborn had assumed to appropriate more than its due share of mud, London Bridge was called to the chair; and thanks having been voted to the former chairman, the meeting was dissolved.

PARLIAMENTARY RETURN.—MR. PUNCH rose to move for "A Return of the names of all Members of Parliament who had severally contributed less than half-a-crown to the subscription for the purchase of the House of SHAKSPEARE. The amount of each subscription to be specified, and whether in silver or halfpence."—Ordered.

PARLIAMENT AND THE PRODIGIES.



It is a remarkable phenomenon in nature, that though Frogs may have been falling in frequent showers only a day or two before, and Wonderful Oysters have been turning out of their beds by hundreds, to furnish food to the penny-a-liners and paragraphs to the press, no sooner does Parliament open than all these natural wonders disappear in a manner almost as mysterious as that in which they present themselves. In the midst of an exciting Session, cabbages are allowed to grow unchronicled to a mountainous size; and the oddest fish ever caught, with diamonds forming a perfect bunch of carats in his inside, creates not the smallest impression when the debates occupy the columns of the newspapers. The unhappy penny-a-liners, who are often obliged to adopt a Gallic custom, and make a dinner of frogs—animals of whom it may be said it never rains but it pours—will be severe sufferers by the stop that is put to their customary calling through the meeting of Parliament. We have heard of old penny-a-liners, who having once got an Enormous Gooseberry into their possession, have contrived to live upon it three months in the year, and leave it as an heir-loom to their children, like the Chancery suit bequeathed by the lawyer to his posterity.

We think the Frogs, the Fish, and other animal Prodigies who have fallen into insignificance in consequence of the commencement of the Session have excellent ground for petitioning the Commons to take their case into consideration, and either restore them to their accustomed consequence, or offer them some compensation for the loss of it. A procession of these ill-used Prodigies, headed by a Frog who has figured in all last year's showers, would have considerable effect in exciting the sympathy of the legislature; that is to say, if the legislature has sympathy to bestow upon anything that is not of Irish extraction.

THE MILD SEASON.

Clowns are already melting at the idea of the warm work they will have to go through if the present mildness lasts during the Pantomimes. The height of the mercury does not usually promote activity, and the sight of a red-hot poker is not exactly refreshing in the dog-days. All the jokes about warming-pans, also, will evaporate, for they will be too painful to laugh at, when the poor inheritor of Grimaldi's mantle is well nigh dropping from exhaustion. All leaps through windows will have to be dropped, as being above the strength of the most agile Harlequin when the thermometer stands at a degree of summer trowsers. A Pantomime, now, that happens to be upon a good freezing subject, such as the North Pole, or King Frost, has best chance of being the favourite during the approaching July winter. A theatre that offers to give away ices between the acts, may tempt a few persons to go who have not yet disposed of their summer apparel; and a few effective tricks to cheat the audience into a temporary belief that they are really in the midst of winter, will have the double effect of coolness and charity.

A good frost is wanted, for with the present mildness the most chilly person would as soon think of standing before a kitchen-fire as sitting out a Pantomime. Harlequin will dance himself into a state of the most ethereal thinness, and before a week is over, his mask and spangles will be all that is left of him. Our Pantaloons will shrink into nothing; and our Clowns will be swept, like so much saw-dust, from the stage. All that will be found of Jefferini will be a small pinch of bismuth, to account to posterity how, one suffocating winter, he "walked his chalks." Matthews will be dying some warm evening on the floor of the Marylebone—a transformation which, we are sure, would not enhance the success of any Pantomime.

A NEW CLUB.

We understand that, by way of compliment to Jenny Lind, a new Club is about to be formed, under the title of the Swedish Nightingale Club. Several Members of the old Nightingale Club, of comic song notoriety, have sent in their allegiance to the new society.

A Wise Precaution.

A Policeman will be stationed on the floor of the House of Commons, from and after the commencement of the next year's sittings of Parliament, to prevent the execution of the threats of those members who have expressed a determination to "die on the floor" in the course of the Session. Mr. John O'Connell and Mr. Feargus O'Connor will, it is understood, be bound over to keep the peace towards themselves—which will be equivalent to holding their peace—if they repeat the threats of self-sacrifice they have lately indulged in.

The Defences of the Country.

Certain preliminary measures are already being taken to put the defences of the country into a better condition, and orders have been received at the Margate Light-house for permanently manning the balcony of that truly British bulwark. The celebrated swivel on Margate Pier is no longer to accommodate the peaceful telescope, but a brass gun is to be mounted in its stead; and the camera obscura on the fort is to be changed into a military station, from which a look-out is to be kept through the hole in the ceiling. All this looks like energy, and we sincerely hope it will turn out to be the thing it looks like.

SUPERFINE PROOFS.

A Proof of Kindness.—Getting any one to accept an Art-Union engraving.

A Proof of Gratitude.—Getting a person, not only to accept one, but actually to say "thank you," and afterwards to frame it.

A Proof of the latter is exceedingly rare, and would, we are confident, fetch a very high price amongst connoisseurs.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—Saturday, December 25th, 1847.

TRAVELS IN LONDON.

A DINNER IN THE CITY.

N the hammer having ceased its tapping, MR. CHISEL, the immortal toast-maker, who presided over the President, roared out to my three professional friends, "*Non nobis;*" and what is called "the business of the evening," commenced.

First, the Warden of the Worshipful Society of the Bellows-Menders proposed "HER MAJESTY" in a reverential voice. We all stood up respectfully, CHISEL yelling out to us to "Charge our glasses." The royal health having been imbibed, the professional gentlemen ejaculated a part of the National Anthem; and I do not mean any disrespect to them personally, in mentioning that this eminently religious hymn was performed by MESSRS. SHADRACH and MESHECH, two well-known melodists of the Hebrew persuasion. We clinked our glasses at the conclusion of the poem, making more dents upon the time-worn old board, where many a man present had clinked for GEORGE III., clapped for GEORGE IV., rapped for WILLIAM IV., and was rejoiced to bump the bottom of his glass as a token of reverence for our present sovereign.

Here, as in the case of the Hebrew melophonists, I would insinuate no wrong thought. Gentlemen, no doubt, have the loyal emotions which exhibit themselves by clapping glasses on the tables. We do it at home. Let us make no doubt that the bellows-menders, tailors, authors, public characters, judges, aldermen, sheriffs, and what not, shout out a health for the Sovereign every night at their banquets, and that their families fill round and drink the same toast from bottles of half-guinea Burgundy.

"HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, and ALBERT PRINCE OF WALES, and the rest of the Royal Family" followed, CHISEL yelling out the august titles, and all of us banging away with our glasses, as if we were seriously interested in drinking healths to this royal race: as if drinking healths could do anybody any good; as if the imprecations of a company of bellows-menders, aldermen, magistrates, tailors, authors, tradesmen, ambassadors, who did not care a twopenny-piece for all the royal families in Europe, could somehow affect Heaven kindly towards their Royal Highnesses by their tipsy vows, under the presidence of MR. CHISEL.

The QUEEN DOWAGER'S health was next prayed for by us Bacchanalians, I need not say with what fervency and efficacy. This prayer was no sooner put up by the Chairman, with CHISEL as his BOANERGES of a Clerk, than the elderly Hebrew gentlemen before-mentioned, began striking up a wild patriotic ditty about the "Queen of the Isles, on whose sea-girt shores the bright sun smiles, and the ocean roars: whose cliffs never knew, since the bright sun rose, but a people true, who scorned all foes. O, a people true, who scorn all wiles, inhabit you, bright Queen of the Isles. Bright Quee—Bright Quee—ee—ee—ee—ee—en awf the Isles!" or words to that effect, which SHADRACH took up and warbled across his glass to MESHECH, which MESHECH trolled away to his brother singer, until the ditty was ended, nobody understanding a word of what it meant; not OLDBOY—not the old or young Israelite minstrel his companion—not we, who were clinking our glasses—not CHISEL, who was urging us and the Chairman on—not the Chairman and the guests in embroidery—not the kind, exalted, and amiable lady whose health we were making believe to drink, certainly, and in order to render whose name welcome to the Powers to whom we recommended her safety, we offered up, through the mouths of three singers, hired for the purpose, a perfectly insane and irrelevant song.

"Why," says I to PILLKINGTON, "the Chairman and the grand guests might just as well get up and dance round the table, or cut off CHISEL'S head and pop it into a turtle-soup tureen, or go through any other mad ceremony as the last. Which of us here cares for HER MAJESTY the QUEEN DOWAGER, any more than for a virtuous and eminent lady, whose goodness and private worth appear in all her acts? What the deuce has that absurd song about the Queen of the Isles to do with HER MAJESTY, and how does it all set us stamping with our glasses on the mahogany?" CHISEL bellowed out another toast—"The Army;" and we were silent in admiration, while SIR GEORGE BLUFF, the greatest General present, rose to return thanks.

Our end of the table was far removed from the thick of the affair, and we only heard, as it were, the indistinct cannonading of the General, whose force had just advanced into action. We saw an old gentleman with white whiskers, and a flaring scarlet coat covered with stars and gilding, rise up with a frightened and desperate look, and declare that "this was the proudest—a-hem—moment of his—a-hem—unworthy as he was—a-hem—as a member of the British—a-hem—who had fought under the illustrious DUKE of—a-hem—his joy was to come among the Bellowsmenders—a-hem—and inform the great merchants of the greatest City of the—hum—that a British—a-hem—was always ready to do his—hum. NAPOLEON—Salamanca—a-hem—had witnessed their—hum, haw—and should any other—hum—ho—casion which he deeply deprecated—haw—there were men now around him—a-haw—who, inspired by the Bellowsmenders' Company and the City of London—a-hum—would do their duty as—a-hum—a-haw—a-hah." Immense cheers, yells, hurrays, roars, glass-smackings, and applause followed this harangue, at the end of which the three Israelites, encouraged by CHISEL, began a military cantata—"O the sword and shield—On the battle field—Are the joys that best we love boys—Where the Grenadiers, with their pikes and spears through the ranks of the foemen shove boys—Where the bold hurray strikes dread dismay in the ranks of the dead and dyin'—and the baynet clanks in the Frenchmen's ranks, as they fly from the British Lion." (I repeat, as before, that I quote from memory.)

Then the Secretary of the Tape and Sealing Wax Office rose to return thanks for the blessings which we begged upon the Ministry. He was, he said, but a humble—the humblest member of that body. The suffrages which that body had received from the nation were gratifying, but the most gratifying testimonial of all, was the approval of the Bellows-Menders' Company. (*Immense applause*). Yes, among the most enlightened of the mighty corporations of the City, the most enlightened was the Bellows-Menders. Yes, he might say, in consonance with their motto, and in defiance of illiberality, *Afflavit veritas et dissipati sunt.* (*Enormous applause*). Yes, the thanks and pride that were boiling with emotion in his bosom, trembled to find utterance at his lip. Yes, the proudest moment of his life, the crown of his ambition, the meed of his early hopes and struggles and aspirations, was at that moment won in the approbation of the Bellows-Menders. Yes, his children should know that he too had attended at those great, those noble, those joyous, those ancient festivals, and that he too, the humble individual who from his heart pledged the assembled company in a bumper—that he too was a Bellows-Mender.

SHADRACH, MESHECH and OLDBOY, at this began signing, I don't know for what reason, a rustic madrigal, describing "O the joys of bonny May—bonny May—a—a—ay, when the birds sing on the spray," &c., which never, as I could see, had the least relation to that or any other ministry, but which were, nevertheless, applauded by all present. And then the Judges returned thanks; and the Clergy returned thanks; and the Foreign Ministers had an innings, (all interspersed by my friends' indefatigable melodies); and the distinguished foreigners present, especially MR. WASHINGTON JACKSON, were greeted, and that distinguished American rose amidst thunders of applause.

He explained how Broadway and Cornhill were in fact the same. He showed how WASHINGTON was in fact an Englishman, and how FRANKLIN would never have been an American but for his education as a printer in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. He declared that MILTON was his cousin, LOCKE his ancestor, NEWTON his dearest friend, SHAKSPEARE his grandfather, or more or less—he vowed that he had wept tears of briny anguish on the pedestal of Charing Cross—kissed with honest fervour the clay of Runnymede—that BEN JONSON and SAMUEL—that POPE and DRYDEN, and DR. WATTS and SWIFT were the darlings of *his* hearth and home, as of ours, and in a speech of about five-and-thirty minutes explained to us a series of complimentary sensations very hard to repeat or to remember.

But I observed that, during his oration, the gentlemen who report for the daily papers, were occupied with their wine instead of their note-books—that the three singers of Israel yawned, and showed many signs of disquiet and inebriety, and that my old friend, who had swallowed the three plates of turtle, was sound asleep.

PILKINGTON and I quitted the banqueting-hall, and went into the tea-room, where gents were assembled still drinking slops and eating buttered muffins until the grease trickled down their faces. Then I resumed the query, which I was just about to put when grace was called and the last chapter ended. "And, gracious goodness," I said, "what can be the meaning of a ceremony so costly, so uncomfortable, so savoury, so unwholesome as this? Who is called upon to pay two or three guineas for my dinner now, in this blessed year 1847? Who is it that *can* want muffins after such a banquet? Are there no poor? Is there no reason? Is this monstrous belly-worship to exist for ever?"

"SPEC," the Doctor said, "you had best come away. I make no doubt that you for one have had too much." And we went to his Brougham. May nobody have such a headache on this happy New Year as befell the present writer on the morning after the Dinner in the City!

SPEC.

The Ties of Matrimony and Tie of Tongue.

THE COUNTESS GUICCIOLI—the "bouncing parlour-boarder" of LEIGH HUNT—is married to the MARQUIS DE BOISSY, having first, says *Galignani*—"extracted from him a solemn promise not to speak in the Chamber more than three times a week." The malevolence of rumour assigns this pledge to the Countess's desire "to have all the talk to herself."

LOVES OF THE NEW POLICE.

THE second story being done,
The third policeman slowly rose;
He wore the gloomy air of one
Who sorrow intimately knows:
His eye and hair were grey, as though,
For all the cares that had oppress'd him,
The tyrant Nature, sure, but slow,
Had in her own half-mourning dress'd him.
With modesty he hung his head,
(He seemed more framed for love than glory,)
And from a sheet of paper read
The outline of his wretched story.

THIRD POLICEMAN'S STORY.

Among the spirits, pure and strong,
Whose flavour there is nought surpasses,
Those compounds, which are all day long
Served out in Lilliputian glasses,
It often was my wont to stray,
And p'rhaps expend some trifling sums,
By chasing envious care away,
In penny goes of vatted rums.
I knew the flavour of them all,
From best Jamaica down to that
Which, at expense however small,
It ne'er had been worth while to vat;
But which is vended at a rate
Accessible e'en to the many,
Like the hot elder sold of late,
With "rusk included" for a penny.

'Twas on a visit to the spot
Where luxuries like these are got,
I heard up stairs a lengthen'd note
Of music—a delicious trill,
That seem'd to issue from a throat
Combining wondrous power with skill.
I rush'd up stairs, and in a room
Half darken'd by tobacco's fume,

At a piano, all erect,
There sat a maid in muslin deck'd.

A "brigand cap" adorn'd her brow,
A gorgeous bracelet, large and bold,
Her wrist encircled—I'll allow
'Twas only of Mosaic gold.
But there it was—massive and bright,
Looking as beautiful at night,
As if it cost, in figures round,
A matter of at least ten pound.
She sang—and o'er the room there stole
A melody—a gush of BALFE;
A strain that seem'd to mingle soul
With the full-bodied *half-and-half*.

In mute attention all were wrapp'd,
Save when the pots, with pewtery clang,
Were down upon the table clapp'd,
To cheer the maiden as she sang.
But I, with admiration fired,
Had deem'd the audience too cold,
With sudden energy inspired,
Scream'd "*Encore!*" in accents bold.
All eyes were in a moment bent
To where I stood; but when they saw
'Twas I, the air was quickly rent
With shouts of "Twig the lobster raw."
This was too much. I drew my staff,
And waved it actively about,
When, all at once, the playful laugh
Was changed to execration's shout.
I felt that I had err'd, 'tis true,
But 'twas too late—the deed was done;
At 'em I desperately flew,
Though they were ninety-six to one.
I know not what had been my plight:
This story I had never told,
Had not the maiden dress'd in white
Rush'd forward, wildly screaming, "Hold!"

Oh, Beauty hath a wondrous charm,
The fiercest rage it can disarm;
Its voice will stay the stoutest fist,
To it the blusterer always truckles;
Its law once issued to desist,
Motionless are the maddest knuckles.
The room was pacified at once,
And saved my lately perill'd sconce.
I threw me at the maiden's feet;
She rais'd me gently from the floor;
But saying, "That way lies your beat,"
She pointed to the open door.
I took the hint, my fate I knew,
And, like a well-bred dog, withdrew,

'Twas here his voice began to fail;
'Twas here that he cut off his tale;
'Twas here that Memory, o'er the lyre,
Her fingers sorrowfully swept,
And by unanimous desire,
(Their own) the three policemen wept.
In grievous sentimental gush,
They would have cried the night away,
But in upon them, with a rush,
There pounced the bold Inspector A.
"Come, come, young chaps:" 'twas thus he spoke:
"This idleness is past a joke."
His angry tones remind the three,
That on their beats 'tis time to be,
And, dreaming still of love and beauty,
They go reluctantly on duty.

PUNCH AT DRURY LANE.

THE MONS JULLIEN has not disappointed us, nor has he turned out a *ridiculus mus*, but he has proved himself worthy to take his place as a *Mus. Doc.* of the highest character. BALFE's new opera of the *Maid of Honour* is a panorama of musical beauties from beginning to end, from the quaint *mad-rigal*, in which the music is carried into all sorts of mad wriggles, (this joke is old) at the commencement, to the *rondo*, which brings down the curtain with three rounds (this joke is older), at the close. JULLIEN has at last given us something like a grand opera, or rather the thing itself, with a perfection that throws all previous efforts into mere burlesque; at least such is the opinion that all the musical critics have with one voice pronounced. Birch is not usually popular in the holidays, but the nightly hits that are being made by MISS BIRCH at Drury Lane, will be acceptable to all.

The new tenor, the new baritone, the new contralto, the new band, the new chorus, the new dresses, and the new arrangements, altogether have given a new aspect to Drury Lane. Even the advertisements have a pleasing air of newness which we greatly prefer to the old and stupid fictions about "houses crammed to the ceiling," when the puffs themselves were the only "crammers" the theatre could boast of. The Mons manages this sort of thing very gracefully, for he offers to accommodate his theatre to the size of his audience; he has something telescopic in the principle of his stalls and dress circles, for after each overflow he announces that he has pulled out an *extra* row of seats and stalls. If he continues adding at the same rate as he has done hitherto, we may expect to find the stalls backing into the Brydges Street Portico, and the dress circle taking a circuitous sweep into Vinegar Yard. The proprietors of the house will have to issue extension shares like the railways; the theatre itself forming the trunk, as usual, with branches in the neighbouring thoroughfares; so that Drury Lane may be said literally to run into Long Acre, if its enlargements should proceed.

Kicking down the Ladder.

WE copy the following statistics from a French paper, for the benefit of the happy Historian who may have to write the Life of LOUIS-PHILIPPE:—

Since the Revolution of July,

1. There have been 1129 prosecutions against the press.

2. There have been 57 newspapers suppressed.

3. There have been 7,110,500 francs drawn, in the shape of fines, from editors and proprietors of journals.

This is not bad for a King who was carried to the throne on the shoulders of the very men he has since thrown down, and lifted into his present position by the very papers he has since crushed. The Charte may be a "*vérité*," but then it is a Truth, which keeps itself very private at the bottom of the Puits de Grenelle, for there is not the smallest taste of it to be had at the Tuileries, for love or money—not for love, at all events. What a noble epitaph the above statistics would make! They would read admirably, just after the words "universally regretted."

THE LAST RING OF FANCY'S KNELL.

AMONG other melancholy evidences of the Decline of our Old British Sports, so feelingly lamented in *Bell's Life*, we see the tradesmen of London have had meetings for abolishing that last remnant of the sports of the ring—"Christmas-Boxing."

SEASONABLE BENEVOLENCE.

PARLIAMENT has adjourned till the 3rd of February next. We can conceive nothing more likely to promote "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

CORDEN'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.—A jar of olives to the Kings of Europe.

Old Peninsular Man. "HALLO! MY BOY, YOU'VE GOT YOUR MEDAL, I SEE."
Prize Pig (grunts). "YES! YES! WHEN DO YOU GET YOURS?"
(Old P. M. shakes his head.)

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF 1847.

THIS document was opened this morning with the usual formalities. It was understood that the Old Year had died in considerable difficulties, caused, in some measure, by the complete failure of the crops on his estate; but mainly by the reckless extravagance of his father and grandfather, the notorious railway speculators. The will was very brief and informal, and ran in these terms:—

"I, 1847, being weak in body, but sound in mind, do hereby make this my last will and testament. I give and bequeath to my son, 1848, all those my lands, tenements, goods, and chattels, namely—

"All those my Irish difficulties, lying in the six disturbed counties, and all other my Irish difficulties, wheresoever and whatsoever, in trust to settle the same as he best can.

"Also my English Pressure, in trust to lighten the same; also all other my railway lines, completed and in progress, wheresoever situate, in trust to make the most he can out of them.

"Also all those my half-finished, projected, and promised measures of improvement, situate, lying, and being in the heads of the various departments of the Government, especially all those my educational and sanatory measures, in trust to complete the same to the use and for the benefit of my English estates and the tenants resident therein, all Parliamentary delays, dodges, and difficulties to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Signed and sealed by the above named 1847, in the presence of us,

"DECEMBER 31ST,
"JANUARY 1ST."

Variorum Views.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER stated in the House of Lords, that "in one district of his diocese, 103 clergymen assembled, *all having different views.*" Imagine a meeting of 103 persons, and every one of them differing! Conciliation Hall would be a Paradise to it! We wonder which view out of the 103 was the correct one? We should not like to have been the arbitrator to decide. It would be no joke to argue with, or to hear the arguments of, 102 persons. It is difficult enough to convince one person that he is in the wrong, but when it comes to a hundred—Oh, dear!

A GOOD SUBJECT FOR A PANTOMIME.

EVERY theatre seems to have overlooked a book, which would have been a mine of suggestions for a Pantomime. It is the *Life and Opinions of Sir Robert Peel*, now publishing in numbers. We have been assured that there is a new change and transformation in every other page of it. "Harlequin PEEL" would not be a bad title for a Pantomime. We give notice we have registered the copyright of this idea.

CHRISTMAS BILLS.

"MR. PUNCH,

"There is a mock albata plate sort of benevolence—which philanthropists are only too glad to put off instead of their real silver—called feeling for the lower orders. This feeling, sir, has very properly been branded by men who have something like a stake in the country, as an attempt 'to set the poor against the rich,' an attempt that, if I had my will, I would punish with hanging, without even the benefit of any sort of clergy.

"Well, sir, I have always considered the *Times* as an advocate of order, obedience to the laws, respect for superiors, and all that. Nevertheless, sir, on the 22nd of December last, I saw in that journal a letter from 'A Commercial Traveller,' from which I take the following revolutionary paragraph:—

'It is generally the custom for the nobility and gentry to have their bills sent in at Christmas with punctuality, but not to make their payments equally so; and I believe I may say with truth that bills to the amount of thousands of pounds are still left unpaid from Christmas, 1846. *Complaint is ruin; for if a poor fellow dare be urgent, the probability is he loses his customer.*'

"Isn't this a pretty character to give to the English Aristocracy? They, as a body, shirk paying their bills! Their hearts are not at home to the knocks of their creditors. They, moreover, 'ruin' a man who 'dares to be urgent.'

"Now, sir, what is this letter—at this eventful time of the year, too—but an insidious attempt to unhinge the best society? Can there, I ask, be a more lively, and withal a more disgusting illustration of the mock philanthropy I have noticed above, than by taking the part of tradesmen against their noble customers? When, sir, you advise—for it is so advised in the above—a needy creditor to solicit a gentleman for his bill, what is it, I ask, but 'setting the poor against the rich?'

"Trusting that a few strokes from your powerful *bâton* will once and for ever destroy this wretched, revolutionary cant,

"I remain,
"Your constant reader (at the Club),
Athenæum, Dec. 23. "STRAWBERRYLEAF."

"P.S.—I leave town for I don't know how long. Two of the police are especially engaged for my hall, and should anybody 'be urgent,' the men have orders to do their duty. It is not in my nature to brag: but I have already 'ruined' three 'urgent' tailors."

CHRISTMAS WAITS.

NUMEROUS tradesmen waiting for their accounts, as they have all a "little bill" waiting to be taken up.

Numerous persons waiting several days in the Post-Office at Manchester, to get a small money-order cashed.

The Pedestal in Trafalgar Square waiting for a statue.

The Spanish Bondholders waiting for a dividend.

The Irish waiting for JOHN O'CONNELL to die on the floor of the House of Commons.

The Monster House at the Albert Gate waiting for a tenant.

The Subscribers to the Art-Union waiting for their engravings.

The Marble Arch at Buckingham Palace waiting for a situation.

LEOPOLD waiting for his wife's dowry from LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

England waiting for justice from Ireland.

And—the greatest Wait of all—the printer's devil waiting for copy.

QUITE A MATTER OF FEELING.—A medical man, of the very old school, calls all operations that are performed without the patient feeling anything, "senseless operations."

ABOLITION OF CHRISTMAS BOXES.

CONSTERNATION BELOW STAIRS.

"SIR, *Butlers Pantery, Portlan Plase.*

"As the riter of all rongs I rite to you in consekwense of a meating held the other day for the ab-bo-lishun of Christmas-Boxes. Grasious goodness! where is inundashun to sease! I said it, and what 's moor, I lade a glass of brandy-and-warter to back it, that when the Corn Laws went, we all went. Is tradesmn prepaird to cut one of the funded principles of our glorius constitushun, for if Christmas Boxes is not menshuned in Magnar Charter, they ought to have bean? Is tradesmn to hovercharge and we get nuffin by it? Is we to do the willful waste, and then have the wofull want of our natural parque-sights?

"Whn I red the acc' in the newspaper it ware in the Kitching, afore all our famely. If, sir—and I speek within bouns—if, sir,—and I woodn't if it warn't the fact—if, sir, a wotsaname they fire off at Wullige when raining monarqs pays 'em a visit, had droped down among 'em, they cool not have been more compleatly—Ile rite the word agen to give it a hemfaciss—more compleatly as-tonished. Sir I've look'd in JONSON'S dicksonairy for a word strong enuf to Express our younited indignashun, and cant find won! To you we apples! Stand our frend, and obleege besides, 10,000,000 others.

"Your ob. serv.,
"JOHN BINNY."

"P.S. I've jest heerd that 14 reglar dustmn of this parish, as always cheered the libral candedates at the Elecshun as gone over to the Torrys. So much for stoppin our Christmas Boxes! J. B."

THE INFLUENZA AND THE GUARDS.

WE are sorry to hear that our gallant Guardsmen stationed at Windsor have sustained an attack of Influenza, under which, however, we have the satisfaction of adding, they behaved with their accustomed bravery, having suffered the slightest possible loss. Still, the number of those disabled is considerable; amounting to 40 privates in the Blues, and between 50 and 60 in the 1st Battalion of Grenadiers. In this engagement, the cotton nightcap was substituted for the helmet and shako usually worn by these troops in action, as furnishing a more efficient defence against this peculiar foe. The enemy met with a warm reception, his onslaught being opposed at all points by a steady fire, and plenty of hot water. The centre was judiciously fortified with a supply of gruel; and the men were draughted in companies under surgeons' orders. We trust that the repulse which the invader has experienced will render him more cautious in future of coming in contact with the British soldier.

Spanish and American Publishers.

WE learn from the *Athenæum* that a Madrid publisher having made his fortune by his trade, is building a handsome mansion in the capital, in which he proposes to place the names of authors *in letters of gold*.

And, it is a curious coincidence that we have just seen in an American newspaper an announcement to this effect:—"MR. GO-AHEAD of the Broadway, publisher and paper pirate, has just opened a magnificent store, in front of which he has placed the following announcement in brass letters:—'The Greatest Price given for stolen English Books. A liberal allowance for early Proof-sheets!'"

This is being a leetle smarter than the Spaniard, we guess.

Punch in Parliament.

JEWISH DISABILITIES.—COLONEL SIBTHORPE rose to protest against the admission of Jews. He said (see speech in full in *Daily News*) he verily believed that if the devil himself were to appear in human form, he would be admitted to that House.

Mr. Punch begged to call the gallant Member to order. As the personage named by the gallant Member was known to be continually "looking over Lincoln," it was hardly grateful in his representative to sneer thus disrespectfully—and so early too after the election—at a faithful constituent. (*Cheers*).

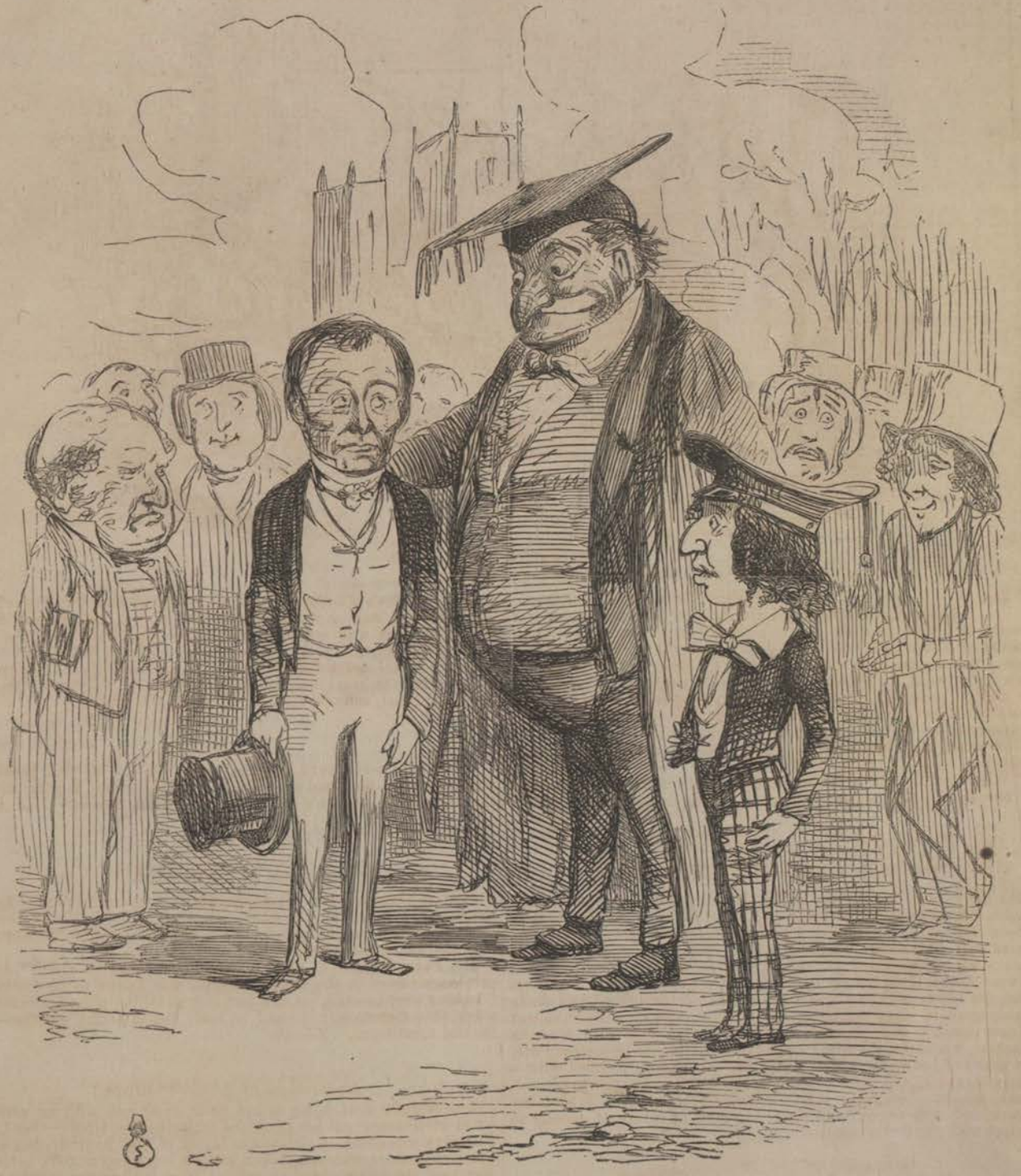
Abdication of Louis-Philippe!

THE *Morning Post*, a day or two since, came out with an exclusive bit of intelligence—(it has remained exclusive ever since)—that LOUIS-PHILIPPE was about to abdicate in favour of the Regency, but would, of course, remain active on certain matters being transacted; in the like way that the tallow-chandler retired from business to make way for his son; with this proviso—"maintaining perfect right to re-visit the shop on melting-days."

CAUTION TO LITTLE HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

MY DEAR CHILDREN—When you visit St. Paul's, you must not clap your little hands, and cry "bravo!" Neither must you expect to be able to buy ginger-beer, apples, oranges, and a bill of the statues. For although your beloved parents have paid for you to see the sight, the place is not a playhouse, but a church.

Your anxious friend,
PUNCH.



THE NEW BOY.

Head Master. "HERE'S A NEW BOY, JOHNNY RUSSELL. NOW YOU SEE THAT NOBODY BULLIES HIM.

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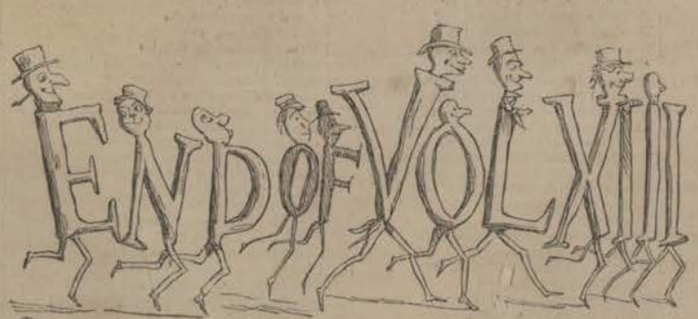

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